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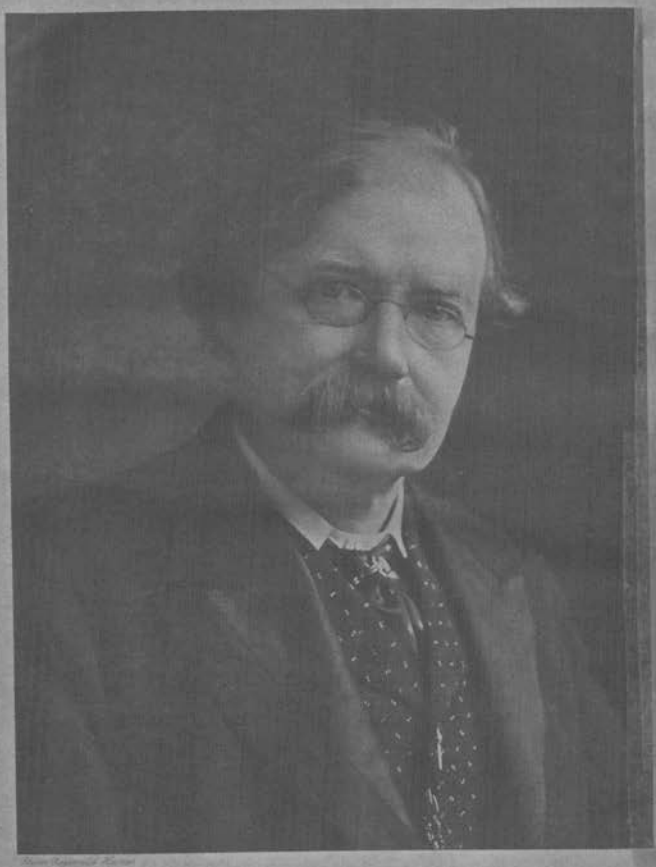

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TO MY MOTHER

"THE BEST . . . THAT CHILDREN COULD EVER HAVE"

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

INTRODUCTION

IN this simple account of my father's life and work, I have endeavoured to set forth a concise rather than a detailed narrative, letting his own memoirs, as far as possible, tell the story.

In one respect his life was a tragedy—the uphill task of the man who is ever ready to speak out and to face the consequences.

He lost sight of all his own interests when he was on the war-path, and did not spare his pen in attacking the very foundations of learning—the venerable institutions of Oxford and Cambridge, which he loved so much, but in which he found something wanting.

Having at first no recognized position, he worked on year after year with enthusiasm, yet ever haunted with the thought of his work possibly falling off altogether, or his health breaking down and thus imperilling his very means of existence.

Ultimately, indeed, he gained such a post as he had for many years desired; but he was now

no longer a young man, and being elected, as is usual, on probation for a certain period, he was much harassed, in his depressed moments, by uncertainty as to the future.

But his life, as a whole, was no tragedy—very far from it. If he worked hard, he thoroughly enjoyed his work—he had his heart and soul in it. If he ever did fear that his work would fail, the fact remains that it never did. He always had plenty to do, and generally more than he could do; and far from his health breaking down, he was never laid up in the whole of his career.

Moreover, his normal disposition was cheerful and buoyant—it was abnormal for him to be otherwise. He derived the utmost enjoyment out of life, and sometimes in ways that his students perhaps would hardly think. Let us imagine one of his students taking a stroll in Hyde Park about seven in the morning; he might be somewhat surprised to see his staid professor thoroughly enjoying a swim in the Serpentine. And suppose later on our student is in the East End, and comes upon his professor, accompanied by detectives and a band of crime enthusiasts, spending a pleasant afternoon over the scenes of the Whitechapel murders, it would be excusable if he were perplexed. Let our student once more be led, by the threads of coincidence, to a lonely country station at the dead of

night—the London express comes nearer and nearer—with a shriek and a roar it dashes past, but in that brief moment our student has detected on the engine a familiar figure in the glare from the furnace—yes, it is his professor!

Thus it will be seen that much as he was absorbed in his work, he was not averse to indulging in recreations, which were sometimes almost boyish. And this youthful enthusiasm he never lost.

As regards the serious side of life, he placed duty first, and he was never tired of impressing that on his pupils.

He used to say that whatever difficulties beset us, whatever doubts assailed us, one thing we were always certain of—what our *next step* should be. The future might be hidden from us, but our *next step* was clear to us.

And if he preached "duty" he practised it—all through his life—and it was, moreover, this sense of duty which ever buoyed him up when he felt ready to break down utterly through that strange "depression," which, as will be seen, attacked him at various periods.

His feelings about religion cannot be better expressed than in his letter to Mrs Edmund Luce, which she quotes in her Memories.[1]

[1] "Memories of John Churton Collins," published by Spottiswoode & Co.

For myself I must own that the longer I live, and the more my experience grows, the more dense and impenetrable becomes the mystery of life. I mean the relation of God to the individual and the question of a future state. If we are to guide our lives with a view to a future life, it is inexplicable to me that we should not have more certainty—and certainty (setting aside a belief in the Christian Revelation which many sincerely pure and honest people cannot conscientiously accept) we most assuredly have not, as has been admitted in all ages. This difficulty, like many others, such as the origin of evil, would be removed if we supposed that life was designed for probation, and this seems to me the real solution. I suppose everyone would admit that to make the very best of ourselves here on earth, morally and intellectually, would be the best preparation for a more advanced stage in progressive development. I accept therefore the uncertainty as a part of the process of probation, as a thong in the scourge of which pain and calamity, disappointment and all the other ills and troubles of life are other thongs.

With regard to Christianity I believe it contains more essential truth, moral and spiritual, than any other religion which has taken form among men, but if you ask me whether it be final I should hesitate to say so. All truth, on this earth at least, is progressive, requiring progressive development to realize it.

And again to Miss Agnes Kendall, who had known him from infancy, and to whom he wrote on her having sustained a bereavement :—

I often, often think about you, and I felt more than I can express the anxiety you evinced in your letter that I should at last feel no doubts but become a true believer. I am nearer it than you think, my words to you about Faith are not merely conventional—you know me too well to think that. We are clay, the events of life knead us, and restless wanderings in error, so they be not for love of error, bring us necessarily on the high road to Truth, at the last.

It is usual and becoming, I believe, to offer some excuse for the publication of a biography. To those who knew him but as a name, or not even as that, the hitherto unpublished interviews will perhaps be of most interest, and indeed must afford the excuse for the appearance of this book.

To the many, many thousands who heard him interpret the works of the giant minds of humanity in all ages, teaching his hearers how to discriminate the good from the bad, opening their eyes to the beauties of the world's masterpieces and infusing into his interpretations his own enthusiastic personality — to those who are aware how he strove to raise the tone of contemporary literature and criticism to a higher plane and for a nobler purpose—to these I feel that no apology is needed.

For much of the early part of his life I have to thank Miss Agnes Kendall and his cousin, Mrs Caroline Gordon (wife of Mr T. J. Gordon of

Edinburgh), and, for additional information about this period, his cousin, Mrs Agnes Mary Taylor (wife of Mr Henry Taylor of Chester), his brother, Mr Henry Ramsay Collins, Mr W. A. Potts, and the Very Reverend Arnold Page, Dean of Peterborough.

I am also obliged to the editors of the *Athenæum*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Quarterly Review*, and the *University Extension Journal* for their courteous permission in allowing me to publish extracts from their columns.

I owe much to all those who have so kindly sent me letters written by him, and much also to those who have allowed me to publish letters written to him; especially am I indebted to Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton for the privilege of including the letters of Swinburne.

I have also to thank the editor of *The Times* for allowing me to reprint the letters on pages 125-6 which have appeared in its columns, and also the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* for a like permission in respect of the letters on English Literature at the Universities.

I have, I think, shown my indebtedness to others, as it occurs in the body of the book.

L. C. C.

West Hampstead,
July 1911.

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After a pencil drawing by Frank Miles

LIFE AND MEMOIRS OF JOHN CHURTON COLLINS

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

1848-72

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS was born on the 26th of March 1848, at Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire. He was the eldest of three children, all being sons. His father, Henry Ramsay Collins, came of a Devonshire family, and was the son of John Bardin Collins, a Lieutenant in the Navy. Life in the Navy at that time, we may be sure, was full of incident. In one action, it is said, his sloop was blown up, and he with a portion of his men swam to a small vessel of the enemy, and under cover of the dense smoke crept on board, charged along the deck and took the vessel. In 1802, however, after only fourteen years' service, he was invalided, and was afterwards employed in the less exciting task of "raising volunteers."

When he finally retired from the service to his home at Devonport, he interested himself in schemes for the encouragement of education amongst the lower middle class. He had married a Miss Ramsay, a "Ramsay of Kerington," who

loyally supported him in this work, and was beloved by all who knew her.

Of their several children, Henry Ramsay Collins is the only one with whom we are concerned. He adopted the medical profession, and at the age of twenty-three met and married Maria Churton at Chester in 1847. The Churton family has been settled in Chester for some generations. The marriage does not appear to have been very popular with the Churtons—but the young doctor at once set up in practice with a Dr Wells at Bourton-on-the-Water. Here on a certain Sunday, John Churton Collins was born. His mother described him as being the brightest, most restless, and energetic babe she had ever beheld, which statement was endorsed by his aunt. His first recorded public appearance took place when he was brought to pay a visit to his uncle. Carried into the dining-room during dessert, he struggled to talk, banged the dinner table with his little hands and feet, and eagerly tried to grip and smash every wine-glass within reach. In his young days he was always full of mischief and most inquisitive—pestering his mother with questions. He was fond of getting up into trees and preaching, and showed much precocity.

In 1849 the second son, Henry Ramsay Collins,

was born, and not long afterward the last child, Kenneth, who was drowned when a boy in trying to save a friend from drowning. Mr Henry Ramsay Collins is now living in South Africa.

The three boys in due course went to a school kept by a Mrs Lodge, and it can readily be imagined that good Mrs Lodge had her hands full, for the younger brothers seemed only too eager to follow their older brother in his mischievous pranks. One evening, when it was dark, they blacked their faces and dressed up as ghosts, and amused themselves by knocking at the doors of the village people and scaring them out of their lives. They even had the temerity to give a thundering rat-tat-tat on their own school-door, and great must have been the mutual astonishment and dismay when, by some unfortunate mischance, it was opened by no less a person than Mrs Lodge herself!

On another occasion, when the three boys had been put to bed, late in the evening Mrs Collins was startled by the entrance of the servant with the news that "Master Churton" (as he was always called) "cannot be found." The whole house was searched in vain. At length Master Churton was found up the chimney, having nearly succeeded in getting out at the top. As he was clothed only in his night shirt, it can well be imagined what a pretty picture he made!

In their holidays they were joined by their little cousin Carrie, now Mrs T. J. Gordon, and the quartette would ramble when at Chester to one of the Duke of Westminster's Lodges, where they amused themselves by pretending that they were fighting the Russians in the Crimea, or besieging the rebels in the Indian Mutiny. They would erect barricades of wood and bricks, make imitation rifles and bayonets out of branches, and pass an hour or more in wild rushes and dashes upon the imaginary enemy.

Meantime his father's practice was not proving very lucrative, and he and his partner were much hampered by a competing practitioner in a place where there was clearly no room for the three. It is possible that this worry affected his health to some extent—health which had never been robust. At length an agreement was entered into, whereby their rival agreed "to give up his practice" and further agreed "not to introduce any other practitioner." This was done, and apparently solved the difficulty, when shortly afterwards the rival reappeared himself and once more set up practice. This barefaced proceeding, which would have roused many men to take action, seemed only to crush him. He is described as of a gentle and kind nature, and with little desire to quarrel. But this may not have been the only

reason which prompted him to leave the field. There seems to have been nothing definitely the matter with him, but he appears to have thought that a complete change was necessary to restore him to complete health—this is evident by his going to Liverpool to seek a post on board ship, and see what a voyage would do. He was successful; and after some preliminaries, set sail for Australia, in the *Carrier Dove*, with the intention of returning by the next boat available. He arrived safely at his destination, Melbourne, the voyage occupying seventy-seven days. Whilst waiting at the wharf to keep an appointment, he went over a ship he saw lying there, and in coming off on to the Pier, the ladder slipped and he fell into the water, breaking his thigh in the fall. He was rescued and carried off to the Melbourne Hospital, where he lay unconscious for four days.

He apparently recovered from this, for he wrote a long letter home relating his experiences in glowing terms of admiration at his treatment at the hospital, but particularly regretting his ill-luck in having missed the boat on which he could have obtained a post for his homeward journey. He left the hospital, but shortly afterwards caught a chill and elected to go back there, when rapid consumption set in, and before news of his

illness reached home, he died on the 6th of June 1858, at the early age of thirty-four.

Thus the young wife (who now moved to Chester), was left a widow with three children, of whom the eldest was but ten years of age. At this crisis there came to her rescue her brother, John Churton, who practically took charge of the boys' education, and acted towards them in every way as if they were his own sons.

John Churton, who with his wife lived at Rhyl, seems to have been a man of a high type of character, generous, kind, scrupulously fair and just, but rather strict, and perhaps a little puritanical. He was a man of considerable means, having a large connection as Estate Agent: he was also a Justice of the Peace and Chairman for many years of the Rhyl Commissioners, being eventually made High Sheriff of Flintshire. He had married a Miss Potts of Birmingham, aunt of Alexander Potts, afterwards the first head master of Fettes College, Edinburgh. They were both much attached to the boys, Churton becoming his uncle's special favourite.

The two older boys were first sent to the King's School, Chester, for a short time, and afterwards to a school at Ellesmere—Ellesmere Vicarage—where they remained till the middle of 1863.

It was about this time that his intense love

of poetry and of the classics manifested itself. And not only did he greedily read and learn poetry, but also tried his hand at composing it. He says in a letter to his mother: "I have been writing a great deal of poetry; two pieces are going to be published, and one is published in *The Hereford Times*." But he soon gave up composing, whether from want of time, or because the Muse didn't move him, or because he became too fastidious with his work, it is impossible to say—probably for all three reasons. Some of it was submitted to Dr Potts, who praised it very highly in a long letter of appreciation and advice.

When you ask me for a criticism on your poem, I am tempted to send you a eulogy instead, from my sympathy with your tastes and my surprise at the merit of the verses, when I think of your age—but some remarks occur to me at once and some advice. . . . Read and think more, write less—store your mind, and train your reasoning. You will find in the wildest poems of great writers, always logical reasoning. There is always consecutive thought. Poetry like prose has its logic, tho' its premises are often wild and untrue, the working out of them is always consistent, consecutive, and logical. . . . Then follow Virgil's example and put a couple of hundred lines aside to cut them down rigorously afterwards to twenty. A good poet like Time must devour his own children. The manuscripts of Byron, or even of Scott (who was far too easily satisfied), will soon show you this.

It would be good practice for you to translate Virgil into verse, or any other good poet whom you may be studying. To really examine why his verse is so good—would be even better than that. . . . In order, however, to fit yourself for any real literary work, study, work, read—and that your mind may be healthy and vigorous, *play*. Take part in the exercises which you will find at the school. It is your duty, and your duty well discharged is worth all the distinction in the world. If you are not strong enough for cricket, take recreation and fresh air in some other way. Only do it—and try always to remain simple-minded, affectionate, and pure in taste, as I believe you are now, and you will not want people to sympathise with you and aid you in your favourite studies when they can.

But this was not his only accomplishment. In a letter to his mother he writes :—

. . . Do you know what the boys have done for me? You know I tell a tale called "Jock," it being the hairbreadth 'scapes, wonderful adventures of a man of that name and his companions. I have kept on telling this tale for three years, and (you must not think I am boasting) they like it so much that they would do anything to hear it. "Churton's going to tell 'Jock'" stops their games, they all run in and in less than one minute they are in their places. It is amusing to see their faces. I can make them go as pale as a sheet, make them almost shout and think they are fighting, and make them roar with laughter, and once nearly made them all cry.

So they have been so kind as to each give some money and they have collected altogether 6s. 6d. At first I would not take it off them, but they all *would not* have it back, although I persuaded them; so I am going to get the following cheap editions of these works: Ovid's "Metamorphoses," Campbell's "Poetical Works" and Waller's Works, and the Latin poet "Catullus." We are going to send to London for them to-day, and they are going to write their names in. . . .

Towards the end of 1862 the head master, Mr J. D. Day, wrote a long letter to Mrs Collins; he writes:

I have had a long conversation and trial of your son's special qualities. I think he dislikes and is unfitted for the duties of a clerk in an office where *accounts* would be his work. His mind is, as you say, quite set on literary pursuits, and I find that he is decidedly clever in them and has already made by his own extra attention to them, very good and intelligent progress.

He says he is very anxious to become a clergyman: I have said all in my power to combat this idea for the sake of testing him, but he comes back to the same conclusion.

Mr Day goes on to say that though he would be sorry to lose him it would be better for him to be sent to some school where more classics would be taught, and specially recommends Rossall or the

Collegiate Institute at Liverpool, or King Edward's School, Birmingham. He then goes into further details and ends:

I have great regard for Churton: he has never given me any cause for rebuke, and I believe he will turn out a good man: the only fear I have about him is, that his talent for being agreeable and striking in his converse with others, might lead him into harm, if he found himself by misfortune flung amongst a bad set: at present he gives promise of very good behaviour and principle: but no one is known till he is tried.

The result of this was that his uncle sent him to Dr Potts, then an assistant master at Rugby, to be examined and reported on, who said that he had such literary talent that it would be a mistake not to send him to the University, and also recommended that as a preparation for the University he should go to Rugby, where he ought to enter Mr Evans' house. This was practically settled, when Mr Evans was appointed Head Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham. Having so strongly recommended Mr Evans, it was thought best to follow him, and accordingly in the autumn of 1863 he entered King Edward's School.

He soon settled down at his new school, for he was invariably bright and cheerful and could make himself happy anywhere. He was devoted to books and was constantly reading and studying:

he was much attracted, too, by Botany. In his holidays he would ramble with his young brothers and cousin through woods and lanes in search of rare plants, which he afterwards carefully dried and classified. At this time Virgil was his closest companion, and his cousin relates that when walking with him he opened the well-worn volume, and, handing it to her, asked her to correct any error he might make: as they sped on their way he recited as many as two thousand lines, only hesitating twice for a moment over two words which he had difficulty in recalling.

His letters more than anything show his enthusiasm, and are characteristic of him at this age. Here is a letter to his mother:—

BIRMINGHAM,
Dec. 13th, 1863.

MY DEAR MAMMA,—On the eve of your birthday I am sitting down to write you a few lines; and first I wish you very many very happy returns of the day; we cannot but be thankful that God has spared us all, both you and all three of us, to see this day, and although friends have fallen around us, and we ourselves have been in imminent danger, yet here we are quite well and joyful. I hope we may all live to be comforts to you, and good in ourselves, if that is accomplished what more can I desire. You may have thought I was going to send you some verses, but I do not do so for two reasons, first because I thought

I could express my wishes better in prose, and secondly, in an event like this, an event which is so joyful to us all, I thought verses would have been out of place, and I may add a third reason, the Muse has not moved me. I am very sorry I cannot send my poem as a birthday present to you, but alas! I am not able to obtain it. I shall, however, be most glad to make you a present, and look forward to doing so when cash is a little more abundant, and when you have told me what you would like to have. Uncle John very kindly gave me 10s. when he was here, 3s. I possess now. I intend to have my desk mended and will bring it home. I am very busy, my table is a foot and a half high with piles of books. The next letter I shall write will be (hurrah! hurrah! three cheers! hip! hip! hip! hurrah! now then altogether boys, hurrah! hurrah!) to tell you by what train I am coming. With love to yourself, Harry, Ken, etc., and wishing you again very, very, very, many, many, many, many, many, many happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, propitious, propitious, propitious, propitious, joyous, joyous, joyous, joyous, joyous, joyous returns of the day.—I remain, my dear Mamma, your affectionate son,

J. Churton Collins.

Speech Day (as distinguished from mere Prize Distribution Day) was unknown at King Edward's School, when he first went there. It was not instituted, apparently, till July 1866. His old master and friend, Mr J. Hunter Smith, in the

Old Edwardians' Gazette, September 1908 Number, writes :—

Collins was then a handsome boy with a fine aureole of chestnut hair about his frank open face. It was fitting, if as my memory tells me was the case, that he should inaugurate Speech Day. He was never surpassed, only once approached, and that was by Andrewes, in the recitation of the curse of Philoctetes. Churton Collins recited the "Ode on St Cecilia's Day," and brought down the house. I had foreseen he would be recalled, and his second piece was the "Passing of Arthur." The tones, after all these years, still seem to thrill my ears. Great was the triumph of our first Speech Day. . . .

Among his friends at the school were Bodington (the late Sir Nathan Bodington, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University) and Grant Allen. A series of Limericks was composed on the "First Form," entitled "De Viris Illustribus Regiae Scholae Eduardi Sexti."

My old schoolmaster, the Rev. Robert B. Gardiner, surmaster of St Paul's School, then an assistant master at King Edward's School, has preserved these Limericks, three of which are here given :—

II

THE SCHOLAR

There was a bewhiskered young Bodington,
As pious as old Dr Doddington;
He knew the Church Articles,
And all the Greek particles,
This excellent, erudite Bodington.

VII

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN

There once was a Yankee called Allen,
Who used to talk trash by the gallon;
He gabbled all day,
Though he'd nothing to say,
This garrulous backwoodsman, Allen.

IX

THE POETASTER[1]

Fuit juvenis nomine Collins
Et versu et carmine pollens;
Se credidit vatem
Ad gloriam natum,
Infelix insipiens Collins!

He went up to Oxford on the 20th of April 1868. Balliol College had been decided upon, and here he had rooms on the ground floor in the tower of the new buildings.

It is not clear why Balliol should have been selected, but it is certain that he found himself in good company during his stay. Among his contemporaries at that college were Andrew Lang, Kenneth (now Sir Kenneth) Muir Mackenzie, Lord Francis Hervey, Richard Nettleship, W. H. Mallock, Herbert H. Asquith, C. B. Stuart-Wortley, Arnold Page (now Dean of Peterborough), H. D.

[1] This doggerel seems to show that at that time he was chiefly noticeable as a poet.

(now Canon H. D.) Rawnsley, A. W. (now Sir A. W.) Fitzroy, R. E. Prothero, T. Herbert Warren, A. R. Cluer, and Alfred (now Lord) Milner.

As he usually went about in a velveteen coat, accompanied by his deerhound "Prince," he became a familiar figure in Oxford.

Mr Andrew Lang says: "At that time Mr Collins always reminded me outwardly of Will Ladislas in the then new novel 'Middlemarch.' He was slimly built and very active . . . and had a charming air of enthusiasm and of joy in life."

This description would be equally true of him in later life—except that he did not remain slim. About the age of thirty he began to put on flesh, though he never became very stout, probably owing to his active life.

He stood about 5 feet 9 inches in height, had a profusion of very fair hair, a fresh complexion and blue eyes. Though he was very short-sighted and always wore glasses, yet his characteristic expression was one of alertness.

His temperament sometimes gave rise to fits of absentmindedness, but considering how often his thoughts were far away, it is curious that they were not more common. However, he was occasionally to be caught napping. One day in the vacation, at the fashionable hour of 4 p.m.,

having been asked to meet some ladies in the Rows at Chester, and having dressed himself in his best, he was met on his way thither by a gay bachelor friend, who, after conning him all over, burst out laughing, "Why, Churton, old fellow," he exclaimed, "are you aware that you are walking out in an old pair of bedroom slippers?"

If his career at Oxford was not so brilliant as it might have been, and disappointed his uncle and himself, yet, as he owned afterwards, he had only himself to blame. He could not bear being tied down to his subjects, but concentrated all his energy and attention on what he liked. Possibly the fact of his only getting a "third" in Moderations roused him up to the reality of his position, and he made a determined effort to cope with all the subjects set for The Final School of Law and History. With most of the papers set he was quite "at home"—indeed, he is said to have amazed the examiners with the extent of his reading and prodigious memory—but—and it is a big but—a map was set. Here they had found his weakness. Never strong at geography, and with no idea of drawing, it may safely be said that his map was not a good one. Would surpassing brilliance in the other papers compensate for this? He learnt afterwards

that the examiners were divided. But the balance was just against him—and thus he missed his "first"—much to the surprise of many of his colleagues and of himself.

All this did not tend to make a favourable impression on his uncle, and indeed he seems to have made matters worse in other respects.

In February 1870, his uncle writes :—

"My dear Churton,—I must tell you that I feel displeased with the loose offhand style in which you write to me. You date your letter in *January*! I receive it on my return home late on *5th February*!! well tired. You require all the remittances on the 5th February!!! and so on!!! so absurd!

I have no doubt you received your Battels a/c as soon as you returned to Oxford, then why run me into a corner and compel me to write to you and draw cheques on a Sunday!! Then as to your a/c of expenses, it is *most unsatisfactory*: your account book had no right to have disappeared . . . " and so on. He concludes: "It is most painful for me to write to you in this strain, but I feel so annoyed at your careless indifference to these matters that I am compelled to do so. . . . I enclose cheques. . . ."

Meanwhile, other things were at work to disappoint and displease his uncle still more, and further to bring matters to a climax. It has been seen that some years before it was his uncle's

idea to take him into his business, but being persuaded that he was unfitted for business, he had reluctantly given way and sent him to Oxford, with the idea of his becoming a clergyman. Although he was disappointed at the beginning, his uncle soon appears first to have become reconciled, and then to have become enthusiastic about the change. He had it in his mind to obtain a "living" for him, if possible at Rhyl, and also to make him heir to his fortune.

A further disappointment was caused when he saw that his nephew's inclination was not towards entering the Church. Added to all this, there is little doubt that my father's method of going his own way annoyed his uncle, who, being a strict business man himself, could not understand the erratic ways of a literary temperament. Finally, an estrangement ensued, and a complete rupture followed. The old man loved his nephew to the end, and this affection was fully reciprocated. But both parties were proud, and mischief seems to have been made to widen the breach between them. The result was that after 1872 when he graduated, my father neither asked nor received any further assistance, and never again did they meet.

Thus when the time came for leaving the University, he found himself in a very hopeless

position, having no idea where to go or what to do, but just managing to scrape along by "coaching." As he was wandering about Oxford one day, he had a sudden desire to go into St Giles' Church. Though not a religious man in the full sense of the word, he always had a most reverent, almost superstitious regard for churches—not a church-goer, he loved to go in when the church was empty, and to roam about. On this occasion he wandered in for some deeper reason—he wanted inspiration. He went up to the Bible lying on the lectern, opened it, and at once put his finger, without looking, at a place on the newly-opened page. It happened to be Acts ix. 6—"Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

He pondered over this, and interpreted it in his own way. Shortly afterwards, with nothing in view, disinherited, and practically penniless, he came to London.

CHAPTER II

1872-8

EARLY LIFE IN LONDON—HIS FIRST LECTURES—MEETING WITH SWINBURNE—HIS FIRST BOOK—HIS FIRST ARTICLES—MARRIAGE

THOUGH he came to London, he did not lose touch with Oxford. Indeed, to the end of his life he never quite lost touch with Oxford, which always had a fascination for him. At this time, of course, he realized that, precarious as was his existence there, it would be still more precarious if he severed himself completely from the University. He started his career in London by sending contributions to the *Globe* for what is called the "turnover" article—a distinguishing feature of that paper to the present day. Officially the "turnover" articles commenced on January 1, 1877, and from that day to this the paper has an official and continuous record with the names of the contributors; but as a matter of fact they are to be found long before this date, and his article (most probably his first) entitled "End of Term" appeared on December 18, 1872. This was the beginning of his connection with the *Globe*, which

lasted somewhat intermittently for several years. His articles, though they embraced several topics, were chiefly on Old London.

For some time, then, he spent three days a week in Oxford and three days a week in town —3 Elm Court, Middle Temple.

He evidently found a difficulty in keeping his head above water, though he seems to have been perfectly cheerful—even when addressing envelopes at 2s. 6d. per 1000—which at one time he was reduced to doing.

He writes to his friend, Arnold Page :—

5 PALSGRAVE PLACE,
TEMPLE BAR.

MY DEAR PAGE,—I am in a dear old garret at 5 Palsgrave Place, Temple Bar, scribbling eight hours a day. It is such a fusty, musty, frumpty old place, though dear to me from old memories — that I don't like to ask you here. Drop me a line and say when you will see me and where. Well! shall you be in circa 9 o'clock on Tuesday—if so I will drop in for pipe and talk then: up to then shall be engaged, but am off to Victoria Theatre, New Cut for scientific purposes to-morrow Monday night at 7 o'clock, if you are inclined to come, be at Temple Club at quarter to seven and ask for me, for I shall slip in then for five minutes. Want to see you awfully.—Yours ever, J. C. COLLINS.

Awfully glad to hear you are better.

But matters now began to improve. For he came to the notice of William Baptiste Scoones, through Mr T. Hart-Davies,[1] afterwards one of his greatest friends, who thus describes how the introduction was brought about:—

My first acquaintance with Churton Collins was in 1873, when I had just returned from India. I wished to take up some Classical work, and consulted Mr Scoones who, although at that time was not acquainted with Collins, had heard of him and advised me to seek him out. In the following year Mr Scoones told me that he required a Classical Coach, and in my turn I strongly advised him to take Collins on at Garrick Chambers, for such an admirable and enthusiastic teacher as Collins, and one more capable of imparting his enthusiasm to his pupils, I had never met. The matter was practically settled then, and in the autumn of that year he took up his duties in Garrick Street.

Thus his long connection with "Scoones" and what may be called his first lectures began.

He writes to his friend Page:—

I am on at full swing with Scoones, and if you saw me, the pink of respectability plus specs—specs mind—holding forth to hungry note-taking youths, verily you would say *Tempora mutantur*.

Scoones soon found him indispensable, and

[1] Member for North Hackney for some years.

when, after a few years, he spoke of leaving, Scoones wouldn't hear of it. "I know I shall never get anyone to fill your place," he said. Reluctant to leave his first benefactor and friend, he stayed on, and it was not till after fourteen years had passed that he finally, with mutual regrets, felt compelled to take up other work.

On hearing of Scoones' death many years later, in 1906, he writes :—

> He gave me my first lift in life, and shrewdly believed in me, entrusting me with work done only by very distinguished University men, and giving me much of the English Literature and Classics for the Indian Civil Service and Home Civil Service candidates. I always found him honest and straightforward, and very kindly . . . I shall always think of him gratefully.

Amongst his pupils at Scoones' was Mr Stephen Phillips, who some years later wrote to him :—

> Woodthorpe Road,
> Ashford, Middlesex.
>
> Dear Mr Churton Collins,—You may possibly know my name in verse as the author of "Christ in Hades." John Lane, I think, said that William Watson read you some passages from the poem some time ago. I thought perhaps you might care to have it, as I have, of course, a very great respect for your opinion. You probably do not recollect me when I was at your

lectures at Mr Scoones'. As it was from you that I first got my love of verse, I thought I should like to send you what I have done. The work is now in a fourth edition. If there should be any chance of our meeting, it would be a great pleasure to me to renew an acquaintance of which I have such pleasant memories.—I am, yours sincerely,

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Meantime he had met and formed an acquaintance with Algernon Charles Swinburne, an acquaintance that soon ripened into intimate friendship—friendship that was to be completely and irrevocably broken.

He received a number of letters from the poet, of which the following, written in 1873, is the first :—

3 GREAT JAMES STREET,
Oct. 14*th.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I am rejoiced to hear that you think of editing Cyril Tourneur and shall look eagerly for the book, as I have done since we met for your intended article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, if I rightly remember. My own idea of doing anything in the matter was nipped in the bud by the refusal of the society, under whose auspices Furnivall thought it possibly might appear, to reprint anything which had been previously reprinted, this being against their rule, so that both Revenger's and Atheist's Tragedies stood excluded. (Do you know the rather scarce reprint of the latter in a volume of

miscellaneous plays earlier (I think) than the first edition of Dodsley?) But in any case nothing would be more shocking to me than the notion of any act or purpose of mine standing in your way when employed in so good a work.

I hope that, of course, your edition will include not merely the two already known tragedies but the newly unearthed comedy with the wonderful title, which I cannot exactly remember. Furnivall gave me to understand that the proprietor was quite ready to allow his priceless *unique* to be at once reprinted—as it assuredly should have been before now. I would give something to see old Cyril's conception of a comedy. I can almost as easily imagine one from the pen of his sainted Alexandrian name-father. I suppose you can tell me nothing—I never met the man who could — of the other comedy attributed to C. T. by Lowndes, with the charming title of "Laugh and Lie Down!!" I was so delighted with the name, that in my last Oxford year I wrote three acts of a comedy, after (a long way after) the later manner of Fletcher, under that title: but I shall take good care that this one never sees the light! I suppose Lowndes must have had some authority—though I am not sure that he was never capable of entering (say) a pamphlet by Taylor the water poet as a play by Tourneur, on the Macedon-Monmouth principle. I suppose, of course, you will reprint Cyril's single poem? I did read years ago at the British Museum this "Monumental Column" of an elegy, published together with Webster's and Heywood's, and think I thought it rather a good sample of that sort of official poetry—but this may have

been because I tried to think so. I am troubling you with various "supposes" and suggestions, which are probably officious and superfluous, but you will set it down to my interest in your subject. I heartily congratulate you on being the man chosen to revive or, as he seems to have had little enough in his own day, I ought perhaps to say to confer for the first time his proper fame on one of the most original and keenly inspired among our dramatic poets.

I suppose you will have all the old editions to collate, but if a copy of the "Revenger's Tragedy," 1608, in my possession, would be of real service to you, I will gladly lend it on such an occasion. I suspect, however, that there may turn out to be but one edition, with the title-pages variously dated 1607—8—9.

I returned to London a fortnight since and am likely to be in town some little time. Is there any likelihood, if you should run up from Oxford, of my having the pleasure of seeing you or our friend Anderson in these rooms?

In any case believe me,—Yours very faithfully, A. C. SWINBURNE.

His edition of the "Plays and Poems of Cyril Tourneur" here alluded to, was his first *serious* work, though not actually his first. His first book was entitled "Sir Joshua Reynolds as a Portrait Painter," and was published by Macmillan in 1874. It is a big folio book, and the letterpress is obviously written for the twenty large reproductions of the portraits contained in the volume.

From his point of view it was merely a "pot-boiler," for he knew nothing of the technique of art. The only interest he could have was the interest he always had for genius. He adored genius in any shape or form. Once he was asked at home, "Would you rather have a very good son—*not* a genius, or a very bad son *but* a genius." He answered after a pause that he would rather have the latter!

Meantime his acquaintance with Swinburne had ripened into friendship, for Swinburne's next letter runs :—

3 Gt. James Street,
March 9th [1875 ?].

My dear Mr Collins (puisque Monsieur y a),—I don't see why you should *Mr* me unless you esteem my friendship less than I do yours. Basta. I shall be in town till after Easter, the fortnight following that holy anniversary I shall spend in the country—so I hope to see you before. I am, of course, much interested and delighted to hear of your discoveries, but it is disappointing to find there is no comedy of St Cyril's forthcoming after all.

I really did want to hear what V. Hugo, speaking of "Aeschylus," calls "le rire de ce genie farouche," tho' I must say I should as soon have expected a comedy from his patron saint the murderer of Hypatia.

I am hard at work on my history of the metrical progress of Shakespeare; you are one of the few

whom I really want to like it, and I look forward to showing you the MS. as far as it has gone. I am still on the 1st or Rhyming period, but have, I think, thrown some new light, or at least made some new remarks, on the influences that affected that stage of his work.

Did you read my article[1] on Wells' "Joseph" in the Feby. *Fortnightly*? I have just had the oddest and most "cracked" letter from the author that ever was written by a man of genius.

Hoping to see you soon.—Ever yours sincerely,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

In 1876 Swinburne writes in reply to a letter from him :—

HOLMWOOD,
March 27th [1876 ?].

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Your letter gave me great pleasure and a sense of something in the rather dull monotonous puppet show of my life which often strikes me as too barren of action or enjoyment to be worth holding on to, better than nothingness—or at least seeming better for a minute. As I don't myself know any pleasure physical or spiritual (except what comes of the sea) comparable to that which comes of verse in its higher moods, I am certainly glad to know that I can give this to others as others again have

[1] This article, entitled "An Unknown Poet," was an appreciation of Wells' scriptural drama, "Joseph and his Brethren.' Swinburne's encomium resulted in the play being published in the following year for the second time, more than fifty years after it had been written, forgotten, and practically lost to the world. He died three years later, in 1879, at the age of 80. The drama was added to the series *The World's Classics* in 1908.

given it to me. Your letter in its fullness of generous enthusiasm makes me look over my babble chorus again and I confess I am content with it. But it is odd how a book once published goes out of my head—drops, as it were, out of one's life or thought, not to be taken up again for many days. Till it is in print it is still part of oneself & concerns one's thoughts, and one takes a personal interest in it which vanishes on publication; so at least I find. *E.g.*, I am still interested about my Delphic poems, which I should like to read to you, as I should also like to run up as you propose, whether to throw myself on your hospitality or not. But I want to get a little work done this spring and London living disagrees with my work. Watts has got my poem on a dead garden[1]—I believe it is booked for the *Athenæum*. On Saturday you will see a report of mine in the *Examiner*,[2] which I hope may waken some echo in the press and do some service to the cause of Shakespeare by brushing off his pedestal the most pestilent swarm of parasites that ever

[1] Probably the beautiful poem entitled "A Forsaken Garden." There seems to be no trace of it in the *Athenæum* about this time, but it is included in his *Poems and Ballads*.

[2] Report of the First Anniversary Meeting of the Newest Shakespeare Society, April 1, 1876. An amusing "report" of an imaginary Society's fictitious Meeting written in Swinburne's lighter vein.

Shakespeare is here pretty well stripped of any authorship in the Plays by the members of this "Society" at their "Meeting."

The tabulated statements of similar-words "test," of the parallel-passages "test," of the double-ending "test," of the triple-ending "test," and of all the other "tests" to "prove" that anyone but Shakespeare wrote the Plays are here arrayed in such a bewildering manner as to startle all but the most fervid Baconians. Even the "reporter" of the "Meeting" becomes unconscious!

settled there. Did you see the *Academy* letter[1] (Jan. 29th), in which the head of the crew exhorted me to try and learn "of him" & educate my ears and eyes "to the understanding of metre, poetic style," English rhythm and the text of Shakespeare?

I am very glad to hear of the great Cyril coming on. Mr Grosart in his correspondence asks after it persistently. Do take the opportunity of giving a stripe—or many stripes—to the damnable incompetence & impudence with which . . . has mangled and defaced beyond recognition in many of its finest passages the text of . . . The sight of it put me into such a rage ten days ago that I wanted to write to you on the subject and the spot, but knew not where to have you.

Is the present address "perdurately" safe?—
Ever yours sincerely, A. C. SWINBURNE.

And later on:—

MIDDLE CLIFF, SOUTHWOLD,
WANGFORD, *Sept. 22nd* ['76].

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I found your (undated) letter at my rooms on the 20th, the day on which you were to return to London, and on the evening of which I was in hopes of seeing you, but could not manage, having but a very few and busy hours in town. Had I been sure of an address that would find you, I should have sent you before now the papers which Watts has in charge for

[1] The writer of the letter referred to was that able scholar, the late Dr F. J. Furnivall. His differences with the poet are well known.

you, my own, and (more important) Mr Grosart's notes and queries on the proof text of Tourneur's luminous and graceful poem. I really think the interpretation suggested in his commentary, which in place of transcribing I send you as it stands in the original shape of two private letters to me, of which you will see that you are at liberty and welcome to make any use you please as editor of a masterpiece of almost miraculous ingenuity, considering the portentous and ineffable nature of the undertaking; and having found such an Œdipus I hope the Cyrilian Sphinx will cease to haunt your hag-ridden vigils or visions as a nightmare. The reverend commentator's own style is not exactly a model of pure classic English, and I suspect him of a certain kind of fellow-feeling for Cyril's ineffably and incredibly amorphous barbarisms. That his solution is generally right I have no doubt, but I decline to accept his correction and exposition of the blessed word *finderesire*.

I hope your labours will soon be at an end and the edition out this year; also that I may find you in town when I repass in three or four weeks' time. I have not been idle this summer, and tho' the Shakespeare work has been so irregularly postponed and interrupted by various causes, I have another instalment of it ready in MS.—
Ever yours sincerely, A. C. SWINBURNE.

Swinburne, in spite of his own reproof at the beginning of the letter, was not at all particular in dating his own letters, and almost invariably left out (what is now a most important part) the year.

The book was published at the end of 1876 and was dedicated to Swinburne, who thus replies :—

HOLMWOOD, HENLEY-ON-THAMES,
Dec. 11*th*, '76.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Thank you sincerely (ex imo corde, as my Master Victor Hugo once began a letter to me unworthy, with a most tremendous dash under the words) for so high a compliment and one that I shall always prize so highly as the dedication of Tourneur. Nothing could have given me more pleasure, whether on private grounds as your friend or on public grounds as a lover and student of C. T. and all his kind from the ripe age of twelve, at which I first read the "Revenger's Tragedy" in my tutor's, Dodsley, at Eton (which he was actually kind enough to entrust to such a small boy) with infinite edification, and such profit that to the utter neglect of my school work, to say nothing of my duties as a fag, I forthwith wrote a tragedy of which I have utterly forgotten the very name (having had the sense at sixteen to burn it together with every other scrap of MS. I had in the world), but into which I do remember that, with ingenuity worthy of a better cause, I had contrived to pack twice as many rapes and about three times as many murders as are contained in the model, which is not noticeably or exceptionally deficient in such incidents.

It must have been a sweet work, and full of the tender and visionary innocence of childhood's unsullied fancy. I am sorry my good friend Mr Grosart's annotations have proved on revision so

barren of good results—but, of course, I knew he was much more of an enthusiast & book-worm than a critic. But his good will & ardour are (as Ruskin would say) very precious to me.

I have sent (but this is a *dead* secret, which I have confided as yet to no soul alive) a ballad of chivalry to the *Pall Mall Gazette* without my name—subject, "The Quest of Sir Bright de Brummagem" against the heathen dogs who worship Mahomed & Termagaunt & pollute the Holy Sepulchre of his (Sir B.'s) Blessed Lord. I wonder if they will put it in![1]—Ever yours sincerely, A. C. SWINBURNE.

He was still writing articles but now aiming higher. In 1877 his article on "Aulus Gellius" was accepted by Leslie Stephen for the *Cornhill*, and the next year his ambition was reached, when he received the following letter, on the envelope of which he has written: "I write these words just after receiving it. The letter that gave me more acute and lasting joy than any I shall ever feel perhaps":-

94 WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W.,
May 22nd, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read your article on "Dryden," and shall be happy to insert it in the *Quarterly*. I hope to send it to the printers shortly and will direct them to forward proofs to

[1] They do not appear to have put it in.

you for revision. Any alterations you may wish to make can be inserted in the proof.—Yours faithfully, WM. SMITH.

This was the first of many articles to appear in the *Quarterly*, and Dr Smith afterwards became one of his greatest friends and advisers.

W. E. Henley was about this time struggling for the recognition that was due to his talent, and in a letter to my father writes :—

I am afraid that I am a futile and discomforting kind of *protégé*. The work I can get I can't do, and the work I could do I can't get. I exemplify in myself, do I not? that eternal unfitness of things about which certain of our own poets have so moaned.

Meanwhile he had met and married my mother, then Pauline Mary Strangways, only daughter of Thomas Henry Strangways[1] and cousin of the Honourable H. B. Strangways,[1] at whose fine old manor at Shapwick, Somerset, my father and

[1] This branch of the Strangways family is descended from Sir James Strangways, the younger, and Elizabeth, the elder daughter and co-heir of Philip Darcy, sixth Lord Darcy de Knayth, and Lord Meinill. That family is also descended from the Barons Fauconberg through the marriage of Sir Richard Strangways and Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of William Nevill, Earl of Kent, and Joan Fauconberg, in her own right Baroness Fauconberg, a Barony which appears on the 1283 writ.

The connection with the Ilchester family is through the first Earl, Stephen Fox, who married in 1735 Elizabeth, only daughter

mother regularly spent part of their holiday every year—a visit which he always enjoyed and which did him much good.

and heir of Thomas Strangways Horner of Mells Park by his wife, Susannah, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Strangways of Melbury, Dorset.

It was in consequence of this marriage that the Earl of Ilchester assumed the name of Strangways.

CHAPTER III

1878-82

HIS "COMMONPLACE" BOOK—AN EVENING WITH SWINBURNE—INTERVIEW WITH CARLYLE—IMPRESSION OF MILLAIS—AN EVENING AT SIR WILLIAM SMITH'S—SWINBURNE ON ANCIENT AND MODERN CLASSICS—INTERVIEW WITH ABRAHAM HAYWARD—LETTERS FROM SWINBURNE

I SHALL now let my father's own memoirs speak for themselves. His habit was to jot them down in a big book—his "commonplace book"—in any order, opening the volume at haphazard.

The first entry is dated 1878, but only refers to a consultation with Sir James Paget, the famous physician, and it is not till 1880 that a real beginning is made.

Had to-day, Saturday, Feb. 20th, 1880, an interview with Septimus Rivington the publisher—he was very keen for me to write a work for them. Offered £200 down and royalty for a History of Queen Anne's Reign to be in three or four volumes. Offered to publish any other book of mine and *take the risk*. I am getting on, I think.

About this time Swinburne moved into his new house and wrote him the following letter :—

THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL, S.W.,
April 24th [1880].

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Ages and empires—to say nothing of æons and dynasties—have risen and fallen since I saw or heard from you. Now I purpose to give a reading of some new poems on Wednesday evening next at 8 sharp, when I hope you will be able to attend my house and verse-warming. There are frequent trains direct from Waterloo on the S.W. line and also there is the Metropolitan, which has trains direct from Charing Cross at the hour and half-hour—should you come from the north side of London by the Metropolitan there are trains to Putney from High Street, Kensington, every half hour, and again there is another set of trains from Gloucester Road to Putney every half hour. Pray let me have the pleasure of seeing you, by one of these hooks or crooks.—Ever yours sincerely,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

He went and thus records the evening:—

April 28, 1880.

I must jot down this. This evening I went by invitation to hear Swinburne read his new volume of poems. There were present, Theodore Watts, Austin Dobson, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, William Rossetti, and Philip Marston. He read almost all the volume with the exception of the long ode to Victor Hugo. Returned by 11.30 train with O'Shaughnessy, Rossetti and Marston. We talked of Walt Whitman in the train. I walked with Rossetti from Waterloo almost to the

University College, Gower Street. We talked principally about the Italian poets. Said he and his father preferred Tasso to Ariosto—we had a very animated conversation.

I began to-day, May 7, 1880, to read for the second part of Bolingbroke—to go into harness for it. I have just had the annoyance of an article sent back from an editor, which, as all such contretemps do, has very much depressed me—therefore more reason for resolution. Would to God I had the Faith of Childhood. How can it be regained?

Between January and April 1880 I have written:—

1. Romance of Literary Discovery.
2. Method and Genius.
3. Shakespeare as a Prose Writer.
4. New Study of Tennyson. Part II.
5. Curiosities of Criticism.
6. What became of Cromwell.

May 23, 1880.

I lunched to-day with Sir Pomeroy and Lady Colley at 17 Sackville Street. A very pleasant visit. He said he thought the best descriptions of battles from a military point of view were those of Archibald Alison in his History. Thought Segur too grand and vague.

Later he adds:—

Now this day, Feb. 28, 1881, I have just heard that he has fallen on the field of battle in South Africa—eheu!

To-day, Sunday, May 24, 1880, I met at the Montefiores Mr Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College. We had a long and most interesting conversation on various subjects—credibility of Ancient History—Tacitus —rise of Deism in England — the Craftsman, etc. etc. He very kindly asked me to call on him in Oxford. He says he did not write the life of Scaliger as he intended, because his friend Bernays had done it so perfectly—and because he did not wish Mr Pattison to write another Life taking, as he must have done, different views to his own. A very pleasant and most learned and kindly, scholarly soul I found him. We walked from Portman Square nearly to Waterloo Place together.

Yesterday, 16th June 1880, I dined at the Montefiores and had a delightful talk with Mark Pattison on literary subjects. He has very kindly put my name down for the Athenæum Club. I shall not come on for election for fourteen years.[1] How much will happen in that time ! ! !

Yesterday evening, October 17th, 1880, I went down to see Swinburne at the Pines, Putney Hill. We talked on a good many topics. He said he thought Prior was a much greater poet than Horace and we fought. He said he could never see anything more than a clever rhetorician in Horace, & of the passage about Regulus which I alluded to he said it was just in the same style as a clever leading article by Russel, the thing was said and said smartly. We then passed an hour or

[1] He was elected in 1897.

so—he reading passages from Grosart's Reprints, particularly from (not clear) . . . We roared with laughter. . . . He thought that many of Shakespeare's sonnets were undoubtedly autobiographical while others were dramatic sketches. He fought for Richard II. preceding Richard III. Agreed with me when I thought that both Peele and Kyd may have had a hand in "Titus Andronicus." He read me a very pretty poem which he had written on a little child, Watts' nephew, and which is to come out in the coming volume. How completely changed he is since the wild evenings we used to have—he is positively getting stout. He said he never enjoyed either Horace or Montaigne—and he called this couplet perhaps the finest in all literature :—

> "Justice (like Lightning) ever should appeare
> To few men's ruine, but to all men's feare." [1]

December 14*th*, 1880, *Tuesday*.—I am now just going to take down my article "Literary Life of Lord Bolingbroke" to Messrs Clowes. I thank kind God for granting me health and leisure to finish it—it has been employing me more or less for nine months of this year—long summer days, long summer evenings, long winter nights, always in my thoughts—it is like parting with an old friend : for two years I have lived, dreamed,

[1] These lines occur in a play (published in 1615) by an anonymous writer, entitled "Swetnam the Woman Hater arraigned by Women," which purported to be an answer to a book written by Joseph Swetnam, called "The Arraignment of . . . Women."

The play was reprinted in 1880 (edited by A. B. Grosart), the edition being limited to 62 copies—12 for the editor and 50 for subscribers, one of whom was Swinburne.

and conversed with Bolingbroke and now I bid him farewell. It is now 2.15 in the afternoon by the Temple Clock and I write this in my dear old chambers, 5 King's Bench Walk. It has been a work of great labour done with scrupulous conscientiousness—but it came more easily than the first one.

Dr Smith thought it so excellent that rather than cut it down, he is going to divide it—so it will appear as "Lord Bolingbroke in exile" —now being advertised as "Literary Life of *Lord Bolingbroke*."

I have passed a very, very happy Christmas Vacation (1880). No work on my mind. "Bolingbroke" finished and *well done*, as Dr Smith has said. I went to Oxford, then back to London, then to Chester, where I was constantly with my dear mother. . . . Now to the Grindstone. Began to-day, Jan. 11, 1881, to think about my article on Prior.

There is no date to this entry, which I transcribe just as it stands, omitting nothing. Carlyle died on the 5th February 1881. The date of the interview is not known.

This—this night on which I write this—is Carlyle's first night in the grave, in that lonely Scotch churchyard.

As I find that my pencil notes of the conversation I had with Carlyle are fast becoming obliterated—I will rescue them here—just as they are.

His first words were. "Well, you've come to see me. What can I do for ye?" Then I sat down. He looked at my letter dated from the Temple (I remember as I transcribe this how keenly and sharply he asked me what I was doing in the Temple if I was not a lawyer—as though there was a suspicion of false pretences) and said, "So you're a young lawyer, are you—well there's good work to be done in the law." Asked me all about myself: asked who were the Law Lecturers. . . . Of himself when he began his career he "was just dammed up"—"was ready to kill himself"—would have turned to anything, to hew wood or draw water—his misery. What Goethe did for him—he was just my Saviour . . . Darwin said that man was protoplasm and frog-sperm—he preferred old David's "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels" . . . He spoke very bitterly about writing for money and of popular and successful writers. Said that he had taken up a volume by a creature who called herself Ouida, but who was better described by a monosyllable not mentioned in polite society—it was damnable, hateful, abominable — in such works there was nothing to do but just to stop your nose and run for it. Swinburne and his school he described as a "curious growth." Of George Eliot he did not think much—said the best thing she ever wrote was, in his opinion, her article on Young in the *Westminster Review*—he had, he said, come across "Middlemarch" at a friend's house, "found it neither amusing nor instructive, but just dull." He "didn't believe much in fiction either in Dickens or Scott or any of them." Don Quixote and Wilhelm Meister were very

different things. . . . Great deal of interesting matter about spiritual things in the Travels. "Purpose of Wilhelm Meister was to show the world operating in action the formation of an artist." The work "was not altogether allegorical." Mignon was not allegorical, but just a charming figure or some such phrase he used—"at least she always was to me." He spoke with great severity of Strauss—and oh, he did roll out—it rings in my ears now—"he calls Christ a world historical humbug." Then he told, shaking his sides with laughter and *quite changing all over*, a story about a German duke who just "shut up the prophet of anarchy in a castle," and how well he told the story. I see also from my notes he made some bitter speech about "mustn't mention polygamy and Lewis" (it sounded, I remember now, so ungenerous and narrow). He spoke a good deal about the German Theatre—in fact, he took the trouble to give me a sort of sketch of its history—and I remember being impatient, for I wanted from him what I could not get elsewhere—"Lessing showed that the French Theatre was all moonshine." . . . Goethe gave up the idea [it] could be a means for educating people. Then he told a story about a farce at the Duke of Weimar's—something about tying a sausage to a bell-rope and the cat ringing the bell, but he was laughing so immoderately while he was telling it that I couldn't understand what he said: his laugh *completely transformed* [him]. I should literally have not known him to be the same man. . . . He talked with savage emphasis and fury about the times: one sentence I have got down "a miserable chaotic confused mass

of lies and rubbish which will swallow up everything unless it please God to raise up some great sperrit." He told me to read *German*—read German at once, they are above everything necessary. You must admit *them*, the Germans, into the gallery of your Gods—(I telling him how I clung to Greek). I asked him whether the presence of ambition implied the power to carry it out—he took refuge in Goethe and said, you know what Goethe says, "our wishes are often presentiments of our capabilities." His advice was —stick to some defined purpose——good or bad: "a man without a purpose is soon down at zero" —better to have a bad purpose than no purpose at all.

It is perhaps worth jotting down that I dined this evening, March 16th, 1881, with W. Fisher the painter at the Arts Club, to meet J. Comyns Carr. A tolerably agreeable but quite profitless evening. About 11 o'clock it was announced that Millais the painter was in the next room. Obviously all were in a flutter and adjourned into the said room to meet the "great artist." A strikingly handsome and most affable man, who evidently considered that it was his duty to talk, and talk he did. He was full of enthusiasm and vigour, and spoke principally of a tour he had made to Holland with Lord Chelmsford and the late Justice Thesiger. He spoke with great energy and praise of the Art Collections there—particularly of those at Delf, of the Dissection picture of Rembrandt, & of the Tomb of William the Silent. A well contented, quite self-satisfied air, though his affability prevented it from being offensive, was

conspicuous in him. Evidently deeply and most genuinely interested in his art. He spoke of the foolishness of using bitumen in composition & of the degeneration of Reynolds when he aped the Old Masters.

This evening, March 29th, 1881, I went to a dinner party at Dr Smith's—there were present the Earl of Derby, Courthope, Robert Browning, Lord John Manners, Lady Manners, Lord something (not Odo) Russell,[1] and others. Lord Derby spoke to me in very complimentary terms of my articles—so did Lord Manners, to all of whom I was specially introduced. The most striking figure there was, of course, Robert Browning, to whom I was not introduced and who had, of course, forgotten me. He was speaking of Carlyle. He spoke of his really tender heart, comparing it to the white in a ball of crystal. He said he saw him a month before his death, when the conversation turned on George Eliot. Carlyle said—what a world of pity she should come up to London and fall in with *anti-Christ* Chapman[2] & his set. He said he never argued with Carlyle, but always let him talk on in his own way, but once he *had him.*

Carlyle was running down Napoleon III. when Browning said here was a man who ruled with a firm hand, put down the press, suppressed

[1] Probably Lord Charles James Fox Russell.

[2] This was probably Dr John Chapman, publisher, bookseller, editor, author and physician. The nature of some of the books which he published is no doubt responsible for the epithet here applied to him. George Eliot resided with him and his wife for some time at the publishing office, 142 Strand, and assisted him in the editorship of the *Westminster Review.* Chapman died at Paris in 1894.

anarchy and noise, was a silent and practical despot—a man who illustrated all the qualities you teach us to respect—and how can you speak as you do of him. Carlyle was *silent.* He told another tale of him: Some nobleman at Lord Ashburton's, I think, said of something that it was *theoretical*—the English people could not abide the theoretical. Carlyle said, "My Lord, towards the end of the last century the French nobility could not do with theory, but there suddenly appeared among them a man named Jean Jacques Rousseau who was a thorough theorist, nothing but a theorist—and he wrote a book called the 'Contrat Social' which was nothing but theory—pure theory, but by and by this man and his book brought about theories which ended in beheading half the nobility and tanning their skin into leathern breeches. . . ." With Browning I was miserably disappointed; there was marked *vulgarity* about him, particularly in his accent and in the tone of his voice, & a certain indescribable savour of *sycophancy* of a man eager to be of a grade to which he did not belong; but the poet was there—the poet's keen eye—the poet's heart—obvious in his remarks and descriptions: a sad, very thoughtful face, a great weight of thought over the eyes—for the rest a commonplace face and a very commonplace manner, in the brow and the eye only sat genius: his conversation, except when he was speaking of his reminiscences about Carlyle—studiously commonplace. I would rather have had half an hour's talk with him—God knows—than all the complimentary remarks I had addressed to me. Courthope was the most pleasing, refined,

and intellectual man there, in appearance and manner at least.

This evening, Saturday, April 9th, 1881, I went down to Putney to see Swinburne. He talked of Carlyle, "our arch enemy," with great bitterness, saying that his Reminiscences had shown the world the *real man*. He had, he said, all the qualities good and bad of a peasant, he thought he was crammed with spite and jealousy. I defended him and Swinburne attacked, but he did not make out his case, and was quite unreasonable. We talked of Aeschylus and Sophocles; he had just written his character of Aeschylus for the Ode he is now writing about Greece. Sophocles he greatly admired, but he did not seem to be very familiar with him. It is curious that his knowledge of Greek is very imperfect—his Greek classics are Didot's, and in talking of a passage in the "Ajax" he was obliged to read it first in the Latin crib, but I noticed how sympathetically he immediately entered into the Greek as soon as the Latin had made it clear.[1] We talked of

[1] Mr Watts-Dunton remarks that he cannot understand such a statement as this, Swinburne being exceptionally well acquainted with Greek and with the Greek Plays in particular, which is shown by Swinburne's contemporary at Eton, Oscar Browning, who, in his "Memories of Sixty Years," affirms that he was constantly reading the Greek poets in leisure hours at school.

The following statement in a letter of Ruskin's should also, he says, be read in this connection:—

"He is infinitely above me in all knowledge and power, and I should no more think of advising or criticising him than of venturing to do it to Turner if he were alive again. He is simply one of the mightiest scholars of his age in Europe—knows Greek, Latin, and French as well as he knows English—can write splendid verse with

Sainte-Beuve, for whom he had neither respect nor admiration. Talked of his miserable essay on Villon. He said two good things of him—that the excellence of his writing was always in an inverse ratio to the importance of his subject matter: a great man he could never dissect nor treat competently—a subject like De Musset's later writings he could manage admirably: secondly, that in most cases a man assuming a mask was never of course the real man, but in Sainte-Beuve's case the man was only real when he assumed a mask—this he said alluding to Sainte-Beuve's malignant anonymous libels in a Swiss newspaper. . . .

To night, June 7th, 1881, I dined at the Oxford & Cambridge with Andrew Lang, Middlemore & Professor Sellar, author of "Roman Poets of the Republic." P. Sellar & I had much talk about the Roman poets, particularly about Juvenal. He was an intelligent and cultivated man, very social and kindly. I cannot say I learnt anything from him. He thought the passage "Jamque adeo super," etc., in the Second Aeneid undoubtedly genuine. No striking remark was made.

To day, June 16th, 1881, I heard of the death

equal ease in any of the four languages—knows nearly all the best literature of the four languages as well as I know—well—better than I know anything. And in power of imagination and understanding simply sweeps me away before him as a torrent does a pebble. I'm *righter* than he is—so are the lambs and the swallows, but they're not his match."

Mr Watts-Dunton is of opinion that Swinburne merely took up an old school edition of the Latin version because it was nearest to his hand.

of Andrew Wilson with bitter regret—what a fine nature he once must have had—what poetry! what sympathy—what profound and subtle sense of the mystery of life. Poor fellow, our speculations about death are now solved by him—his death has made me poorer for I reverenced him much for what he was when he wrote "Infanti Perduti."

In this year he edited the Poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and sent a copy of it to Swinburne who writes in acknowledgment :—

THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL, S.W.,
June 28th, '81.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Many thanks for your exquisite edition of Lord Herbert. I had been looking for many days with an envious & an evil eye on the copy sent to Watts, and this comes in good time to exorcise the devil which tempted me to break the tenth commandment. How lovely in feeling, and how near excellence in expression, is the Madrigal at p. 25.

Will you not come over some of these hot bright days and hear some of my latest poems? The principal, on Athens, is thought one of my best by the friends whose judgement I most value, and there are enough others for a volume. But it seems my last have not sold well enough to encourage the delusion that the *Spectator* may not be right in its assertion that the British purchaser has begun once for all to see through the hollow emptiness of my pretensions.—Ever sincerely yours, A. C. SWINBURNE.

This day, August 19th, 1881, I passed with Swinburne. Went down to lunch at the Pines at 1.30. He read me the verses he had just written on Trelawny: read me the Adieu to Mary Queen of Scots, Athens, and the Trial Scene in his drama of Elizabeth. In the afternoon we went for a walk over Putney Heath through Wimbledon: we stood for some time rapturously gazing at the scene from near the Church down on to the valley beneath—a heavenly piece of English scenery, he thought it as fine as anything he knew in England. We talked incessantly: about the influence of scenery on the emotions, he said it always *calmed* and made him perfectly happy. We talked of Horace, Tasso, Virgil, Catullus, Tennyson, Browning. He said he could not enjoy De Quincey, that he was morbid—morbidity ought never to be embodied in a Ciceronian style but in a Tacitean, & he instanced Baudelaire as one who had done it. We had a most delightful walk—what a really sweet character he is, a most lovable human soul, so generous, so sympathetic, so noble. We came back and dined: we talked of many things—but the conversation at last settled on Byron; he said the lines to Thirza were the only lines in Byron which he really thought very touching and true. He spoke of Byron's miserable failure in depicting Catharine in "Don Juan." He said he thought Donne's "Anniversarie" the finest elegiac poetry he knew. When he read me his poem about Athens he had translated τεκνωθέντες δ' οὐρανίῳ 'Ολύμπῳ—begot of Heaven's air—I pointed out that it must be *in* and he altered the line to "begot in holier air," and was a long time hammering at

it—he wrote also "paradisal" and I told him I thought it was very much out of place and by no means a good word, and he agreed with me and ended by substituting again "holier." I spoke of the wonderful facility with which he composed—and when I asked him whether the pleasure of poetic composition was its own reward—he said *certainly* it was in his case, for he never had to slave.

On Saturday, Feb. 11th, 1882, I followed to the grave my dear father-in-law—the father of my wife, the grandfather of my children. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. He died about twenty minutes to two on Wednesday the 8th. I saw in a mirror his last breath. He was a kind good friend to me. I shall never forget him. Dear Pauline was with me at the funeral. How I shall miss him.

It was with great sorrow and regret that I casually saw in the *Daily News* to-day, March 27th, 1882, that T. H. Green of Balliol died yesterday, aged only forty-five. For two or three terms he was my College Tutor. No man had greater influence or was so deeply respected by the best men of my time—his moral influence as well as his metaphysical teaching were the most potent influences at work over the younger members of Balliol during the time of his holding office there. A strange, gloomily humorous, taciturn, powerful man. How well I remember the evening when I went to him after poor Gregg's funeral. And he has now solved the mystery which sadly and greatly perplexed him.

Yesterday, May 27th, 1882, I called on old Abraham Hayward at 8 St James St. I found the old man very courteous and chatty. We talked of the *Quarterly*—the prudishness of which he assigned to the fact that it was bequeathed to two old virgin sisters of Murray who probably looked over the proofs. He spoke of Thackeray not in very flattering terms and said he was the snob he drew—but I got the old man to think of his friend in another light & he said sadly: "Yes, he was a generous large-hearted fellow—his contempt for rank and his want of ease in the presence of rank were his only faults." He told two anecdotes of Thackeray illustrating this side of his character. Thackeray and himself were once invited to a heavy dinner party, themselves the only Commoners. When the ladies had withdrawn, Thackeray roared out: "Now the ladies have withdrawn, let's have the pipes and baccy." Poor Hayward shuddered as he told it and said with bated breath, "Think of that!" Dear, grand old Thackeray, how it tells *in* his favour.

Another: Thackeray invited on one occasion Lord Broughton and Lord Stanley of Alderley to dinner. At dessert a bottle of wine, which he said was unique, went round: there was a glass left when it arrived at the top of the table. "You shall have this, old boy," he said thumping Lord Broughton on the back. He drew himself up and said, "I am not a boy, Sir, I hate to be called old, and d—— your wine." . . . How little the most brilliant genius seems to impress a man's intimate friends; he spoke of Thackeray with perfect indifference, without apparently any sense of his greatness. Our interview ended with

his politely showing me over his suite of rooms which had formerly been occupied by Byron.

About a fortnight later Swinburne again writes :

THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL, S.W.,
Wednesday.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Can you come at such short notice to a soiree, consisting of recitations from a forthcoming poem, and subsequent supper on Friday? Do if you can—and (as Mrs Jarley says) be in time—8 sharp. I have been busier of late than ever before in my life, between the correction of proofs for the biggest book of verse (bar Bothwell) I ever put forth, and the compilation of a Life of Mary Queen of Scots for the "Encyclopedia Britannica." I am greatly set up by the compliment of being chosen for that office above all the historians and other press folk whose services might have been secured and their authority preferred to that of a mere poet like
Yours very sincerely, A. C. SWINBURNE.

Though the letter is undated, it probably was the invitation to the visit here recorded :—

Yesterday, Friday June 9th, 1882, I went down to Putney to hear Swinburne read some of the poems which he is on the point of publishing. He read three cantos of "Tristram and Iseult." I told him that I thought the line "And all their past came wailing in the wind" the finest single line I knew : he thought that was going too far. At supper we talked of "Samson Agonistes" and

"Paradise Regained," of both of which he spoke in almost hyperbolical terms of praise. He thought "Samson" one of the most perfect works in the world. We talked also about Euripides, he depreciating, I defending. He acknowledged the power and fineness of the Bacchæ. I walked back home with Philip Marston the blind poet and a young friend of his named William Sharp who is writing about Rossetti.

These three letters are the last from Swinburne till the final one in 1886.

THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL, S.W.,
September 21, '82.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I know nobody so likely as you to be able to verify the first four quotations of the five enclosed, which have been sent to me by the latest biographer of Lamb with a request that I would, if possible, tell him whence they come. The fifth of course is from Comus, the fourth is so absolutely familiar to my ear that I am exasperated with vexation at being unable to bring my memory to book with any certainty as to the context. I feel all but confident it is Fletcher—but I have hunted it in vain through two or three plays, I know it as well as "To be or not to be," and it is most irritating to be perpetually baulked when I try to *spot* it. . . . I believe I have never yet thanked you for a letter in acknowledgment of "Tristram" which gave me real pleasure. I do so now and remain,—Ever sincerely yours, A. C. SWINBURNE.

Please return the slip of paper enclosed.

THE PINES,
Sept. 29 [1882].

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I felt a dark sense of error —such a sense as an unhappy sceptic may feel when first assailed by doubts as to the moral character of the Most High, as self revealed to His servant Moses, and self recorded in a volume which I will not mention by name—after I had sent off my last letter to your old address. But I could not find *your* last letter—I had put it away somewhere to keep, and that is the way to lose sight of anything—and I have now only to thank a beneficent Providence that you ever got mine at all. I am very sorry you are in the same irritating state of obliviousness or nescience with myself—especially if it worries and chafes you as it does me to hunt and catch and lose again the scent of a half recognised quotation. Purnell[1] dined here with us, the day before yesterday or so, to discuss certain sonnets. I want now as always to be of any service I can to him and I hope he may make a success of his Sonnet book. I could not at once remember what was the last enterprise of the Bad Shepherd who makes his living out of dead Sheep (Thackeray in Fraser, is it not?) so that your outbreak of righteous wrath rather bewildered me at first. What (thought I to myself) can that luckless pastor have been doing

[1] Thomas ("Tom") Purnell (1834-1889) came into notice on account of a series of dramatic criticisms which he contributed to the *Athenæum* under the name of "Q." They were afterwards reprinted in book form as "Dramatists of the Present Day." He was also founder of a little club called the "Decemviri."

with other mens' flocks this time, to incur such indignation? . . .

I have not seen Tennyson on Virgil! It is a pity and a shame if it is not good, for on the one occasion when I (then an undergraduate) was favoured with any of the Laureate's conversation —very pleasant and hospitable it was—he expressed a special devotion for the Laureate of the first & hatefullest (to me) of all the Emperors. Come soon (though I have not much to show you) and see—or hear—the very little I have been or am doing, any day and hour will suit me (D—need not say—V.) as I am not likely to stir again for some time. I rather want something big to do or at least attempt. The one great subject for historic tragedy, which I have always thought of & recoiled from or put by, the Life and Death of Cæsar Borgia, seems no less magnificent but more & more unmanageable, and the more I think of it—the catastrophe—if his own reported words be accurate, is about the most *moral* thing I ever read of in history, and ought, if dramatized accordingly, to conciliate the suffrages of the religious reading world: but what between triple incest & the bisexual harem of the Vicar of Christ—points which could not be wholly ignored in a " chronicle history " of the Borgias—even I feel conscious of something like the sentiment called funk, in face of the inevitable difficulties, yet the triumph and fall (through his own triumphant wickedness) of the greatest warrior and statesman of his age might and should be an almost incomparable argument of tragic poetry.—Ever yours sincerely,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL, S.W.,
Nov. 30th, '82.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I fear you will think me very dull if I confess that I do not see or believe in any recondite law or principle in Shakespeare's use of prose whenever he felt himself more at ease, for his purpose of the moment, in prose, than in verse. Of course his range of command in the one province was almost as wonderful, as in the other, and he had an unequalled capacity of adapting it to the requirements of the subject, from Hamlet's meditation on man to Falstaff's catechism on honour; but I at all events am unable to recognise any deeper or subtler line of demarcation traceable between its varieties of tone and style than might be required by the exigencies of the matter in hand.

There are two reasons against my going to see the Cantabrigian Ajax with you though it is very friendly of you to think of it, I should find myself too deaf (as last week at the Theatre Français) to hear a line of the text, however well delivered, and too oblivious (or, if you prefer it, too great a dunce) to follow it if I could. When the Wives of Heads of Houses and married Fellows get up the Lysistrata (with a due selection of eligible under-graduates) on a public stage—then, if invited to that attic spectacle, I will not (D.V.) be wanting.

I have just been making some few annotations and corrections in your admirable edition of Tourneur, which are at your service when (or if) the idiot public has the sense to require a re-issue of the book. I do think the neglect of that superb

genius, when so adequately presented and introduced to the notice of readers, is the grossest instance of general stupidity and torpor in literary taste and English scholarship that ever I witnessed.—Always sincerely yours,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

CHAPTER IV

AS A LECTURER

HE began his long connection with the University Extension Society in the Lent Term of 1880, opening his first course of lectures at Brixton. The University Extension Movement began in 1876. Though his lectures for that Society were few during his professorship at Birmingham, he yet maintained an uninterrupted sequence of twenty-seven years, his last course being delivered at Kingston in the Michaelmas Term of 1907—the total number of lectures given by him for this Society being upwards of 3000.[1]

In the opening speech of one of these courses at Gresham College in 1892, Mr Asquith (then Home Secretary), who took the chair, said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It gives me very great gratification to have an opportunity of being present to-night at the opening of the new Session of work of the University Extension Society I think I may claim to have a special interest in its fortunes, for a good many years ago, when the Society first started its work in London,

[1] Data supplied by Mr Percy Wallace.

I believe that I was actually its first Lecturer, before an audience composed mainly of the fair sex, my subject being what was then called the science of Political Economy. . . . I do not believe that the subject of English Literature could be handled by any more competent man than Mr Churton Collins in the whole of Great Britain. I well remember how, twenty years ago, when Mr Collins and I were at Balliol College together, I have often sat into the small hours of the morning while my friend poured forth out of the flood-gates of a most capacious memory treasures both new and old.

At Richmond his lectures were frequently honoured by the presence of the late Duchess of Teck, accompanied by Princess May, our present Queen. They would sometimes remain afterwards for a little chat about the lecture. On one occasion the Duchess was so struck with the beauty of some lines which he recited during the lecture, that afterwards she asked him to write them down for her, saying that she thought them among the most beautiful she had ever heard. The lines were :—

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please."[1]

The Queen has not forgotten this trivial episode in her life. A letter, in which Her Majesty graciously consents to the publication of the above

[1] Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, bk. iv. canto 9.

paragraph, states that "The Queen well remembers the incident of the quotation."

Another distinguished member of his audience was Princess Alice of Albany, now the Princess Alexander of Teck. The Princess used to write essays on the subjects of the lectures, and he more than once remarked that he had a very high opinion of her literary ability.

A book in itself might be written on the subject of his lecturing. His popularity as a lecturer may perhaps be best judged by his continuous appearance at the same "Centre." At some "Centres" he went on lecturing year after year, as at Regent Street, and it would seem as if his audiences never tired of him. As his memory was so good, he was able to dispense for the most part with the use of his note-books, and on this account the lecture was rendered more pleasing from its air of ease and spontaneity: he displayed, too, a genuine and never lacking enthusiasm in his subject and this usually became infectious. There was no looking at the clock to see if he could make the lecture "spin out" successfully; his fault was all the other way. It was not unusual for him to take out his watch, when the allotted hour had long since passed, and to bring the lecture to a close, with an apology for keeping his audience.

Though these lectures filled so much of his

life, it must be sufficient to give here two instances of that personal interest which he took in his students and which seems to have made him much appreciated. Mr Charles F. Newcombe is now Librarian of the North Camberwell Library. He was then attending the lectures at Toynbee Hall.

61 Torrington Square, W.C.,
July 15*th*, 1888.

Dear Mr Newcombe,—I have read your letter with much interest and sympathy, and I hope it is scarcely necessary for me to assure you that if I can in any way be of assistance to you, I shall only be too happy to help you. I understand you to say that you wish to get work as a teacher of English Literature at Institutes and schools in London, and for that purpose, or for the purpose of preparing yourself for such work, you contemplate quitting your present post. Let me exhort you to think very seriously before you take this step. Remember that it is extremely difficult to obtain teaching work, for each place which may be open there will probably be a hundred applicants, the greater proportion being University men with the advantage perhaps of a high degree; it is a path of life in which the supply far exceeds the demand. If you took very elementary literary teaching, which is, of course, easier to obtain, I am afraid you would find it very irksome and depressing, for you are evidently—and I may add, very properly—aiming high. My advice to you is to stay where you are, unless you see your way to

a post in a more congenial line of publishing, or to some certain permanent employment which would give you more leisure. You say you have your own way to make in the world, if so, do not try any experiments.

Remember the career of Owen Jones, the great Celtic scholar; he was apprenticed to a furrier in Thames Street, and he stuck to his work, and in that humble position made his fortune, devoting all his evenings to his beloved studies and realising the dream of his life by being enabled in middle life to publish the "Myvyrian Archaeology."

If you continue to cultivate Literature, as you are now doing collaterally with your work in life, you are laying up for yourself a treasure beyond compare, a source of happiness which will increase every year you live, but if you allow the study of Literature to interfere with the business of your life, or to make that business distasteful to you, then believe me, it will be a great misfortune to you. My advice to you is to stick to your daily work, and strive to do your very best with that work; go on giving your evenings, and such leisure as you have, to your literary studies, bring yourself as much as possible into contact with the best teachers who, I am sure, will do all they can to help you, and in a short time you will be able to see whether the path of literary teaching is likely to be in the way of duty—that is the criterion, not ambition, as to whether you will be justified in making a new departure in life.

For me, be assured that I will help you in any way I can. Yours very faithfully,

J. C. Collins.

Miss Ella G. McSorley, daughter of the late Rev Hugh McSorley, Vicar of St Paul's, Tottenham, writes :—

Myriads can testify to the impress on their lives of Mr Churton Collins' beneficent influence. Under his inspiring guidance I worked for a Sessional Certificate of the London University Extension Society, from October 1890 to June 1891, and had the privilege of his personal interest. "English Poetry from 1830" was the subject of the Michaelmas Term at Tottenham. At the close of the lectures, Mr Collins wrote to me, Dec. 30, answering a question I had sent to him (there had not been time to discuss it at the class), and added an encouraging postscript :—

"I hope you will go on faithfully with your serious literary studies as I think you will make something out of them—more than most will do—much more."

When reading "Maud," we were asked to send in our own interpretation of the passage :

"Walked in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer and found
The shining daffodil dead and Orion low in his grave."

Although mine was not correct, Mr Collins most kindly took the trouble to write the following letter :—

61 Torrington Square, W.C.,
Jan. 30, 1891.

Dear Miss McSorley. . . . I have read your ingenious and interesting explanation of the passage in "Maud," but I do not think, ingenious tho' it is, it is right and I fancy you will not think it right

when you read the passage again—say, four months hence. It would take a longer time than I have at my disposal to tell you why I have come to this conclusion.—I am, yours faithfully,

J. C. Collins.

"The Poetry of Browning," was the subject chosen for the Lent and Midsummer Terms 1891 at Hackney. Judging from the quality and number of the papers written weekly, Mr Collins considered this centre his best (up to that date); we found him generous in praise and he always noted hard work and encouraged the writing of long papers; we were most enthusiastic over the study of Browning's large poems, and enjoyed discussion at the classes. I recollect Mr Collins urging upon us the duty of *never* writing below our best; "literary pot-boiling is ignoble," he remarked more than once. He was very helpful in giving me hints in brief chats about the continuation of my literary studies: "Do learn Greek," he said one evening to me, "it is the foundation of literature," and added with emphasis, "whatever else you may have to leave undone, it must not be Greek." Another time when he was thinking of the advisability of my entering for a Girton scholarship he said, "In prolonged study, consider the limits of physical strength; treat your brain considerately, and *nourish* it when it shows signs of fatigue; above all, do not overwork." Mr Collins was candid and faithful in dealing with defects and defaults. When the Session ended, I wrote to thank him for his really valuable help, saying too, how much I longed to become a writer and ended with the regret that such would pro-

bably not be my lot. He detected *ambition* here and wrote to warn me against its dominating my life: the essays had had *aspiration* for their key-note and had met with Mr Collins' entire approval: the value of his teaching cannot be over-estimated and as a Teacher he combined literary excellence with a spiritual ideal.

61 Torrington Square, W.C.,
July 5, 1891.

Dear Miss McSorley,—I am much obliged to you for the verses in which you speak so kindly of my work. . . . You should remember that the first duty of serious and reflective persons, with life before them, is not in any way to cherish a spirit of dissatisfaction . . . but to do all that can possibly be done to bring life into harmony with its conditions and surroundings. . . . At your age you cannot tell what your fate may be; you may turn out a Charlotte Brontë and a great genius; you may not. Whatever the future may be, the business of the present is plain, and that is to do whatever duty prescribes, however humble the task it prescribes may be. What you are to do in the world eventually rests almost entirely with God. If He intends you to be a genius you may rest assured that nothing will prevent it; if He does not it will be duly made plain to you. . . . Remain sincere, earnest and simple hearted, you will find that the light which guides you along the path to the Future will *never* fail. What you have to do now is to *educate* yourself not intellectually merely, but morally and spiritually, and this latter part of your education you will best acquire by

performing cheerfully and with all your might, the very humblest duties of everyday life.—Your sincere friend, J. C. COLLINS.

Finally, I quote a type of letter which it was not unusual for him to receive, but which always gave him real pleasure :—

November 17th, 1903.

J. CHURTON COLLINS, Esqr.

DEAR SIR,—Will you pardon me if I take a liberty in writing to tell you how much profit and pleasure I derive from attending your Browning lectures on Wednesday afternoons. . . .

My gratitude to you is very deep, for you have that rare gift of imparting some of your wonderful stores of knowledge so as to enrich your hearers. Instead of feeling my own want of education more keenly, you draw out all that I possess and at the end of each lecture give some magic oil to keep alive the feeble flame at home.

How much we are indebted to the over soul; but for your lectures I should have been afraid to attempt Browning and yet he seems to be a poet especially helpful to those of middle life. I should have liked to hear your opinions of Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes as they are all valued friends, the other names on your list of American poets I know very little about.

It is an intellectual feast to attend your lectures, and it is kind of you to make them so simple. That is the grandest teaching which reaches to the humblest listener. . . .—Believe me, sir, One

of your appreciative hearers at the Browning Lectures.

And another :—

. . . . Your kind way of speaking of, and to, us students on Thursday evening emboldens me to think, and hope that you will not think it wholly impertinent of me, in addressing you individually.

I wish, for my own part, and shall feel myself lacking in gratitude if I may, and do not—just say "thank you" very heartily for the great treat I (with all the rest) have had in hearing your Browning Lectures. To me, they have been much more than an intellectual treat—they have been real helps for the "soul life"—which I sadly needed. I feel that I shall be a better woman for having heard them and I feel it only just you should know how much *one* individual soul (I leave others to speak for themselves) has been helped and braced for the conflicts of life by your words and influence. This knowledge may be a help and encouragement to you in your work—and is what many would doubtless say, if they were not afraid of seeming intrusive in troubling you with their individual life. To your kind words on Thursday night, you owe this boldness on my part.

I am Head Teacher of a large London Board School with about 400 girls under my charge. Our yearly Government examination took place the first week in December with its train of work, of which no foutsider can know. I am so thankful that in spite of overwork and weariness I have been enabled to attend every one of your lectures and have done all I honestly could, with the time at my disposal, in the paper work each week. . . .

The following "poem" will perhaps fittingly bring this subject to a close:—

XMAS 1889

1.

Who makes us "live laborious days,"
And won't allow us shirking ways,
But, if deserv'd, gives gen'rous praise?
Our teacher.

2.

Who robs us of our needful rest,
Yet makes us feel extremely blest,
Since most rewarding is our quest?
Our teacher.

3.

Who spares himself nor time nor pains,
That he may add to our rich gains?
Who gets the best from our poor brains?
Our teacher.

4.

Who never snubs[1] a questioner?
Who never says, "Your papers, sir,
Are far too long; *short*, I prefer"?
Our teacher.

5.

Who points out well the power of Song,
How great is Greatness! base is Wrong!
How lovely Truth! for which we long?
Our teacher.

[1] Icelandic, *snubba*, to cut short.

6.

Who guides us through the "Faerie Queene,"
And beauty shows, before unseen,
And what the "darke conceit" doth mean?
Our teacher.

7.

Who well deserves his Christmas feast,
And six weeks' holiday at least,
Lecture and paper-work all ceas'd?
Our teacher.

8.

Who has our wishes, warm, sincere,
That on through many a happy year,
Bright pupils will his spirit cheer?
Our teacher.

(*From the unpublished minor poems of a Gresham student.*)

He lectured before the Royal Society of Literature [of which he was elected an Honorary Fellow in 1899] on June 12th, 1901, on "Some Curiosities of Criticism." Eight times he lectured at the Royal Institution as follows:—

1897.—May 20, 27, June 3, 10, on "The French Revolution and English Literature—Burke, William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Wordsworth and Coleridge."

1901.—May 28, June 4, on "The True Functions of Poetry" and "Wordsworth as a Teacher."

1905. Jan. 19, 26, on "The Religion of Shake-

speare " and " The Philosophy and Significance of the Tempest."

The following are some of the places at which he gave lectures. In almost every case courses of lectures are implied.

Anerley, Ascot, Balham, Barnet, Battersea, Beckenham, Belvedere, Bermondsey, Birkbeck Institution, Birmingham, Brighton, Bristol, Brixton, Bromley, Brondesbury, Buckhurst Hill, Cambridge, Chelsea, Cheltenham, Cheshunt, Chingford, City of London College, Crouch End, Croydon, Crystal Palace, Egham, Ealing, Earls Court, Forest Hill, Grantham, Gresham College, Gunnersbury, Hackney, Hastings, Haywards Heath, Haverstock Hill, Highbury, Kingston, Lee, Lewisham, Leyton, Lyndhurst, Marylebone, New Cross, Orpington, Oxford, Paddington, Peterborough, Polytechnic, Regent St., Potters Bar, Reading, Richmond, Rugby, South Kensington, Stockwell, Streatham, Surbiton, Tamworth, Tooting, Tottenham, Westbourne Park, Watford, Weybridge, Whitechapel (Toynbee Hall), Wimbledon, Windsor, Wolverhampton, Woolwich and York; also the United States of America and Hamburg, Germany.

CHAPTER V

1882-6

LAST LETTERS FROM MARK PATTISON—INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT BROWNING—INTERVIEW WITH FROUDE

IN July 1882 he began to write the second part of his article on Swift.

He remarks later in the "commonplace" book:—

Sent off this day, Monday, June 17th, 1883, the article finished thank God at last; it has been produced in the mere by-moments of a life full of an almost incredible amount of work. I think I have earned upwards of £800 every shilling by sheer work since the thing was begun. I am very depressed about it. I think it very poor, but I have just heard from Dr Smith that he has read it with much pleasure and that he thinks it "very good." I had only about 5 weeks fair continuous work at it.

Mark Pattison refers to Swift in a letter to him about this time:—

LINC. COLL.,
31 *Decemb.* '83.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—In speaking of Charron's visit to Montaigne at his Rérigorde chateau in

1588, (was it ?) Bayle makes the remark that the tables were turned upon him, and that he who went to track, that is the theologian, came away finding he had had to learn.

So when you call me, Master, it certainly seems to me that I have learnt more from you than I can possibly have given out to you—nothing is more inspiring than the enthusiasm of the young. You are especially happy considering you were at Balliol in having escaped without catching the Oxford superiority airs, and preserving to your age the power of admiration, and therefore of enjoyment of poetry.

I sincerely hope that you may never forfeit that happy gift, but that you may lay up for age, a store of joyous associations, with all the great classics of the world. You will go over these in that case, at the end of life with more intense satisfaction than when you first touched them; as I now am just reading the Antigone at 70, with greater pleasure than I ever did before.

The reprint of Drayton, a seedy one of the last century, I found among my books just after you were gone, and sent it you up, thinking you might possibly care to give it a corner in the collection of books you say you are making.

I have read over Taine's character of Swift in the original, I still feel not only that it is a most powerful piece of writing, but also that it very often hits the exact truth. I should say, however, that it is a little overwrought; and that the literary elaboration has more than once carried the writer away from the sober level of reality. Does he not contradict himself by saying on one page, that Swift was excluded from poetry, and

then on the next page, calling him "homme du monde et poète."

I have never been able to see the alleged merit of the Tale of a Tub, but have found it so dull, that I have never been able to get through it. —Believe me to be, My dear Collins, Yrs Affectly.

MARK PATTISON,
(*Per* J. C.)

In the following year Mark Pattison dictated this—his last letter to my father. He died ten days afterwards:—

8 THE OVAL, HARROGATE,
20*th July* 1884.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—As you've heard nothing of me all this time, the bad news I have to send will be a surprise to you. Neither the Harrogate air nor the famous chloride of iron waters have been of any use. I am now sinking, but so slowly that the process of dying inch by inch is become very painful. My brain remains still unaffected, but I am powerless to apply it, owing to the prostration of the general system; so that all my thoughts are taken up by the trivial details of the operation of physical dissolution.

The Hunter Volume never came my way, those eccentric books have a very limited circulation at the time and their remainders are used up as waste paper and so they become extremely scarce without becoming objects that are sought after. I wonder if Hunter[1] is mentioned in that no less absurd Tacitean criticism called—Tacitus and

[1] Probably the Reverend Thomas Hunter who wrote *Observations on Tacitus* in 1752.

Bracciolini which came out anonymously about 10 years ago, in which it was proved conclusively that the Annals were written by Poggio in spite of the fact that the one MS. of the Annals is at least as early as the XI. century, a consideration which the critic whose name I forget did not think worth his attention.

If you are fond of books on those eccentric lines of research you should read a dissection of Libanius' epistles published at the end of last year. But, alas, I forgot that you cannot read German.

I think I have slightly touched on Hurd in a sketch of Warburton's Life. But this was written so many years ago that it now sadly requires re-writing. As for the Greek word ἀνακτῶν which puzzled me, it occurred in that tract of Xenophon which is usually entitled "Oiconomicus" but which has other titles. I cannot account for its absence from the Lexicon Xenophonteum.—Farewell, dear friend, and believe me, affectionately yours,

MARK PATTISON.

By E. F. S. P.

I will send you a card in a day or two—but I hardly ever have time and cannot write much.—

EMILIA F. S. P.

The Memoirs continue:—

Began to-night, April 30, 1884, my article on Shakespeare's Predecessors, very badly; slaved and slaved and couldn't write a sentence that pleased me.

It is four o'clock in the morning of Sep. 22nd

1885, and I have finished the article after many interruptions and much repulsive labour. I have no feeling of pleasure at its being finished—none at all. I am so sick of it.

This morning I took it down to Messrs Clowes in Duke St., Stamford St., but I had no joy, no feeling one way or the other, absolutely callous.

This day, July 13, 1884, I heard in a letter from my dear mother that Uncle John was dead. It is a great blow. What I owed to him is past calculation. Alas! alas! for the estrangement of the last twelve years. But God knows I cannot altogether blame myself, nor do I blame him. Peace be with him: he was one of the *kindest* human beings who ever breathed. Peace be with him. Peace be with him. What more can be said. How strange to write, how strange to read, "Uncle John is dead," a very conspicuous, a very familiar object in the landscape of the past gone for ever. I have passed a sad day to-day—but greatly comforted by the sympathy and kindness of my dear wife. I did no work to-day, it was a *dies non.*

This day, March 29th, 1886,[1] I went up to see Robert Browning. He received me with a hearty welcome, grasped my hand and said he felt much honoured, etc.—this to check my expressions of gratitude for having granted me the interview. I told him my object, in asking him to allow me to talk over some points in his poetry and teaching and assured him that I was not an emissary from

[1] Browning was at this time nearly 74 years old—he died three years later, on 12th December 1889.

Mr Yates,[1] etc., at which he heartily laughed. The first point on which we got was how far allegorical interpretation could be legitimately carried in studying his poems. I took my stand on "Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," and he repeated what he had told me before that he had no allegorical intent in his head when he wrote the poem; that it was composed in an organ loft and was merely the expression of a fugue—the construction of which he understood he said, because he had composed fugues himself: it was an involved labyrinth of entanglement *leading to nothing*—the only allegory in it was its possible reflection of the labyrinth of human life. That was all and he warned me not to go too deep in his poetry in search of allegory. "My Last Duchess" he illustrated from the anecdote of the Proud Duke of Somerset whose name he could not remember, who, on his second wife attempting to sit on his knees, said to her that his first wife who was a Percy would never have taken such a liberty: and also from Lord Sandwich warning one of his guests who entered into conversation with Mrs Ray—etc. This I notice he related neither with indignation nor contempt, but simply as a fact.

We talked much about Christianity: he did not put it on a level with any other Creed or Dogma, but thought it stood alone in unique greatness and importance: I asked him whether its dogmas might be *literally* true — that it was a distinct Revelation involving the suspension of natural laws, and he said *that might*

[1] Founder, proprietor, and editor-in-chief of the *World*, a feature of which at that time was, and still is, the famous and apparently inexhaustible series, "Celebrities at Home."

be so. But he could not accept anything so monstrous as the eternity of punishment; it was logically inconsistent with the justice and benevolence of the Creator. And he said that in arguing with a person on the subject, he should get out a pencil and put down on paper what was conceded—"God is just, benevolent, omnipotent." Very well, "and He has condemned His creatures to an eternity of pain." *But* you have conceded He is just and benevolent and omnipotent. And he compared such an argument to a game of chess with a blindfolded player who insists on playing a bishop when the bishop had been taken some moves back. In a word he said that the world had seen nothing like Christianity—that its historical basis was of no importance—that it was the revelation of that God whom he had felt. We have, at least he said, I have, a knowledge of a God within me. I know Him, He is here—pointing to his heart—and it matters little to me what tales you tell me about Him, I smile, I care nothing for any stories you tell me about Him, I know Him.

He took as his illustration the dead wife whom you have known and loved—some person comes up and says how you were quite mistaken about her character. I will tell you some stories about her early life which will undeceive you. The answer to this is I knew her, I know more about her than you can tell me. He never, he said, stretched out his hand without an overpowering sense of the spirit mystery involved in that simple action. If you don't accept Revelation, he said, I honestly do not see, after all my thinking and experience, any indication to lead us to suppose

that there is a life after this. It is a great desire, that is certain: but I see no reason to suppose that it will be fulfilled. I can't agree with Tennyson. Tennyson told me that he felt positively certain of an extension of individual consciousness after death. Carlyle said to me a short time before his death "I have no notion at all, not the smallest idea whether I am going to be annihilated, or whether I shall burst out into something splendid and quite strange." Old Landor said "I do not care a jot which way it goes. I am ready for either." Huxley felt very depressed and dissatisfied that he would be "out of it"—felt the hardness of having to quit consciousness when his curiosity was so ardent, when so many new truths were daily coming to light. Harriet Martineau, he said, was anxious to live because she hated the idea of annihilation and that was, she felt, certain.

He (Browning) said himself that if he were perfectly certain that a new life was before him that a new series of experiences was awaiting him—he should not scruple to determinate this life himself, after, he said, making arrangements to secure the comfort of those connected with him—pointing as he said it to that part of the house where I suppose his belongings were. Just as if I were tired of the house where I had been living for many years—I should be glad to go into another house and into a new world of experience.

He spoke not as one who was unhappy but simply as a man who had seen enough of a particular place and was anxious to widen his range of experience.

With regard to a definite religious creed to a

prescribed Coda, it was, he thought, only necessary for people who hadn't the guidance within. A wise and reflective man guides himself aright—is moral and decent—knows what the law is of himself without going to Blackstone. But Blackstone is necessary for the guidance and government of those who have not that law in themselves. And therefore, he said, I should tell such people to believe the Miracles and prescribed Dogma; and if I were writing to teach such people I should preach that Gospel. I should not of course talk to such persons as I am now talking to you. If people find what they want in the old dogmas—let them keep to them—if the old garments fit, they don't want new ones. The great mistake which people seem to me to make now-a-days is to complain that the old garments are not the new and to reject both in consequence. (I am not quite sure whether I remember this rightly—but I think this is what he said.) He alluded to Buddhism coming on and said it was much talked about—but he knew, he said, nothing about it. He said that he always wrote dramatically. I said it would I suppose be erroneous to take the whole mass of your writings and framing from them a body of opinions pronounce them to be the expression of your individual opinion and convictions. "Yes, yes, most certainly it would. I very seldom write anything which is to be regarded as *my own individual* feeling. But, he added, I am now engaged on a work which will be more personal more directly from myself than anything which I have yet published.[1] When I entered the room, he was

[1] This was probably his "Parleyings," published in 1887.

apparently engaged on it—for glancing at his desk I saw a sheet of paper evidently containing poetry. We talked together for nearly an hour—he was perfectly frank and open and answered directly every question I put to him. What struck me most in him was his extreme kindliness and humanity: when we parted, he held my hand shaking it for a long time—told me he should be always glad to see me and patted me on the back when I was going out of the front door just as if I had been a very intimate friend: but this he would have done to everybody. I noticed great impatience and, what was strange, no interest in what was said. For example I was about to tell him of an illustration of one of his poems and began about my experience of an anomaly in human nature—but he instantly cut it short to point out the real meaning of the poem. Vigorous common sense was the characteristic of his conversation—he literally said nothing which would be new to a person of any reflection. He talked with marked earnestness and sadness about the question of a future state.

There is nothing at all remarkable about his face and head except his eyes which are as bright, large, and clear as a child's. What he said he said with determination—and it was evident that nothing would alter his views—but there was not the smallest assumption in anything he said: no preaching: no giving advice. I noticed the really pained expression on his face when he spoke of the evil, vice and depravity which existed in the world. I asked him whether "a lie" could be imbedded in so much good as Christianity is composed of. I would not say "a lie" he

said—but merely different phases of the same great truths. He said that if a Revelation came to the world it would not come in the form in which the old came, but in some new and unexpected form.

This morning, Friday, April 30th, 1886, at ten minutes past twelve, I called on Froude in consequence of his invitation given me in his letter. When I entered he rose from his chair and very cordially shook hands with me, motioning me to a chair. His figure tall and lanky: his features well chiselled, very livid and care-worn, indicating plainly much thought, much care and deep melancholy; his manner singularly suave gentle and subdued: in repose I noticed his expression sad and stern, but courteously attentive: only once when speaking with admiration of the courage and intellect of Iago, I saw plainly a flash of the power and passion which underlay his subdued and placid exterior & occasionally—as when he said he had the bad taste to prefer the poetry of Pope to that of Browning—he broke out into rippling laughter which seemed in a manner hearty and unforced and yet appeared at the same time to be sad.

He began by saying he had only just returned from the country: then he touched on Mark Pattison, observing how much injustice he had done himself by his "Memoirs" especially by the contempt he had shown for Michell.[1] Michell,

[1] Richard Michell, first Principal of Hertford College, Oxford. There seems to have been a "standing feud" between Pattison and Michell, the beginning of which Pattison ascribes to the fact that when the Fellowship which Michell vacated by marriage had

Froude continued, was a very able man and it was absurd for Pattison to speak of him with contempt. He agreed that Oxford had not taken the lead, had not done its duty, as a factor in the intellectual energy of the age. We then spoke of style—its first aim should be to be simple and forcible: he said that for his own part he wrote what he had to write just as if he was writing a letter. I suppose, for example, that I am writing to Carlyle who abhorred all false ornament, useless epithets etc., and then I correct, writing over again and sometimes twice over what I have written. I told him the great difficulty I had in writing—that sometimes I was a day or more in writing three or four sentences. It sprang, he said, from self-consciousness—you should remember that it must all perish and what is the good of taking so much pains: that is how I comfort myself, he said. We ought to remember it is not one man in a million who is a force in literature—who will live & whose work really matters one way or the other. He thought that Carlyle was literally the only writer of our times who was a force and who would have permanent fame, though, he said, Carlyle was always saying "what is the good"—we shall all be forgotten in a hundred years. Carlyle's great mistake was his isolated and selfish life—the idea that he was a marked man—that did him, I think, great harm, in more ways than one. He thought Tennyson's fame was permanent. He said he saw no reason

to be filled up, he (Pattison) supported a candidate named G. G. Perry against Rowland Michell, a brother of Richard Michell. Other reasons helped to keep the bitter feeling alive. See Mark Pattison's "Memoirs," p. 264 and following.

why a man who lived in his study and quite apart from the world of action could not write a thoroughly good history, instancing Gibbon as a pure student. I asked him what he thought of Macchiavelli and Guicciardini—he had never read them, he said—he could not read Italian; he read Spanish because he had lived in Spain. He did not like modern French: the latest French he really liked was Villemain. But I have not read much French as you must know by my not knowing about those novels of Voltaire. He greatly admired Milton's prose—he was unmatched in the organ note—in the management of the long rolling sentence. He greatly praised Charles Lamb's style, he thought it exquisitely beautiful and quite by itself: he was very fond of Hume, who was the clearest of writers and he smiled at Green's undertaking to explain the most lucid of writers and said how he soon gave up Green and went straight to Hume. He said the Classics were the only works which he read habitually with pleasure: and he was very fond of the eighteenth century writers, Swift and Pope—he said whatever their religion may have been they always knew where they were: their ethics were sound—that was so pre-eminently with Pope—of whose poetry he spoke with great admiration. Tacitus did not strike him as false—his great fault was his utter absence of humour—he was as destitute of humour as a Jew, and of the Jewish humour, he said, where it was apparent it was always bitter and he quoted the words in Ezekiel "and of the residue thereof he maketh him a God." Macaulay he rated very low, allowing him only brilliance. His indifference to truth

and the recklessness of his statements were simply beyond parallel, he said: and he illustrated from what Sir James Fitzjames Stephen[1] had said about the Warren Hastings and Impey affair. He said Macaulay took mean and low views of men and of human nature—adding that he believed with Pindar that what we ought to look for was the good in men—I don't know to what passage in Pindar he was alluding and he didn't quote. How different in this respect were Shakespeare and Chaucer. Shakespeare didn't paint men mean, base and low. Iago was bad—but what courage, what intellect he possessed. We look upon him with the awe, repulsion and admiration with which we look on a rattlesnake. Of style he said that it would probably come quite naturally and easily with practice—but he praised my style very highly and said he didn't see how it could be improved and wondered that I should trouble about the question. He said that at one time in his life he had carefully analysed five passages not with the idea of imitating them but to see how the effects were performed. Imitation was very bad, he said, and I was pleased to notice that he said something—I forget what it was—that certainly shewed that he thought my style was my own and not imitated from anyone. In asking him for advice about writing the "History"[2] I

[1] *Nuncomar and Impey.*

[2] At one time my father contemplated writing a History of England from the period where Macaulay left off, but nothing came of it (*v.* p. 38). Only a few years ago another firm of publishers asked him to write a history of the reign of Queen Anne (the very period), but he declined, feeling that he would not be able to afford the time necessary for such a work.

See also p. 131.

meditate, he said, you will have of course a clear idea of the whole period you are going to treat and arrange a distinct beginning, middle and end in the epic style, but he said nothing definite. He spoke very sadly and bitterly of human life and said that Shakespeare's and Homer's attitude was, Poor Devils, why be hard on them, they have so many miseries. When I asked him whether Goethe's remark about Homer's conception of life being a hell was correct—he didn't seem familiar with the idea but evidently *liked it*, & illustrated from Ulysses the man of many sorrows.

The general impression he made on me was that his vigour and spirit had been greatly impaired by time, sad experience and hard work: his memory seemed weak and sluggish and "all the wheels of being slow;" that his intellect was rather fine and delicately sympathetic than vigorous and original: that his acquired knowledge —his knowledge of literature and history was limited and scanty; and that the depressing influence of our age had plainly affected him even when his powers were not declining as they now obviously are.[1] The spirit of *cui bono?* and *non est tanti* appeared in all he said, in his words, in the tone of his voice, in the expression of his face. I ought to have mentioned that he spoke with great contempt of the science of history—we can understand and have a key to Lear but not to the vast and complicated drama of existence; the basis of science lies in an exhaustive deduction from certain facts and the facts of history can neither be exhaustively nor accurately ascertained. He spoke of the difficulty of understanding con-

[1] Froude was then 68 years of age.

temporary history and said, laughing, that M. Chamerlain had told him we were living in the midst of a revolution, but I don't know, he added, with rippling laughter. I think I discerned a certain weakness in his character, the visible sign of which was this laughter which he protracted in a rather silly—not forced, not hearty, but silly manner. But I saw in him great kindness, great apparent sympathy, and real humanity, blended with a mysterious something which belonged wholly to some corner of his nature, which was not even partially revealed; so that it reminded me of what Theocritus says of Hylas, *παρέων γε μὰλα σχεδόν εἴδετο πόῤῥω*. He shook hands at meeting and parting in a limp way, but said very kindly, "I hope we shall often meet": he did not, as Carlyle, Browning and Swinburne always did, come with me to the door, but rang for the servant to show me out, and I left him bustling aimlessly about some papers.

This was followed by another interview in December, when my father visited him with a view to getting a written opinion from him relative to the English Literature question. Froude was quite unsympathetic though he promised to write.

My father remarks in the "commonplace" book:—

He kept his promise and sent a remarkably feeble letter, composed studiously with the object of showing that he was determined not to acquiesce

in my views as to the connection of Classical Literature with ours.

As the English Literature question assumes a somewhat prominent position at this time it may be given the distinction of a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER VI

1886-7

ENGLISH LITERATURE AT THE UNIVERSITIES

IT is nearly four o'clock in the morning of Sep. 23, 1886, when I have just finished my article on "English Literature at the Universities." I have been glancing over some of the back pages, and am very dissatisfied with it indeed, it seems loose and feeble: perhaps it will look better in print. I hope it may direct attention to a serious question. It is a relief to get it done, but it doesn't satisfy me at all. I have been at it for about four months, a very much shorter time than I have given to any other *Quarterly* article. [And yet I now hear, Oct. 18th, that it is perhaps in point of style the best thing I have written: it has certainly made a very great sensation and, on the whole, I am quite satisfied with it.]

It is no exaggeration to say that the article here referred to in the Memoirs created a great sensation —and more—it was the subject of a controversy which, as a paper put it, "excited more interest than any merely literary subject has aroused since the days of Macaulay." And not only was the whole of the literary and scholastic world involved

in the controversy, but the ecclesiastical and political world shared in it. When such men as W. E. Gladstone, John Bright, Dr Benson (then Archbishop of Canterbury), Cardinal Manning, Dr Fairbairn, Lord Coleridge (then Lord Chief Justice), Prof. Huxley, Matthew Arnold, and Lord Lytton (to mention but a few), gave their opinions on the subject, it will be seen how universal was the interest shown.

His article in the *Quarterly Review* may be said to have been the climax of a controversy in which interest had first been aroused by his two articles which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on May 28 and 31, 1886, entitled "An Educational Crisis, and how to avert it."

These articles were the prelude to the article which appeared in the October following in the *Quarterly Review* entitled "English Literature at the Universities," which aroused a storm of controversy and also created something of a sensation in literary circles. For, in order to exemplify the need for a School of English Literature, he had occasion to criticize severely a book written by a prominent teacher at one of the universities; so that in addition to the general issues involved, some feeling was aroused in certain quarters because it was thought that the first part of the article was a personal attack. But

as a "leader" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* pointed out: "The *Quarterly* Reviewer, it is right to recall, did not in reality make any *personal* attack at all; he incidentally criticized a particular book because its author was first the darling of the literary journals, and secondly a teacher of the most important College at Cambridge. Here, argued the Reviewer, is a particular case to illustrate my general remarks on the slovenly character of so much contemporary criticism, and on the contempt in which English literature is held at the universities."

An idea of the article may be gathered from these few extracts:—

Why Oxford and Cambridge should not deem the interpretation of our national literature as worthy of their serious attention as the study of our national history—how it has come to pass that, while the most liberal and enlightened views prevail with regard to the teaching of history, the teaching of literature is either neglected altogether, or abandoned contemptuously to dilettants and philologists—is a problem which we at least are quite unable to solve. . . .

It is indeed half painful, half ludicrous, to reflect that at the present moment, in Oxford alone, upwards of £3000 a year are expended on the interpretation of writings which are confessedly of no literary value, and of interest only as monuments of language, while not one farthing

a year is spent on the interpretation of works which are the glory of our country. . . .

We feel confident that English literature, in the proper sense of the term, will sooner or later receive the recognition to which at the centres of culture it is assuredly entitled. Our only fear is either that it may be considered too exclusively with reference to itself, or that it may be assigned a place in some other part of the curriculum than that part to which, as we have endeavoured to show, it properly belongs. It would, we submit, be a great mistake to make it form a portion, as some propose to do, of the curriculum of a School of Modern Literature, and to treat it only in connection with Modern Literature. It would be a still greater mistake to attach it collaterally, as others propose, to the curriculum of the Modern History School, and to consider it mainly in its relations to Modern History. To prescribe, on the other hand, an independent and uncomparative study of it, to deal with it, that is to say, as a subject bounded by and complete in itself, would be equally objectionable, because equally insufficient. Its proper place is the place which we have indicated—with the literatures which are at the head of all literatures, with the literatures which nourished it, which moulded it, which best illustrate it.

What is needed, and we venture to add imperatively needed, is the institution of a school, which shall stand in the same relation to pure literature, to poetry, oratory, and criticism, as the present school of history stands to history,

and as the present school of Literæ Humaniores stands to philosophy. . . .

What the nation has a right to expect from the universities is, that they should provide as adequately for the dissemination of literary culture as they have provided for other branches of education. . . .

Of the necessity of the universities directing their attention to this important subject, no further proof is required than the contrast between the high standard of classical, historical, and scientific teaching throughout the kingdom and the deplorably low standard, all but universal, in the teaching of English literature. . . .

For the existence of this extraordinary anomaly, the universities, and the universities only, are responsible. . . . And till they are prepared to take active measures, and to extend to the study of literature, and especially to the study of our vernacular literature, the protection they have extended to other branches of education—so long will this state of things continue; so long will mediocrity, sciolism, and ignorance prevail. . . .

But full details of this controversy with its main and side issues are hardly within the scope of this book, and it must suffice to give a few opinions on the main points and the ultimate results.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr Benson),

Cardinal Manning, and Dr Fairbairn were all of the opinion

That English should be admitted to a place in the university curriculum, that it should be admitted as literature rather than as language, and finally that it should be studied, not as an alternative to, but in connection with, the literatures of Greece and Rome.

Mr Gladstone wrote :—

Your subject is one worthy of any effort, and I sympathize with what I understand to be your views, utterly deploring whatever tends to displace a classical education for those in any way capable of receiving it, and strongly disapproving, so far as I am entitled to give a judgment, all efforts in that direction.

Matthew Arnold wrote :—

I have no difficulty in saying that I should like to see standard English authors joined to the standard authors of Greek and Latin literature who have to be taken up for a pass or for honours at the universities. . . . I would add no literature except that of our own country to the classical literature taken up for the degree, whether with or without honours in Arts. These seem to me to be elementary propositions, when one is laying down what is desirable in respect to the university degree in Arts. The omission of the mother tongue and its literature in school and university instruction is peculiar, so far

as I know, to England. You do a good work in urging us to repair that omission.

But I will not conceal from you that I have no confidence in those who at the universities regulate studies, degrees, and honours. To regulate these matters great experience of the world, steadiness, simplicity, breadth of view, are desirable. I do not see how those who actually regulate them can well have these qualifications; I am sure that in what they have done in the last forty years they have not shown them. Restlessness, a disposition to try experiments and multiply studies and schools, are what they have shown, and what they will probably continue to show; and this though personally many of them may be very able and distinguished men. I fear, therefore, that while you are seeking an object altogether good—the completing of the old and great degree in Arts—you may obtain something which will not only not be that, but will be a positive hindrance to it.

Professor Huxley wrote:—

I fully agree with you that the relation of our universities to the study of English literature is a matter of great public importance; and I have more than once taken occasion to express my conviction, firstly, that the works of our great English writers are pre-eminently worthy of being systematically studied in our schools and universities, as literature; and secondly, that the establishment of professorial chairs of philology, under the name of literature, may be a profit to science, but is really a fraud practised upon letters.

That a young Englishman may be turned out of one of our universities "epopt and perfect" so far as their system takes him, and yet ignorant of the noble literature which has grown up in these islands during the last three centuries, no less than of the development of the philosophical and political ideas which have most profoundly influenced modern civilization, is a fact in the history of the nineteenth century which the twentieth will find hard to believe; though, perhaps, it is not more incredible than our current superstition that whoso wishes to write and speak English well should mould his style after the models furnished by classical antiquity. For my part, I venture to doubt the wisdom of attempting to mould one's style by any other process than that of striving after the clear and forcible expression of definite conceptions; in which process the Glassian precept, "first catch your definite conceptions," is probably the most difficult to obey. But, still, I mark among distinguished contemporary speakers and writers of English, saturated with antiquity, not a few to whom, it seems to me, that the study of Hobbes might possibly have taught dignity; of Swift, concision and clearness; of Goldsmith and Defoe, simplicity.

The Right Honourable John (now Lord) Morley wrote:—

I am strongly of opinion that the systematic study of English literature in its widest sense would be a valuable addition to the course of university education. By literature I assume you to mean not merely words and form, philology

and style, but the contents of important writings in their relation to human thought and feeling, and the leading facts of human life and society. I am not so foolish as to deny that education ought to include both a knowledge of the structure of our mother tongue and a manly care for its purity, its wholesome directness, its pithy vocabulary, in face of the affectations, barbarisms, and hideous importations that nowadays threaten to degrade and deface it. But the serious study of English books, as an instrument of systematic education, is not merely etymology, nor grammar, nor rhetoric. Literature, viewed as an instrument of systematic education, and not as a source of pleasant refreshment and delight, would mean a connected survey of ideas, sentiment, imagination, taste, invention, and all the other material of literature, as affecting and affected by, the great experiences of the human mind and social changes brought by time.

It seems to me to be as impossible effectively to study English literature, except in close association with the classics, as it would be to grasp the significance and the bearings of mediæval or modern institutions without reference to the political creations of Greece and Rome. I should be very sorry to see the study of Greek and Latin writers displaced, or cut off from the study of our own. They are incomparable masters of form, and they abound in civil and moral wisdom which is as fresh and as useful to-day as it was in the days of Thucydides or Aristotle. It is not any less important to realize the unity of literature than that unity of history on which Mr Freeman has said so many just and important things.

Lord Lytton wrote :—

All that can be properly called literature seems to be now menaced with extinction by the disgorgements of the cheap popular press, with its superficial second-hand criticism, its flimsy summaries of the results of original scholarship or research, its slovenly, vulgar editions of the English classics, and its irrepressible floods of sloppy, foolish, illiterate fiction. I am quite unable to agree in the opinion of Lord Carnarvon that " the study of English literature comes better at a rather later period of life, when the foundations of knowledge have been laid, and taste is more formed." . . . Taste is, in relation to literature, an habitual mental attitude contracted from the disciplined exercise of certain faculties, and corresponding to what in relation to science would be called " the scientific mind." I presume that no teacher and no well-wisher of science would say to the student of it, " Lay in the foundations of knowledge as soon as you please, but put off to a later period of life the mental discipline necessary to enable you to understand and use your knowledge scientifically. . . ."

I have always rather wished and hoped to see the study of grammar removed from the first to a much later period of the established curriculum, and treated in connection with the kindred studies of logic and philology as part of the science of language. And among other advantages incidental to such a change in the order of studies I reckon the chance it would give to " the average schoolboy " of beginning his study of Latin and Greek with a livelier interest in the ideas, and a quicker

and easier perception of the literary characteristics, of the Latin and Greek authors given him to read. After all, of how many excellent Greek and Latin scholars are the literary style, and the literary taste, delectable? Is it because they have neglected the study of their native literature, or because the aims and methods of all their studies have been verbal rather than literary?

Another duty which Lord Lytton suggests the universities might perform is that of "a literary Custom-house," for levying "import duties on foreign idioms":—

When writers whose rank in literature is high enough to carry with it some responsibility for the trusteeship of their native language do not scruple to adulterate its vocabulary and distort its structure by the copious employment of all sorts of Gallicisms, Germanisms, and Americanisms, it is surely high time for the universities to exert with energy all the influence and authority they can command for the preservation of what is national and classical in the genius of English literature.

It may be said then that, on the whole, there was a general agreement with the writer's views. But, if anyone differed from him, he was promptly replied to. Froude, for instance, wrote:—

I will answer your questions as briefly as I can.
1. Should English literature be included in the

university curriculum? This depends on what universities undertake to do. In my time there was one special curriculum (or two, including mathematics) which was insisted on for all. It did not include English literature, nor could it have done so, in my opinion, without impairing the excellence of the teaching which it actually gave. If, on the other hand, the English univer-versities are to revert to their original character as places where all learning is taught, and the students are to select their special branches, then I think that English literature certainly ought to form one of those branches.

2. I hesitate to say that an understanding of English literature is impossible without a knowledge of Greek and Latin literature. Many of our very best writers knew little or no Greek and Latin. Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek." Pope translated Homer, but was a poor scholar. De Foe, Bunyan, Burns, Byron, Carlyle, Cobbett, Charles Lamb—these and many other names occur to me which disprove the position, as it concerns writers; and I think you might find very good students of English literature also equally ignorant. The Scandinavian literature, not the classical, was the cradle of our own. At the same time I regard the Greek and Latin literature as the best in the world, as superior to the modern as Greek sculpture is superior to the schools of England and France; and no one can be a finished scholar and critic (I do not say writer) who is ignorant of it. Our national taste and the tone of the national intellect will suffer a serious decline if it ceases to be studied among us. The most essential of all things,

however, is not to overload our curriculum. A little, closely and accurately learned, is better than a superficial acquaintance with much, and therefore I regret the operation of the examination system as it is now carried on.

In reply to this opinion of Mr Froude, my father, signing himself "A Lover of Truth," wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows :—

Mr Froude informs us that Shakespeare, Pope, and Charles Lamb owed little or nothing to classical culture. Such a remark, coming from Mr Froude, will probably excite some astonishment among "those who know." With regard to Pope, the merest schoolboy could inform Mr Froude that Pope was simply nourished, if not on the Greek, at least on the Roman classics; from the Latin classics his style derived its tone and colour; on them were modelled his most characteristic poems. His pastorals are simply the counterpart of Virgil's pastorals. His "Eloisa to Abelard" was modelled on Ovid's Heroical Epistles, his Moral Essays are the counterpart of Horace's Epistles, as his Imitations of Horace are the counterparts both of the Horatian Epistles and the Horatian Satires. His translations of Ovid's "Sappho to Phaon," of the first book of the "Thebaid" of Statius, and of the Episodes from the "Metamorphoses," sufficiently attest, not merely the soundness of his general scholarship, but what is a far more conclusive proof of his indebtedness to the Roman classics, the wonderful felicity with which he has caught their tone and

reproduced their style. Every precept in the "Essay on Criticism" is derived from the Greek and Latin classics. In a word, if Pope is not a disciple of the classics, where are disciples of the classics to be found? Mr Froude must have been dreaming when he penned his extraordinary paradox. As for Charles Lamb, it is notorious that he was all his life a reader of the Latin classics and of modern Latin poets; for conclusive proof of his scholarship we need go no further than his translation of Vincent Bourne's "Epitaphium in Canem," in Elia's "Complaint of the Decay of Beggars." With regard to Shakespeare, the only evidence brought forward to show that he was not a classical scholar is Ben Jonson's statement that our great poet had "small Latin and less Greek" —the very remark which Charles Lamb, by the way, applied to himself. But what does Jonson's assertion amount to? Simply to this, that, being himself a professed technical scholar, he was judging Shakespeare from the professed scholar's standard. Probably Bentley and Porson would, had they been alive, have said the same thing about Lord Tennyson and Mr Browning—nay, it is not unlikely that those poets would in the presence of professed scholars say the same thing of themselves. If we judge Shakespeare by his own works, there is almost as much to satisfy us that he was a reader of the Greek and Roman poets in the original as there is enough to satisfy in the poetry of Lord Tennyson and Mr Browning that they are students of the ancient classics. What can be more Greek than the dialogue between Richard and Anne in the second scene of "Richard III."? what more Greek in form and tone than

Prospero's speech, "Ye elves, hills," in the first scene of the fifth act of "The Tempest"—Greek, though the passage which suggested it is in Ovid —or than such a couplet as—

> "Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
> And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me."

And scores of similar passages will at once occur to any scholar. Will Mr Froude contend that Shakespeare's plays could have existed in their present form had not the Greek dramas existed first?

Not less erroneous—erroneous because of its utter irrelevancy—is Mr Froude's remark that "the Scandinavian literature, not the classical, is the cradle of ours." It has been said elsewhere that the history of English literature in its most important phases is little less than the modification of Celtic and Teutonic elements by classical. Central Asia was the common cradle of the Sanskrit, of the Greek, of the Roman, of the Celtic literatures. But what is that to the point? Will the drama of Calidasa help us to explain the genesis of the Œdipus Rex, or the Mahabarata the genesis of the Æneid? Or, to put the question on another footing, will Mr Froude kindly explain the influence which Scandinavian literature has exercised on the development and constitution of our own?

The most interesting letter from the opposite point of view to that taken by my father was from John Bright, who wrote:—

Your letter has caused me some surprise

and has afforded me some amusement. You pay me a great compliment in asking my opinion on the question you put to me, which is one with which I do not feel myself competent to deal. As you know, I have not had the advantage of what is termed a classical education. My limited school time scarcely allowed me to think of Greek, and I should now make but slow steps in Latin, even with the help of a dictionary. From this it will be clear that my knowledge of, or any success I may have attained in, my own language owes nothing to instruction derived from the great authors of antiquity. I have read some of their works in English translations; only recently I have read Mr Jowett's translation of the Dialogues of Plato, and have been more astonished at the wonderful capacity and industry of the Master of Balliol than at the wisdom of the great Philosopher of Greece.

I suppose the youth of ancient Greece read the best authors of their own country, and the Roman youth the best authors of Rome. To have read Greek among the Romans would not have done so much to create and continue a classic Latin as to read and study the best books of Roman writers. So now, and with us, what can Greece and Rome do for English students more than can be done for them by the best writers of their own tongue? Is there anything in the writings of the ancients that can compare in value for the youth of England with our translation of the Bible, especially of many of the Psalms and some of the Prophets, or with the unsurpassable grandeur and beauty of Milton? If all existing Greek and Latin books were destroyed

is there not in our English classics sufficient material whereon to build a future of which our successors need not be ashamed? The learned men who were recently employed to revise the translation of the New Testament were, I presume, especially learned in the tongue of ancient Greece. No one has complained of their ignorance of Greek, but many have been surprised at and have complained of their failure in regard to English. They may have been profound in their knowledge of the ancient classics, but in English equal to the translation they were engaged to revise, they seem to me to have shown more of feebleness than of strength.

You ask me if I believe that the classics of the modern world are an equivalent, from an educational point of view, for the Greek and Roman classics? I answer that, as probably all the facts of history, or of biography, or of science, and all the reasoning to be found in ancient books, are to be found in modern translations, it follows that the study of the ancient languages is not now essential to education so far as the acquisition of knowledge is concerned; and that as the study of the best writers of English must be more effective in creating and sustaining what we may term classic English than the study of any foreign or dead language can be, it seems to follow that the classics of the modern world are, from an educational point of view, an equivalent for the Greek and Roman classics. The knowledge of the ancient languages is mainly a luxury. It is useful from the fact that science has enlisted it in its service, and it is pleasant to possess, and because it is pleasant it is a possession of value,

with those who wander among ancient books, and whose association is chiefly with the limited class who are enabled by leisure and temperament to give themselves up to studies which are not open to the multitude.

I have written what has occurred to me after reading your letter. I do not feel competent fully to discuss the questions submitted. I am one of the unlearned, having derived little or no nourishment from the fountain from which you have drunk so abundantly. If my answer to your questions disappoints you, or seems to you shallow and unworthy, I am afraid it will add to the proofs you have of the insufficiency of an education in which classical learning has not been included.

In reply to Mr Bright's opinion, "Oxoniensis" wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (December 1, 1886) as follows :—

Will you allow me to point out how entirely mistaken Mr Bright is in one of the arguments by which he seeks to show the worthlessness of the classics in connection with the study of English literature? "I suppose," he says, "the youth of ancient Greece read the best authors of their country, and the Roman youth the best authors of Rome. To have read Greek among the Romans would not have done so much to create and continue a classic Latin as to read and study the best books of Roman writers." The facts are, of course, precisely the reverse of what Mr Bright here "supposes." The Roman youth read the best

authors of Greek, and classic Latin was created and continued by the study of Greek writers. The Greek language had been studied at Rome, says Professor Sellar, for nearly two centuries before the Ciceronian age, and the earliest Roman writers had used the poetry of Greece as a kind of quarry for their own rude workmanship. As for Cicero himself, we know from his letters what supreme importance he attached to the reading of Greek among the Roman youth, and how he educated his sons entirely under Greek masters. Virgil and Horace could no more have written their Latin poetry without a minute study of Greek literature than could Mr Jowett have made Plato an English classic without a knowledge of Plato. Finally, one may remember that Quintilian—who knew something about eloquence in his day—required his pupils to learn Greek even before they learned Latin. So far as I know the only authority on the other side is the elder Cato, who saw in the learning of Greek the ruin of Latin literature and the overthrow of the Roman Constitution. As Mr Bright is already a Unionist in politics, I suppose one ought not to be surprised at his siding in literature with so typical an old Tory. Cato, by the way, learned Greek himself late in life, just as Mr Bright has been reading Plato.

Mr Bright's other arguments will hardly do any better, I am afraid, than his supposed argument from Rome. How curious, for instance, is the unconscious tribute which he pays to the classical spirit in our literature in reserving his supreme admiration for Milton—who more, I suppose, than any English writer is saturated not only

with classical literature, but with classical language. Even with Mr Jowett's help, Plato remains a sealed book to Mr Bright; is it conceivable that a Milton, worthy to inspire our greatest orator, could ever be produced by the study of Bohn's translations? Mr Bright's very just observations on the Authorized and Revised Versions are another conclusive argument in favour of the position which he was seeking to overthrow. The Revisers, who were "profound in the knowledge of the ancient classics" but were "weak in English," produced a vile translation. True; but the conclusion is not that a knowledge of Greek is unnecessary, but that it is not in itself sufficient—that the study of English, in other words, should be associated with the study of the classics. We shall have to revise the Revised Version when English literature has been made an integral part of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, and of "Greats" at Oxford. On the other hand the old translators, however perfect their command of English style had been, would have made a sorry job of the Greek Testament if they had not known Greek.

"Oxoniensis" was, of course, a "Lover of Truth" in still another guise.

In reply to another letter he is "University Extension Lecturer." The object doubtless was to give the controversy a "hear all sides" appearance, though originated and carried on practically by one man.

Having then obtained opinions generally in

accordance with his own, and almost universally in favour of a systematic study of English at the Universities, he next proceeded to treat of the way in which it should be studied. This article appeared in the following January in the *Quarterly Review* and, to be brief, he found the only solution in the establishment of a new Final Honour School in English, which he treats of in detail.

We are satisfied that the true solution of the problem would be the foundation of a new Final School, of a school which should not supersede, which should in no way interfere with the present Final School of Literae Humaniores, but which should correspond to it, and which should stand in the same relation to it as the old Law and History School used to stand to the old Literae Humaniores School. . . .

The School which we are advocating, and the School for which any University when providing for the introduction of a new branch of study into its curriculum ought first to legislate, is an Honour School. And the function of an Honour School is to establish and maintain the highest possible standard of instruction and attainment in the particular subject represented in it, to base discipline, not on what is secondary and derived, but on what is original and typical. It is to teach those who are in their turn to become teachers, to educate those who are to educate others. . . .

Whatever may be the decision of the Council at Oxford, whatever may be the fate of this movement, we shall at least have the satisfaction of

feeling, that we have done all in our power to admonish, all in our power to prevent misdirection. In the interests of Literature and in the interests of culture we have pleaded for an institution, which will be beneficial or mischievous, a blessing or an evil, according to its constitution. The effect of that plea has been to mature a crisis, the full significance of which is not discernible to the common eye, but which is in truth one of the most momentous that have ever occurred in the history of education. Let us not deceive ourselves. What is now at stake is nothing less than the future of the higher culture of our country, whether expressing itself practically in teaching or reflectively in Art and Letters. . . .

This was by no means the end of his campaign. Besides his articles in the *Pall Mall* and *The Quarterly*, he also wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*, and subsequently published a book on the subject.[1]

He remarks later in the Memoirs :—

Have just posted, Sep. 13th, 1887, to Knowles for the *Nineteenth Century* an article on Can English Literature be Taught? it cost me *three weeks' work* at Oxford—very hard and intense work, but I am thoroughly dissatisfied with it & shouldn't be at all surprised if Knowles rejects it. I hate these abstract subjects. I remember the waking depression & those miserable walks

[1] "Study of English Literature." Macmillan, 1891.

round the Park before breakfast—three times I nearly abandoned it, hopeless of treating the subject properly. Done at last very well, published in Nov. number, 1887.

It may be of interest to note, that this controversy was the means of entirely breaking up the friendship that existed between him and Swinburne.

At the beginning of the question Swinburne was, as will be seen, most friendly and most enthusiastic, and wrote him this letter:—

THE PINES,
June 16, '86.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I ought to have thanked you long ago for your brilliant and interesting little book on "Bolingbroke and Voltaire." The former, apart from his relations to Pope, has hitherto been little more to me than the shadow of a name; but Macaulay could not have made a more vivid and striking figure of him than you have done. I remember *old* Lord Lytton saying to me once in the course of conversation that of all men that ever had lived he would like best to have been Lord Bolingbroke!!! If I thought the fancy an odd one then, I think it ten times odder now.

But I am particularly impelled to write to you just now because I want to express my cordial & delighted admiration (in which Watts desires me to tell you how heartily and thoroughly he

shares) of your two invaluable papers on the Educational Crisis which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 28 and 31. I never read anything with more absolute sympathy or with more sincere gratitude. I wish copies could be affixed to every door of the schools. The reasoning is unanswerable, & the expression unsurpassable.—Ever yours truly,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

But after the publication of the *Quarterly* article, there arose, as we have seen, out of the main controversy, the question of personal attack. My father argued that a man and his book are apart: that if you attack a man's book, you do not attack the man. You may criticize a man's work unfavourably, and yet be the best of friends personally. And he cited as an example that a year ago he had referred to Swinburne's work as a critic in a disparaging way, yet Swinburne was no less friendly.

One of the kindest friends I have ever had has been Mr Swinburne. But I believe, rightly or wrongly, that Mr Swinburne's critical opinions are often wild, unsound, and even absurd; that his prose style is still oftener intolerably involved, florid and diffuse; and that he has in consequence exercised a most pernicious influence on contemporary style and on contemporary literature. . . . Now, having last year to review in the *Quarterly* Mr Symonds's "Shakspere's Pre-

decessors in the English Drama!" [1] a work which illustrated the mischievous influence of Mr Swinburne's criticism and style—I wrote as severe an attack on Mr Swinburne as a critic and prose writer as I could possibly devise. But I have yet to learn that Mr Swinburne considers me "no gentleman," or complains of "mortal wounds given by an estranged," etc. On the contrary the last communication I had from him was a generous eulogy of some trifle I had written, and hearty wishes of success.[2]

Now the reason that Swinburne was no less friendly was simply because he knew nothing of this disparaging reference, and when he read, much to his surprise, the above argument, he at once sought out the article referred to, and it infuriated him. A new controversy was set on foot between him and my father in the columns of the *Athenæum*. One or two short extracts will suffice to give an idea of this controversy.

Nov. 6, 1886. Mr S. (after a general attack, and citing examples of the *Review's* criticisms of previous poets of distinction). As it was in the beginning with the *Quarterly Review*, so it is now, and so may we feel confident that it will be to the end of its existence. But even this periodical has its province and its office in the world of letters. For the gossip of gastronomy and the babble of the backstairs we shall not refer to it in vain.

[1] "Predecessors of Shakespeare," *Quarterly Review*, October 1885. See Appendix II.

[2] *Athenæum*, October 30th, 1886.

Those who list may learn of it the art of dining, or the secrets of historic holes and corners; but outside the inner circle of its contributors and subscribers no mortal who does not desire to be clothed with ridicule as with a garment will appeal on any question of literature to the authority of the *Quarterly Review*.

Nov. 13, 1886. Writer of *Q. R.* Article: I have no wish to enter into any controversy with Mr Swinburne. I cannot meet him on equal terms. I cannot employ the weapons which he employs, and I would not if I could. Whatever abuse he may choose to heap on me, to whatever taunts he may condescend to stoop—and one of his taunts is, I take leave to say, scarcely worthy of a gentleman—I can never forget he is the author of "Atalanta in Calydon." But I owe it not so much to myself as to the review to which I have the honour to be a contributor to offer some reply to the attack which Mr Swinburne made in your columns last week on that review generally, and on myself particularly.

I find, on resolving Mr Swinburne's diatribe, or rather such portions of his diatribe as are capable of resolution, that it consists first of mere ribald abuse, borrowed partly from Mr Robert Buchanan's contribution to the present controversy, and partly from Mr Swinburne's own former philippics against that distinguished man of letters, once the object of his contemptuous hostility, but now, such are the vicissitudes of literary relationships, his guide and his ally; that it consists secondly of deliberate misstatement, thirdly of deliberate misrepresentation, and fourthly of sheer nonsense. Mr

Swinburne will, I trust, forgive me for speaking plainly, etc.

But Mr Swinburne (to my father's surprise!) did not forgive him and bore him resentment to the end. Fourteen years later, as will be seen, there was an attempt at a reconciliation which Mr Watts-Dunton endeavoured to bring about; it was however quite a failure.

But, it may be asked, did all this outburst result in anything? Were the objects which he strove for achieved? The answer is yes—ultimately. The ball was set rolling. But the University of Oxford is not an institution to be flurried[1]—it requires a violent effort to set it moving, followed by gentle but persistent pushing to keep it moving before any result can be expected. In seven years the first important step was taken by the establishment of a Final Honour School in English in 1893. The other important object, the establishment of a Chair of English Literature *solely*, was fraught with great difficulties, chiefly financial, and also owing to the fact that nothing could be done before a vacancy occurred in the Rawlinsonian Professorship of Anglo-Saxon. In

[1] The Rawlinsonian Professorship was not established till forty years after the death of its founder, though negotiations had started five years before his death. The Professorship of Poetry was rushed through in twelve years after the death of Henry Birkhead, the man who endowed it!

1903 this vacancy occurred, owing to the death of Professor Earle. The Rawlinsonian Professorship was then, to all intents and purposes, amalgamated with the Merton Professorship of English Language and Literature, constituting what may be called a Chair of English Language, and held by Professor Napier. This gave room for the introduction of the new Chair—the Chair of English Literature[1] to which Sir Walter Raleigh was appointed and which he still holds.

Thus, as Professor Firth says,[2] "At last we have a real English School, though a small one, in the sense that we have good teaching and good students, and in spite of its defective equipment and inadequate staff, it is training English scholars. It is beginning, too, as people prophesied it would, to attract students from all lands of English speech. It has taken a long time to achieve this result. It cost a seven years' struggle to get English a nominal place amongst our studies—we had to wait ten more to get a Professor of English Literature."

It seems strange to think now, that the finest

[1] Cambridge University was without a Professorship of English Literature till 1910, when the deficiency was remedied by the new King Edward VII. Chair of English Literature, endowed at a cost of £20,000 by Sir Harold Harmsworth. Its first occupant, Dr A. W. Verrall, was appointed in February 1911.

[2] "The School of English Language and Literature."

literature in the world (as well as being our own) should have been so scantily recognised by our great University, and thought unworthy of a serious examination till as late as 1893. Such a reform could never have been brought about directly by one man, but the time he spent, the labour he expended, the enthusiasm which he put into the matter, as well as the fact that the proposals which he laid down were, in the main, as well as in most of the details, acted upon, make it no exaggeration to say that my father's unwearying efforts went far in securing the accomplishment of his chief purpose.[1] In one important particular only, the Council was till the end at variance with his views, *i.e.* in his advocacy of the study of our Literature in connection with the Classics. Even on this point, however, he succeeded in achieving something, as will be seen in a later chapter.

[1] The tide has turned all in favour of Literature; for those who now specialize in that subject are far more numerous than those who specialize in Language.

CHAPTER VII

1889-93

GERALD MASSEY—AN EVENING WITH TOM HARDING—THE EXCLUSION OF ITALIAN FROM THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS—FUNERAL OF TENNYSON

ALTHOUGH he obtained the reputation of being a fearless, and even a harsh critic, when he considered that books which were sent him to review were bad books, and especially where he thought that writers pretended to a knowledge which they did not possess, yet he was never stinting of praise where he thought otherwise. He was always anxious, too, to recognise merit and to exert himself to " bring out " a new or unrecognised author.

One of these was Gerald Massey, of whose work as a poet he had a high opinion, as he had, too, of the work of Mr Francis Coutts.

It may be of interest to say here that Professor Collins thought that of his later contemporaries, Swinburne, William Watson, and Stephen Phillips were, in the order named, entitled to the greatest distinction as poets of their day.

Massey sent him a book he had written on Shakespeare, with a letter enclosed, which ended :—

"The Press is *rigged* with my opponents who dare not come to the grapple and who try to ignore my interpretation."

Massey was a somewhat remarkable character. In one letter at this time he says :—

NEW SOUTHGATE, N.,
April 13, '89.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was indeed delighted to receive your cordial letter which was a revelation to me who live so much apart and get so little recognition from the press. I was with you heartily in your attack on one of the Coteries and shall be glad to go over some matters of the kind with you. There is room for a real Heracles. I will write very soon and ask you to come and see me. We have lately lost a lovely girl of nineteen and are still upset in the house. I don't mean in my feeling—because, as a Phenomenal Spiritualist I have done with death except as a dark passage to crawl through—but, in certain domestic arrangements not quite completed.

Again thanking you for the kindliness which dictated the generous words of cheer in your letter, and with the most powerful good wishes for your future work in the literary field, I am, yours faithfully,

GERALD MASSEY.

J. Churton Collins, Esq.

In his Memoirs my father writes :—

Alec Potts dead! How well I remember that day near 30 years ago in his study at Handsworth

when I came up from Ellesmere to be examined in Latin & on his decision depended the character of my future education, whether I was to go into "business" or have a classical education. He was a noble fellow, and when I think of him I am reminded insensibly of Spenser's Red Cross Knight. I have the letter he wrote to me when I asked his opinion about my boyish poetry. And he is gone! With him the verdict will indeed be Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

Passed the evening of this day, July 17th, 1890, with Tom Harding;[1] found him at the Wheatsheaf Hand Court and we drove in a cab to my house. He said there was one thing people never recognised viz., that the mathematical faculty had no more connection with arithmetical than red hair with either—that the best mathematicians were often exceedingly bad at figures, below an ordinary city man—but he had the arithmetical with the mathematical—as De Morgan had—for mathematics you want the Architectonic. He said of all languages, of the study of which from a grammatical point of view he was very fond, the Finnish and Hungarian were the most perfect in the verb. That Longfellow got the measure and style of Hiawatha from the Kalevala. He said he himself was an absolute believer in the Miracles — the Resurrection — the Trinity and the immortality of the soul—that there was no difficulty about the Miracles, as we argued that what we could not do, could not be done. That

[1] Thomas Olver Harding, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and an exceptionally accomplished scholar.

of metaphysical problems *the* one difficult one was How Time began—he said that "squaring the circle" and "discovering the longitude" were perfectly legitimate and expressive—tho' the latter is simply a matter of a clock. Speaking of the immortality of the soul he said it was no comfort, as the world was quite enough for and good enough for him. He preferred my Greek epitaph to the Erasippus one—I giving him no clue to either. He said that an awful thought struck him a morning or two ago, "Suppose God were omnipotent and at the same time bad!" He spoke of his work—how hard he worked at Cambridge—said that at sixteen he knew a great amount of Mathematics without understanding, and that he had as it were the framework and skeleton for De Morgan to breathe into them the breath of life—said mathematics did not train the faculties of observation at all and so did not induce habits of accuracy—for accuracy he attributed to trained powers of observation. He said it was a great mistake to suppose that Euclid meant his work to teach geometry—it was a sort of *tour de force*—see what a chicken can come from this wee egg—that the symmetry of each book should be considered: it leads up to a climax. Possibly that may be the last I shall see of this most extraordinary man, for poor fellow, he takes no care of himself. What an amazing brightness, alertness, and power of mind he has, but his habits are plainly telling on him now. He is a perfect Falstaff, barring his theoretical belief, and he has a singular charm of manner.

This was not the last meeting; for, noticing his death in October 1896, he says :—

Here the end! Spent himself recklessly, a profligate giant. I saw him last summer: went two walks with him at Cambridge: he had just been operated on for cancer of the tongue: he described the complicated operation with a gusto of admiration for the resources of science, and related how he went up to London to consult a physician of a hospital as to whether it was cancer. "When are you coming in!" was all the reply. Poor dear Harding, you were one of the best fellows I ever knew, in very truth no one's enemy but your own.

Besides Greek and Latin, my father could also read French, Spanish, Italian and, in his later years, German. After English and Greek, I think he admired the language of Italy most. It will then be understood that when in 1891 it was announced that the Civil Service Commissioners had decided to abolish Italian from their examinations, on the ground, amongst other reasons, that it was easy "to get up," he was at once up in arms starting a crusade against this decision. He canvassed for signatures, from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, St Andrews, Aberdeen and Glasgow. From Victoria University, University College, London, King's College, London, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth,

University College of North Wales, Bangor, and University College, Dundee. These were all embodied in a Memorial and presented to the Commissioners. And he was zealously aided in this work by Dr Moore of St Edmund Hall, Oxford. In addition, he obtained opinions from eminent men on the subject: W. E. Gladstone wrote :—

DEAR SIR,—I have a great respect for the Commissioners, but what you report, if you be correct, is in my opinion a deplorable error.

I have been a reader of Italian for 60 years and I am astonished at those who can call it an easy language (by comparison). I wish I had found it so. It is full of refinements, and with rich fields open for scholarship. Evidently the fault has lain not in the language but in smattering examinations.—Your very faithful,

W. E. GLADSTONE,
Jan 15, '91.

John (now Lord) Morley wrote :—

You are quite right in supposing that I should view with much regret the omission of Italian from the subjects in the Indian Civil Service examinations.

I have no experience to guide me as to the fitness of Italian as a field on which to test the difference between cram and knowledge in a candidate. But of course the natural effect of the step that it is proposed to take, will be to

discourage the position of Italian generally as an element of a liberal and finished education, and this is a result deeply to be regretted, even if Italian meant nothing but Dante.

As to Italian being too easy, I can only say first that, for myself, I have never found it so; and second, that I hoped that the old notion of difficulty being a grand recommendation for educational purposes, was long ago exploded, as so injurious a superstition well deserved to be.

One other letter :—

Dear Mr Churton Collins,—I am heartily with you in your plea for the study of Italian, and with the protests you have called forth against anything which can add to the fashionable neglect of it. Nothing more distinctly marks the culture of our day from the culture of Englishmen in the age of Shakespeare, in the age of Milton, in the age of Gibbon, than this: that the profound sympathy which they felt for Italian literature has been succeeded by an age of almost contemptuous indifference. Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Byron, Shelley, and the public they addressed, were all alike saturated with Italian literature, and we can see its potent effect on their genius. There is little doubt that the Italian literature is second only to our own in modern Europe. It has a history even longer than our own or any other modern literature. And in respect of the highest perfection of *form*, it may fairly claim the first place of all, if we allow that at least five of its masters in verse and prose never sink below the most consummate beauty of style.

For three centuries our ancestors felt this mastery: and the reaction of Italian perfection in form over the somewhat Bohemian English imagination has been most potent and salutary. The new craze for German *gründlichkeit* and Gallic *psychologie* has driven out of the field Italian grace and form. It is the fashion now, it seems, to write in jumpers and Norfolk jackets; flinging down anyhow a heap of useless "facts," stuck up on edge, as Carlyle used to say, like a row of broken bottle ends. In spite of all that has been said by Hallam, Landor, Church, Rossetti, Symons, and Gladstone, it is to be feared that the lovely old literature of Italy is being driven out by anatomical French novels and by German maunderings about the origin of the Aryan languages, and disquisitions on the *sputa* of microscopic protozoa. Of course I am all for science and the boundless field of new art; but I can't see why we need forget old literature. And of all old literatures, I know none which is more fit than the old Italian to cure us of the habits of gritty slang into which English literature seems doomed to sink.

But do not ask me for an opinion about the acts of any Board of Examiners. All the acts of all Examination Boards are bad. Examiners will all finally descend to *Malebolge*; where they are doomed to be the "horned demons" who lash the backs of the damned (Inf. Canto xviii.). My spontaneous feeling when I hear that a Board of Examiners have turned a beautiful subject of study out of their schools, is to be glad that one good thing is at last out of their clutches. If they say that Italian is not a good subject for examination questions, it is quite what I should have

thought, and it is much to the honour of Italian. All beautiful things do elude the examiner, and still more the examinee. I should like to see some answers to the question for instance:—"Analyse briefly the principal merits and the leading defects of the marble statue, vulgarly known as the 'Theseus' of Pheidias." But in all this, I confess that I am not impartial, and am perhaps quite wrong on the matter of fact. You have much better means than I have of knowing the truth. If the act of proscribing Italian of which you complain, is found to have a real effect in discouraging the study of Italian, then I think it a positively criminal act, and I am sure that this particular Board of Examiners will go to a circle even hotter than *Malebolge*.—I am, faithfully yours, FREDERIC HARRISON.

But it was all in vain: Italian was excluded. It was restored, however, as a subject in the Civil Service Examinations, on the establishment of the Honour Schools in Modern Languages at Oxford and Cambridge, and has remained ever since.

Meanwhile he was busy with the preparation of his new work, "Illustrations of Tennyson," which was published in 1891. This book is said to have annoyed the poet. Whether that be so or not, Tennyson had few admirers who were more conscious of his genius than my father, or few commentators who had studied him more carefully or more conscientiously, and it was one of my father's regrets

that he never met the poet personally. The work created great interest and was the book which the late Lord Lytton was reading just before his death, and which lay by his bedside at the time he died, as Lady Betty Balfour wrote in a letter to my father.

Let us now return to the Memoirs:—

I attended to-day, May 25th, 1892, at 5 o'clock a meeting in Lord Cowper's drawing-room about placing some memorial to Lord Lytton. Lord Salisbury with others was there. A big cumbrous man stooping so much that he seemed round shouldered, with a voice having a sort of rich mellow huskiness with a very refined accent: a massive and decidedly good head and forehead, the general impression that of a solid man without a spark of genius or individuality or "daemonism." He proposed that the memorial should be political, and should be placed somewhere in the India Office —but the meeting was against him. It was curious that the meeting took place in the very room where some six hours before I had been lecturing on Chaucer—the room not having been disturbed, as Lord Cowper observed to me, when I came in.

This morning at 1.35, October 6th, 1892, Tennyson died. I saw the announcement of it occupying the whole of the newspaper placards at King's Cross General Railway Station. Last night there was a clear, full, beautiful moon and it was shining in all its glory as I went up to bed at about 2 a.m. this morning. I thought it might be shining while Tennyson was drawing his last breath on the sad scene at Aldworth—and so it was, falling on

the face of the dying poet. I read the papers, giving an account of him, on my way to lecture on Shakespeare at High Barnet. And so is removed another great landmark in one's life on earth.

To-day, October 12th, 1892, I went to Tennyson's funeral. I noticed on my way to the Abbey that there were not more than about 8 or 9 shops with any sign of mourning: the blinds were down at the Government Office next to Dover St., but in none of the others; there was one flag half-mast high opposite Parliament St. Till I got within sight of the Abbey there was no sign at all of anything unusual. But just before the Abbey there was a large crowd. My ticket was for the triforium and after passing through the East turret doorway we got into the abbey where there was a great crush. I saw Mrs H. Ward and Lyttelton Gell who spoke to me and introduced me to his wife. At last I got up into the triforium from which was a clear view of the grave. At half past twelve music began to play—the Abbey bell tolling shortly before. After two or three hymns, and one—Dr Bridge's setting to Crossing the Bar—which was perfect, the coffin came in sight of where I was; *i.e.* in the triforium looking down on the grave. It was covered with wreaths —the Union Jack being on it. The most striking effect was the lowering of it into the grave. It seemed to sink into a black abyss—the mass of white which were the wreaths upon it sinking slow, slow, slow down the inky black, but not disappearing and remaining at last stationary—then a handful of dust was thrown on it and one could hear the grating splash. I had a very good

view standing on a chair nearly opposite the grave. The only figure I could distinguish was Jowett's. I left before the last hymn was sung. The only really impressive part of the ceremony was Bridge's music to the beautiful verses, the effect of which was most solemn and affecting. It is strange and weird to think that this is Tennyson's first night in the grave. I am writing this at twenty minutes to two A.M. of October 13th.

This day, May 4th, 1893—the day on which the betrothal of the Princess May to the Duke of York appeared prominently in the newspaper posters—*may* be a memorable day with me—for I discussed with George Macmillan a proposal for a History of England in several volumes—from the accession of George I. to 1789—the beginning of the French Revolution: and from to-day I shall probably begin to direct attention to it, as I can, in moments of leisure.[1] I may add too that to-day I received an invitation to go and lecture in America.

Another landmark gone—this, October 6th, 1893, is Jowett's first night in the grave—a familiar figure in my past life: kind and good he must have been to others: and a man to respect and admire—my experience much otherwise—but *pax sit illi.* His death seemed to have made a great sensation in London, leading articles in every newspaper I saw except the *Standard.* I am writing this at 10 minutes to two on October 7th (Saturday). I saw in one of the newspapers that his last words were "Farewell to the College" which explains much, perhaps his real measure.

[1] See note to p. 87.

CHAPTER VIII

HIS VISIT TO AMERICA

AT the beginning of May 1893 he was asked by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, if it would be possible for him to lecture in America. The invitation was gladly accepted—though it necessitated his spending Christmas on board, and for the first time spending it away from his family.

He left behind him this letter to be opened after his death :—

Dec. 22nd, 1893.

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,—Everything in this world being uncertain, and I being on the point of going a long journey, I thought I would like to address a line to you in case it should be the will of God that I should not return. You have had the best mother that children could ever have and I the best wife a man ever had. You will never know all you owe to your dear mother. I entreat you all of you to be good and dutiful children to her as long as you live and she is with you. I exhort you earnestly to love and cherish and to obey her in all things, and to pray always that God

will aid you to do your duties well and faithfully all your lives, YOUR LOVING FATHER.

He landed in New York, December 31st, 1893, and went on to Philadelphia. Like many other visitors he was much surprised at the height of the buildings in these two cities. He decided to stay the night at the Hotel Bellevue, and was allotted a room almost at the top of the building. He relates that when he finally reached his room, the black attendant who showed him in, pointed to something lying near the window, which he discovered to be a huge coil of rope. "In case of fire" the attendant explained. My father was much impressed with this thoughtful precaution for his safety; at the same time he could not help feeling some misgiving as he eyed in cold blood this means of escape. It is probable, however, that with a fire at our heels the least athletic of us might make some use of even a rope. Happily the necessity for such an ordeal did not arise, and the next morning he left the hotel to become the guest of Mr Frederick B. Miles the Treasurer (now the President) of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

It is to be regretted that the impressions which my father wrote at this time of his stay in America have completely disappeared, and there is no

record whatever to be found of this memorable visit. Certain it is that he thoroughly enjoyed himself, that he was delighted with the warm reception given him, and that he came back full of enthusiasm about everything he had seen.

I have fortunately been able to obtain from Mr Miles an account of his visit, and Mr Miles' interesting reminiscence is now given in his own words :—

On the morning of January 1st, 1894, I called upon him at the Hotel Bellevue, and brought him up to my house, No. 1718 Walnut St.—where he was cordially welcomed by my family—and invited to stay with us while in Philadelphia. It was New Year's day, and accordingly, he was promptly regaled with the appropriate American beverage for that festival—namely "Egg-Nogg" —a sort of punch made of brandy and sugar, with eggs beaten to a froth ! He was much amused by this, and evidently pleased with his very cordial reception.

In the afternoon we had a drive in the Park, showing him also somewhat of the City, and in the evening had a few friends to meet him at dinner. We had, most of us, been in England and could talk with him about "*the things at home!*" After resting a day or two, some receptions were given him; by Dr William Pepper, the Society's President, and the introducer of Extension Teaching in Philadelphia. He was also the President of the University of Pennsylvania. He was also given a Reception by Mr Charles

C. Harrison, who succeeded Dr Pepper later on, as President of both the University and the Extension Society. He also met many other prominent men,—and women also, of course—in Philadelphia Society, and was made a "Lion" of everywhere he went.

On January 5th, he began lecturing—at the "Association Local"—our strongest centre—in the heart of the city. Their announcement was:—"The first course after the holidays will be by Mr J. Churton Collins, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford, of enviable reputation in England as scholar, lecturer, and critic. His subject will be "Chaucer." On this subject he gave three lectures, viz.:—

The Age of Chaucer . .	Jan. 5th
Canterbury Tales . .	„ 12th
Chaucer's Characteristics .	„ 19th

In all of these he recited, in his own inimitable way, many of Chaucer's finest passages. These, along with his own comments, had a distinctly marked effect upon the audience of students and others, and brought him much applause.

He next gave three lectures at another centre in Philadelphia, *i.e.*, at "The Ladies Club." The subject was:—"*The pre-Elizabethan Drama*—the Miracle Plays, etc." These, as might be expected, caused much amusement along with some rare information as to the old plays and acting.

Together with these, another course of three lectures was going on at the West Philadelphia centre—(on the intervening evenings)—whose meetings were held in the Hall of the University of Pennsylvania:—the subject was "*Greek*

Literature" in which Mr Collins was profoundly versed. The class discussion which followed the first lecture, brought out a new and striking point in favour of the study of the Classics—as follows.

Some students in the audience asked the lecturer what real benefit was to be derived from the study of Greek and Latin by any others but teachers or literary men?

The lecturer very naturally answered, that the knowledge of the best literature was an enduring possession, which improved the mind and also helped to make life more agreeable, and interesting, etc. . . . Then a distinguished Engineer, who was present, arose and spoke, saying: "Yes, and much more than that; it is good for men in *all professions*, for it trains the imagination! Even in my own profession of engineering, which seems remote from imaginative literature, it is nevertheless true that the engineer makes his successes quite as much by his imagination as by his technical knowledge; and nearly all inventions, in every department, are the result of a constructive imagination!" Here was a new doctrine, even for the lecturer, who was much pleased with it. "And would you then," he asked, "give your own son a classical education if he were to be an engineer?" "Most certainly," he replied. "It is just what I am doing, and in this very University!" Some more discussion followed, and then the audience and the lecturer parted, much pleased with each other. These three lectures were very interesting and successful. The audiences increased at each meeting.

They were followed by a course at the Centre in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. The subject was "*Shakspere*," a most congenial one for the lecturer. And here again, his wonderful memory—the *greatest since Macaulay*—enabled him to deliver, offhand, and with great eloquence, many of the noblest passages of the great dramatist, and to point out the merits and beauties of the poems and plays by oral quotations, without referring to book or note—a great advantage for both lecturer and audience—especially the latter!

After these lectures in Philadelphia, he went further afield and lectured at the Brooklyn Institute (Brooklyn, *New York*. They are now one city, like Southwark and London, with a river between), then, further still, into "New England," but always, of course, under the auspices of the University Extension Society. He lectured in New Haven, Hartford, and other towns. He was, of course, well received at Harvard Univ. Boston, Mass., at Yale, New Haven, Columbia, New York City, etc. He was *very* welcome everywhere, for he was always interesting and entertaining, and *usually* sympathetic. His lectures were greatly admired and enjoyed.

During his short stay of only a little more than seven weeks in America, his home was mainly at my house, but he made a short visit also with Miss Julia Wood and her three brothers, who lived quite near us, and were all interested in University Extension affairs. *They also* gave an evening party for him!

In our house, being perfectly at his ease, he was a continual literary banquet! And especially to Basil, my son, aged sixteen, and just beginning

his studies at College. One evening he asked Mr Collins where to find a really good description of a great battle? "Oh!" said he, "In Napier's Peninsular War, Vittoria for instance." "Of course, Mr Collins," I said *in jest*, "you can recite the whole of it?" Whereupon, he reeled off fifteen pages of Napier without a pause, or hesitation, to the great delight of the youthful Basil and all of us. He followed this, a little later, with the whole of Manzoni's hymn to Napoleon, *in Italian!* And then, at intervals, with extracts from the Iliad—Eneid, anything you liked, in Greek or Latin! Basil was his devoted adherent and always hunted his pipe for him . . . for, although he had the "literature of the world" by heart, he could seldom remember where he left his pipe!

There were frequent amusing duets between them —Basil upstairs, Mr Collins downstairs—shouting to each other, and frequently ending like this— "Is it up there, Basil?" "No, sir! can't find it anywhere!" "Ah! *Dear me*, here it is in my pocket! All right, Bas!"

We were all *very* sorry when he left us.

CHAPTER IX

1894-8

HIS CONNECTION WITH THE SATURDAY REVIEW—MOVE TO NORFOLK SQUARE—CONTRIBUTION TO DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY—SIDNEY LEE'S SHAKESPEARE—HIS TRIP TO ITALY

IN 1894, when Mr Frank Harris took over the editorship, my father wrote his first article for the *Saturday Review*. It appeared on the 24th of November and was entitled "A Specimen of Oxford Editing." This was the beginning of his connection with that *Review*, and when Mr Frank Harris left in 1898 he stayed on, and there were few numbers issued without something from his pen.

His last article appeared on the 17th of February, 1906, and was entitled "Twaddle from a Great Scholar."

The *Saturday Review* has always had a reputation for plain speaking, and this reputation was well maintained whilst he was a contributor.

Though his criticism was outspoken, it was just in this respect: that chapter and verse, as it were, were given throughout—and the criticism was rarely replied to. On one occasion, however,

an author did more. He brought a libel action against both the *Review* and the reviewer. This author had written a book purporting to prove amongst other things that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic. The book was unmercifully dealt with. Hence an action in the High Court, which came before the late Lord Chief Justice Russell (himself a Catholic) and a special jury.

As there was no evidence whatever of the existence either of personal animosity, or religious prejudice, and as the so-called libels were merely the reviewer's honest opinion of the author's statements, the case broke down, and he was completely vindicated.

He does not, however, appear to have been very sanguine that his articles were really having any material effect. In a letter to Mr William Watson he writes :—

In my humble and quiet way I have been hammering to get good things read and studied . . . but to lift up my voice at present is but sowing the sand, feeding the wind, darning cobwebs and whatever else of futility can be practised. God be thanked we have at least got you to keep up the good tradition.

Another landmark is given in the Memoirs.

I write this on the last night we are spending at 61 Torrington Square, where we have been

living for more than thirteen years and where two of my dear children were born. Much work has been done here—and no reward for it, much disappointment suffered, but a dear wife and a dear mother gladdening life for me. I write this at ten minutes to two by my watch—the water slushing against the horses, and the buckets rattling in the mews as I have so often heard them. I have been reading my dear father's letters and I have just written and posted a letter to my dear mother so happily spared to me all these years. May God bless us in our new home.

The new home was 51 Norfolk Square, Hyde Park.

I read this morning, July 30th, 1896, the death of Mrs Roller [1]—another familiar figure gone—never more shall I see, as so often and often I

[1] The above is a rare instance of a member of his audience becoming not only a life-long friend to him, but to all the family. From being a familiar figure at his lectures, she met my mother, and a warm friendship sprang up.

To us indeed, as children, she was "the good fairy," and many were the afternoons when we used to romp in her beautiful garden at The Grange, Clapham Common, with everything that could delight little Londoners. Always soft and gentle, nothing could put her out. On one occasion she said to us, "Would you like to take home some violets to mother? There are some over there you can pick." On reaching the spot we couldn't see any violets, but some other very pretty flowers. We debated, "These don't look like violets, but perhaps they are a peculiar kind." We promptly helped ourselves freely. On our return she said, "What have you there? Why, they are peach blossoms!" But there were no signs of a very pardonable resentment. She said with a smile, "Don't let my gardener see them, or *I* shall get into trouble."

have, her stately figure and handsome face at my lectures. Happy were the visits we all spent with her, at Oxford. Gone now! kind, kind Mrs Roller! how kind she was to all of us.

Another friendship made with the family by attending his lectures was with Miss Helen Wolff, whose literary gifts and enthusiasm he greatly admired.

Have just completed, 3 a.m., a respectable feat. I have carefully annotated the whole of Pope's Essay on Criticism. I began it on Sunday midday, August 9th, and have finished it at 3 a.m. on August 12th, 1896. Began the "Life" about 12 noon on Tuesday, Aug. 18th, finished it at 2.25 p.m. Aug. 19th.

To-day, Feb. 11th, 1897, I went as usual to my lecture at the Manor House, Brondesbury, and was told that Miss Clarke had passed away at five that morning, but as her last words were that she wished the work to go on as usual, her sister asked me to criticize the papers & to give the lecture, tho' her sister was lying dead in the house, having died about five hours before. It was inexpressibly sad to do so and to see them all as they were—pale as ghosts—their eyes red with crying. She was one of the noblest women in devotion to duty I ever knew, as I told them with broken voice.

I this night or rather morning—for it is now 3.30 a.m., June 19th, 1897, close the most frightfully laborious six weeks I have ever known. During this time *in addition to all my other work*—15

lectures a week with paper work—I have had to write four elaborate lectures for the Royal Institution—oh heavens the labour—and an elaborate review four columns and a half in the *Pall Mall* on Victorian Literature. I have frequently had to work 16 and 17 hours a day. I give God earnest thanks for enabling me to get through, and I think creditably, all this work, under which I have frequently sunk half-crushed. I write this in my study—it is broad daylight.

He adds later :—

Only second in labour and misery were the last three weeks ending Dec. 20th, 1900, when I completed for the *Daily News* a seven-and-a-half column review of the Literature of this Century, in leisure hours side by side with my heavy daily work—what an awful time it has been in depression.

Just heard within the last six minutes—this day, Tuesday, October 12th, 1897, that Pauline has been confined of a little girl. Dr Swan came downstairs to tell me. I had just come from a lecture at the Westbourne Park Institute. All are greatly excited and talking in the dining-room—Ethel, Michal, Ella, Giles, and Arthur who has just come in. This was the birth of darling little Pamela.[1]

Another landmark. This day, Tuesday, Dec. 14th, 1897, I received a letter from Mr Hibbert telling me that *Uncle Henry* is dead — he died

[1] The fourth daughter, the seventh and last child.

yesterday: it has saddened this whole day for me—that familiar figure removed: the grief for him was blunted by what I will not record—for peace be with him, he was always kind and genial. Now all that is left of the large Churton family is my dear mother—she the most frail—the most delicate & least likely to have a long life—she—God bless her—has survived them all.

The above refers to Henry Churton, who at the time of his death, was reputed to be the oldest coroner in England.

The three letters that here follow call for little comment.

51 Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, W.,
Feb. 11*th*, 1897.

Dear Sir,—If you have not assigned the notice of Lewis Theobald (the Shakespearean Editor) to any one and should be disposed to assign it to me I should be glad to undertake it. I think that I have established Theobald's claim to rank very much higher than he is supposed to rank, as a critic and commentator; but as the essay in which I have done this in my "Essays and Studies"—"The Porson of Shakespearean Criticism" will probably pass, probably already has passed into oblivion, I should like for poor Theobald's sake to do him justice in a place which will certainly defy oblivion.—I am, yours very truly, J. Churton Collins.

The Editor of the
Dict. of National Biography.

51 Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, W.,
July 7 [1897].

Dear Lee,—I herewith send you the MS. of my notice of Theobald.[1] I hope you will not have to cut it down—it contains nothing but facts, and I submit to you in mitigation of the crime of length that Theobald's connection with the Dunciad and Pope gives him an importance which he would not otherwise have, and that unless as full an account of him as possible is given, those who connect the Memoir with reference to Pope studies will be disappointed and blame the compiler. As it is I have accumulated all that can now be got at.

I have left a space—one line and a half is all that will be needed for the Register of the death which is now being searched for in the chaos in which it seems the St Pancras burial registers are.—Yours sincerely, J. C. Collins.

P.S.—I don't like the reference to my own Essay, but I don't see how it can be avoided, especially as I can't discuss critical questions in this notice and my vindication in said Essay is very elaborate.

51 Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, W.,
[1898].

Dear Lee,—I have just read your Shakespeare with the greatest delight and satisfaction, for which hearty thanks. I think it most masterly. I have just sent off a note on it to Saturday. There are some points in which I cannot agree

[1] This is his only contribution to the "Dictionary of National Biography."

with you at all. It seems to me that we really have no right at all to question the authenticity of "Titus Andronicus"—it is the youthful Shakespeare to a T: external and internal evidence seems to me conclusive. Nor can I agree with you that Troilus and Cressida could possibly have been written as early as 1603, surely it has every mark of the latest style. Henry VIII. I have never doubted was an early experiment written about the time of All's Well that ends Well, and abandoned; and then finished in a hurry for the wedding. Fletcher could never have written in my humble opinion Wolsey's speech to Cromwell—but this is of course mere opinion. Nor can I go with you when you say that it is *certain* that Shakespeare didn't write 1st of Henry VI. and the old plays on which 2nd and 3rd were founded: these are a few unimportant but I can't help thinking interesting details which might have been given in the life. I write this just to show how carefully I have read your admirable work.—Yours sincerely,

J. C. COLLINS.

P.S.—I'm glad you take that view of "begetter" in Sonnet question: it cuts away no end of bosh.

On Jan. 29th, 1898, I saw my darling mother, my hand on hers, pass away. I cannot write more about it, *in corde imprimitur*.

This tragic event thus briefly yet poignantly expressed in the Memoirs was no doubt partly responsible for the great depression which came upon him about this time—the depression to which

he was so peculiarly liable. A complete change of scene, if only for a short time, was recommended: a trip that would interest him. Rome was finally decided upon. It was characteristic of him that as soon as the tickets and coupons were purchased, he wanted to change his mind. Eventually, however, a start was made, and hurried as the holiday was, he appeared to enjoy it thoroughly. As my mother was then in a delicate state of health, I accompanied him. London was left on Good Friday morning, Paris being reached in the evening. Next morning was spent in climbing up the Eiffel Tower—and at 2.15 in the afternoon the train was taken for Turin. The journey from Paris to Turin had occupied 18½ hours. But he was not in the least tired; he could endure any amount of railway travelling, which seemed rather to invigorate than to fatigue him. In the afternoon of the same day we left Turin for Genoa, which was reached at night. On the next day a visit was paid to the beautiful cemetery: we left Genoa the same night for Rome, which was reached the following morning.

Of all the places he visited, Rome had by far the greatest attraction for him.

We stayed there six days: six days full of interest. He knew the things that were to be seen and he saw them without the aid of a guide.

Rome was left on the Saturday afternoon, and the rest of the trip was an ever-moving panorama. A day was spent in Florence: another in Venice, which to him was second only to Rome in interest and charm. The route home was by Milan, Lucerne, Bâle, and Paris.

It was discouraging that his depression, which had almost vanished during the trip—indeed he was so bustled he hardly had time to be really depressed—attacked him again immediately on his return. As always, it took its own time before finally leaving him.

CHAPTER X

1899-1905

HIS EDITION OF TENNYSON'S EARLY POEMS—TENNYSON'S SCRUPULOUS CARE—WATTS-DUNTON'S BOOK OF POEMS—HIS LAST MEETING WITH SWINBURNE—EPHEMERA CRITICA—POETRY AND POETS OF AMERICA—MASSEY—YORK POWELL

IN 1899 my father edited the Early Poems of Lord Tennyson. Not the least interesting feature of this edition lies in the emendations shown therein, which were made by Tennyson from time to time in successive editions of these Early Poems.

How careful and how fastidious a poet Tennyson was may here be seen: he was continually altering the text—and sometimes, after varying readings in several editions, he would at last go back to what he had originally written.

In the "May Queen" the May Queen's young lover is named Robin—and this is so in the original version published in 1833.

In the 1842 edition, he changed the name to Robert. But in the next edition, published in 1843, he changed it back to Robin, and so it has remained.

And Tennyson not only changed words but rewrote whole passages — and added here and excised there. Moreover, nothing was too trivial for his critical eye; he puts in and takes away commas and goes to the trouble of altering "through" to "thro'." A rather interesting case in point arose from one of his corrections :—

In the "Poet's Song" occurred this line :—

"The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee."

This line remained as it was through all the successive editions till 1889, when "bee" was altered to "fly."

My father, after commenting on the alteration, naturally added that "for very obvious reasons" the swallow does *not* hunt the bee. Not long after the publication of his book he received the following letter : [1]—

HERBERTSDALE,
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,
June 27, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—May I ask you to kindly inform me whether readers of your new work are to infer that Tennyson made a natural history error in assuming that swallows catch and devour bees ? I am an old & very extensive Bee Keeper, and one of the greatest troubles I have ever had to

[1] I have been unable to trace the writer of this interesting letter, and trust he will not object to its publication.

contend with is the immense destruction of my bees by swallows! I have shot great numbers (of 3 different species) to find them, in every case, choke full of my poor bees! There is nothing more disheartening to the apiarist than to see *flocks* of swallows darting hither and thither over his hives and snapping up the flying bees as hard and as fast as they can go at it! Yet you say that "for very obvious reasons the swallow does *not* hunt the bee." What the "obvious reasons" are I cannot even guess. They certainly do not seem to mind the stings! Nor do they catch the stingless drone only, but the worker bee as well. If Tennyson altered the word "bee" to "fly" under the supposition that swallows do not hunt bees, he might, were he still living, go back to the original—with better information available.

I may have misunderstood the reading of the enclosed, if so may I ask you to kindly put me right? From my great experience, & loss sustained by the ravages of swallows in my 100 hive apiary, I cannot bring myself to think that people at home are unaware of this bird's penchant for bees; they are the greedy little brutes' choicest food!—I am, Dear Sir, Yours very truly,

SAML. A. DEACON.

To Churton Collins, Esq.,
c/o Messrs Methuen,
Publishers,
London.

If this is so, the mystery still remains why Tennyson made the alteration.

In 1899 Mr Watts-Dunton's book of poems

entitled "The Coming of Love," was published in its third edition. My father, ever ready to detect and appreciate the true spirit of poetry, a gift which he thought rare amongst his contemporaries, wrote to him :—

St Mary's Abbey, Windermere,
Sept. 28 [1899].

Dear Watts-Dunton,—I have been travelling about in much company so that till now I have not had an opportunity of reading your Poems, and though any testimony from me, after all the authoritative testimony which you will have received from so many, is sheer impertinence, I cannot forbear telling you with what great pleasure I have read them. Some of them are somehow not new to me, but many of them are. I am full of wonder at your elaborate poems—"The Music of Hell" is marvellous in its subtilty and intensity of imagination and feeling—but on the whole, for my own part, I like the simpler poems best. "The last walk from Boar's Hill" goes straight to the heart and has the grip of infinite pathos : and all the pathetic poems touch me. I am too old-fashioned and conventional to get on quite peacefully with "The Coming of Love," but it is full of beauties, and what touches of description you have !

But enough of my twaddle, it becomes me rather shortly to thank you most heartily for giving me so much pleasure, and with it lines that are simply unforgetable like "Love still is Nature's truth and Death her lie."

I shall be back in London soon and then I shall remind you of your promise to come and meet Stephen Phillips, who was not a little delighted when I told him of the kind way in which you had spoken of what you had read of his. I do hope you are well and strong again now.—Yours sincerely, J. C. COLLINS.

On Sunday, Feb. 18th, 1900, the Memoirs tells us my father

Dined at the Pines with Watts-Dunton and Swinburne. Him [Swinburne] I had not seen for 14 years: he received me with rather stiff courtesy—I saying this is one of the happiest days in my life, referring to meeting him again after his estrangement. He, I found, was almost stone deaf:[1] it was most painful: he sat at table self absorbed and mostly quite silent: after a few minutes he drew a little closer and asked kindly if I was well. He said very little at dinner. After dinner we went up into his room where he read the last part of the Towneley Mysteries, which he greatly admired; and then a translation of a ballad of Villon's—the burden of which was Mort; he greatly prided himself on the version which was very close. Then he told an anecdote, so often told me in the past, about his grandfather knowing Wilkes and Mirabeau: but

[1] Mr Watts-Dunton tells me in effect that Swinburne was not so deaf as he appears to have been. The fact being that he was still nourishing his resentment, and that the meeting was altogether distasteful to him. Mr Watts-Dunton's well-meaning efforts to bring about a reconciliation, which he made at my father's earnest desire, merely resulted, as he says, in a miserable "fiasco."

he told it with less life than he used to tell it. He showed me a recent life of the Duke of Argyle and said it was a book worth skimming through if I came across it.

Then he relapsed into a book while I talked with Watts. Watts then rose and said "let us come down and have a cigarette." So I said good-bye to Swinburne, who again relapsed into stately courtesy. It was very sad to see how his deafness affected him. He said at dinner he much wanted to read "Lope de Vega," but didn't know Spanish: I bellowed that it was not very difficult to learn: he said perhaps not, but he was too old to be bothered with learning a new language. . . . On the whole, a melancholy evening and reunion.

This was the last time he ever saw Swinburne.

This evening, Sep. 13th, 1900, I close more than a month of seclusion at Oxford. In that time I have written a long article for the *Quarterly* on Longinus, having heard this very night that the Editor was greatly pleased with it: three articles for the *Saturday Review*: "What is Poetry," "Romanticism and Classicism," and "In Honour of Chaucer": also I have carefully revised the proofs of my "Ephemera Critica," making also important additions: and I have also carefully revised and settled the texts of Greene's "Friar Bacon & Friar Bungay" and "Looking Glasse" for my edition of Greene. I often worked 13 hours a day and never less than 11, seldom going to bed before 2.30, often at 3, and rising at 9. I have gone bicycle rides nearly every day: I have read a

little German and other reading. I have been very happy on the whole, never depressed: and I can truly say that I have thoroughly enjoyed myself: glad to think that my dear ones have been happily enjoying themselves. *Deo optimo maximas gratias ago.* Purcell has often been in of an evening. My work has been a real pleasure to me.

He writes at this time to Mr F. Pierrepont Barnard:—

I have read with great delight your capital article and thank you for giving me the opportunity of reading it. It is as amusing as it is instructive.

No, I have had no holidays. I have been here nearly a month, averaging 13 hours a day working —lingering over two books and writing a long article for the *Quarterly.* But in a few days I am going to get some fresh air and holiday down in Somersetshire before I begin all my Autumn lecturing work. I have inherited, I suppose, the instincts of the bee, and shall work myself to death in due time. I am rejoiced to hear that your Clarendon Press book is so well on. They are good fellows at the Press, and I told them how sorry I was to have to trot them out for a scourging in the Autumn. I have a book on, coming out in a month or so, which will tickle up some people. . . .

The book here referred to was his "Ephemera Critica: or Plain Truths about Current Literature," which was published in 1901. Of

all his works it was perhaps the most widely read as well as the most discussed. Though bound of course to give offence in many quarters, yet this was more than compensated for by the laudatory letters he received and by the way the book was quoted. Sir Walter Besant in a letter to him wrote:—

It seems to be a very remarkable and salutary exposure of the present state of affairs. . . . That it will bring down wrath upon your head will not, I daresay, cause you any misgiving. Meantime, I do not like to quote so long a passage without your permission, particularly as I should draw special attention to it and comment upon the more important points. What you say is perfectly correct. I could add to it materially, but I could not take anything from it. Meantime, is there any remedy possible? I only know of one, and I despair of getting that one taken up. . . .

An editor of one of our leading Reviews wrote:—

16 *Oct.* '02.

I have been busy with my October number, & also with other matters, or I would have acknowledged your interesting and suggestive letter of Oct. 3 before this.

I have to thank you also for your volume of Essays, of which I have read the first & several others, & mean to read more. With the reflections in the first essay on the present state of letters I am fully in agreement—there is hardly a sentence in it which I would not heartily endorse; & with

what you say in your letter about the duty of a critic, & especially of a tolerably independent critical journal like the ——, I also agree. Under which of the categories you draw out in your letter I should range myself, or whether I should be reckoned in any of them, I hardly know—nor does it much matter; it is enough that I feel with you that the great mass of modern criticism, so-called, is shamelessly inadequate, ignorant, injudicious, & often, indirectly at all events, corrupt. Even where it is none of these, it is far too often mealy-mouthed & afraid to speak out; and I think you have done a great service to literature in exposing humbugs & blind guides, & in maintaining a high standard of knowledge & judgment in your own literary estimates. Whether you do not sometimes overleap your mark in excessive severity I am not sure; but at all events it is, in the critic nowadays, a fault on the right side.

As to the ——, one difficulty is that our space is so limited, that one cannot afford to waste it often on the small fry, or on the literary scum of the day. It seems better, on the whole, if one has to choose, to praise a good book than to abuse a bad one—to call attention to something great or at least important, than to give additional notoriety to a mean production. . . .

In old days, no doubt, those who tore to pieces Keats and Tennyson and Swinburne thought they were discharging a duty such as you uphold—but their fate ought to make an editor cautious. Yet the people who made these mistakes were neither stupid nor ignorant, if they were narrow & prejudiced.

These matters, however, are matters of taste, & criticism of poetry ought, I think, always to be tentative, even humble. What you are thinking of, no doubt, is not poets but literary humbugs & impostors,whose bladders *can* be pricked with effect, & with advantage to the public. All I can say is, that whenever you chance upon such an impostor, & want an opportunity of "going for him," I hope you will let me know; and, if it is any way possible & I think him worth going for, you shall expose him to your heart's content.

Hoping that I may have an opportunity soon of meeting you & talking over these matters.

There were, of course, adverse criticisms on the work. M. Jusserand, who was somewhat indignant at the way his book was criticized (though not harshly) in "Ephemera Critica," wrote a long article in French, which appeared in the *Revue Critique* and afterwards in book form.

One critic of a Review impeached his scholarship, but he justified himself in the following letter to the Editor :—

MR CHURTON COLLINS'S "INACCURACIES"

SIR,—The reviewer of my "Ephemera Critica" in your issue of April 1 is pleased to observe that I am "not an accurate scholar," and proceeds to prove his assertion as follows: In the ninth "Eclogue" of Virgil, 7-8, I translate the words :

"Qua se subducere colles
Incipiunt,"

"Where the hills begin to draw themselves up from the plain," *i.e.* to rise. Your reviewer observes, as one proof of my "inaccuracy," that the words cannot possibly mean this. I give precisely the same interpretation as Conington gives, as your reviewer will see if he turns to Conington's note. This is "inaccuracy" the first. In "Eclogue" III. 38, 39, I translate the words:

> "Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis
> Diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos,"

"Where the limber vine wreathed round them by the deft graving tool is twined with pale ivy's spreading clusters." Your reviewer observes: "This is quite wrong; it is the ivy berries that are wreathed by the vine tendrils, not *vice versa*." Conington, and all the authoritative commentators whom I have consulted, take the passage precisely as I have done, and I venture to think that your reviewer's interpretation is wrong, and absolutely untenable. This is "inaccuracy" number two. In "Eclogue" I. 49 I translate "graves fetas," "*pregnant* cattle." This is adduced as the third proof of my "inaccuracy." I turn to Conington and find this note: "The sense of 'fetus' has been doubted, as it may either mean pregnant or just delivered, but it appears to be fixed to the former meaning by the epithet 'gravis,' which must be equivalent to 'gravidas.'" And other authoritative commentators follow Conington. Is it fair, then, to charge me with "inaccuracy" in this case? Among other "slips" or "errors" which he alleges as proofs of my "inaccuracy," he notes

my citation of "the 'Polyidus' of Euripides and the 'Smectymnuus' of Milton (twice)." With regard to the first, will he be good enough to say what is wrong; if "Polyidus" is not right, what is? Let scholars judge. With regard to the second, it may be sufficient to say that, from cover to cover of my volume, there is no mention of "the Smectymnuus of Milton"—the blunder is a pure invention of your reviewer's. I have referred *once* (not twice) to the "*Apology* for Smectymnuus," accurately spelt and accurately entitled. I make no comment on this method of reviewing and of supporting charges of "inaccuracy." I appeal simply to your sense of justice.—Your obedient servant,

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

[Space alone prevents me from maintaining that Mr Collins, even when he errs with Conington, errs none the less, and Conington does not support his version of "Eclogue" III. 38. To trounce as senseless and ungrammatical versions which have the authority of T. E. Page, to quote only the latest editor of Vergil, is not the criticism that Mr Collins commends. Here, if I followed Mr Collins's lead, I should stop; but I prefer frankly to add that, though Πολύειδος is the accepted form, there is inferior authority for Πολύιδος, and that the mistake about "Smectymnuus" was not Mr Collins's, but your Reviewer's.]

The Memoirs continue:—

To-night, or rather this morning, for I write this on the morning of September 2nd, 1902, at

2.45 a.m., I conclude one of the happiest times in my life—the three weeks I have been here at 4 Beaumont Street, Oxford: all my belongings having a most happy time at Boulogne, where I hope to join them on Wednesday. I have been working from 12 to 13 hours a day, having written "Shakespearean Paradoxes" for the *National Review*, "Montesquieu in England" for the *Quarterly*, having also revised and added to my Introduction to Greene's "Plays and Poems": as well as the Introduction to the "Pinner of Wakefield," and having also read a fair amount of Italian: in the best of health and spirits. I have had almost every afternoon a delightful bicycle ride, resting in pretty places and thinking. Altogether a most delightful time: never in bed before 2.30 or 3. *Maximæ gratiæ Deo benevolentissimo.*

Seriously began my "Poetry and Poets of America" 10.30 on Monday morning, Aug. 10th, 1903. Finished, thank God, for it has been a tough piece of work, at 12.30 a.m., Sep. 4th, 1903. But this included 3 days' holiday, so it was 3 weeks and 1 day.

This evening, Sep. 7, 1903, I bring to a close a month's, or nearly a month's, visit to Oxford. I came on Aug. 7. I have been for three weeks and two days hard and incessantly at work on my three articles, "The Poetry and Poets of America." It has been very hard and exacting work, and as it has preyed on my mind, the time though happy has been anxious, but I have had no *deep* depression though a good deal of the milder kind. Always a plunge in the river at 8.30: then breakfast 9.15:

work from 10.30 to 5 as a rule: then bicycle ride: then dinner 7.30: then rest: then work 9.30 to 3 a.m. nearly every day. Miles has been here and I have been in to see him three or four times: he is *delighted* with my "American Poetry" articles: Holmes, too. Pauline and dear baby came down for a day. Work satisfactorily finished, thanks be to God, and now for a bit of holiday. I have, except for anxiety, much enjoyed this visit. As the Fells are leaving I shall never see this little room again probably in which I have done *so much work*.

Another landmark gone. This evening, April 24th, 1904, somebody told me that he had seen in the *Daily Chronicle* that York Powell was dead. A false report, but to-day, May 10th, 1904, came the true news in a letter from Higgs, who said Powell died last Sunday. Thereupon Laurie and I went to the Athenæum Club to verify: it was too true. This was his last letter in answer to one from me saying that I could not see him again because he was an elector to the English Chair.[1]

(The letter reads as follows.)

GRANGE, BANBURY RD., OXFORD,
19, 4, '04.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Don't be a fool: come of course; we are not two idiots or knaves, but upright men and our consciences clear.

It does me good to have a talk with you.—I am yrs. faithfully, F. YORK POWELL.

[1] My father was then a candidate for the Chair of English Literature at Oxford.

I write this on the evening of Jan. 18th, 1905, having been appointed to the Professorship of English Literature at Birmingham University, in lodgings, 2 Hagley Grove, Edgbaston. *Quam arduæ vitæ bonus eventus!*

CHAPTER XI

THE PASSMORE EDWARDS SCHOLARSHIP AT OXFORD

IF he had been asked what achievement in his life he was most proud of, he would have related an achievement in which he was not the principal figure, and with which, publicly at least, he was not known to have any connection.

It has been seen that all his life he was continually hammering at the fact that for a true knowledge of English classics we must have some acquaintance with the classics of Greece and Rome; that our literature is steeped in the ancient classics; that the two should not be studied separately, but hand in hand with each other.

As there was nothing to encourage such a study, not even at Oxford or at Cambridge, he was anxious to see the foundation of a scholarship to carry out his views; he therefore set about looking for someone to provide the necessary capital.

Why he should have selected John Passmore Edwards for his victim is inexplicable. The name of Passmore Edwards, whose death is announced

as this book is going to press, will always be conspicuous amongst philanthropists. He will chiefly be held in affectionate remembrance for his endowment of hospitals and homes to mitigate the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen, and for the founding of libraries and settlements to bring intellectual and social happiness to the less well-to-do classes of the community. Such a scheme as this was quite outside his domain. How the negotiations opened will be seen from the entry in the commonplace book.

This day, Dec. 28th, 1900, will probably be an important day in my life. At 12.15 I called on Passmore Edwards at 51 Bedford Square on the somewhat hopeless quest of inducing him to found a scholarship at Oxford for the Comparative Study of Classical and English Literature. He met me in the hall and I asked him if he could spare ten minutes. He said, "It depends what you want it for," and observing that just then he was going out to lunch with some grandchildren. I proposed another time, but he said, "Oh, just put briefly what you have to say." I then unfolded the plan to him somewhat elaborately. He then said, "So you want me to find the money for the scholarship." I said, "I want to submit the matter to you." He then began about the other calls upon him, what he was doing, what he was expected to do—he almost certainly promised to found it, saying as I left, "It will probably be done, Mr Collins," to which I radiantly replied "I thank you," and left to get testimonies.

These two letters followed in due course :—

51 Norfolk Square,
Hyde Park, W.,
Dec. 28th, 1900.

Dear Sir,—In reference to the subject of our conversation touching the foundation of an English Literature Scholarship at Oxford, I think it so desirable that you should have very full, conclusive, and authoritative testimony of the appreciation which such a foundation would meet with from leading authorities in the University, that I propose to defer writing to you full details, as you desired, till I have that testimony to lay before you. I think the best thing for me to do would be to get that expression in letters, which I will send to you. I need scarcely say that at present, and until I have your permission, I shall not go further than to say that I have laid the matter before an encourager and patron of education, who is willing seriously to consider the question of such a foundation if he is convinced that it will be for the national interest.—I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant, J. C. Collins.

John Passmore Edwards, Esq.

51 Norfolk Square,
Jan. 17*th*, 1901.

Dear Sir,—There being no provision in the form of a University Scholarship either at Oxford or Cambridge, for the encouragement and promotion of a liberal study of our national literature, and as it is acknowledged that the foundation of such a scholarship, would by encouraging and

promoting such a study, be a great benefit to advanced education in this country, you have expressed your willingness to consider the question of presenting the University with the sum necessary for the foundation of such a scholarship.

I promised to give you ample and conclusive testimony that such a donation would be greatly appreciated in the University of Oxford, and I have great pleasure in submitting to you the following letters from

The Bishop of Oxford.
The Vice Chancellor of the University.
The Dean of Christ Church.
The Master of Balliol.
The President of Magdalen.
The Warden of All Souls (who succeeds the present Vice-Chancellor and is M.P. for the University).
The Regius Professor of Greek.
The Regius Professor of History.

I have not thought it necessary to consult other leading members of the University, because I thought that these would suffice, as these are comprehensively representative.

You asked me to submit to you in writing other details mentioned in the conversation which I had with you on this subject, some of which are touched on in the enclosed letters.

1. The sum required.

The late Professor Jowett was of opinion that the scholarship should not be less than £40 per annum tenable for 3 years, that is one hundred and twenty pounds. It should then be

such a capital sum as would produce in trust securities, one hundred and twenty pounds annually. But it has been suggested that the scholarship should be tenable for one year only and should amount to one hundred pounds, the balance to go in defraying the expenses of the examination, and that endowment compared with those of other scholarships would be a very handsome one. But this is a question of detail which can at present be deferred.

2. The exact object of the scholarship.

The great consensus of opinion, expressed not only in the letters here submitted to you, but in ample additional evidence which I could submit to you is that such a study of our national literature as is here contemplated would be *best secured* by associating the study of our literature with the study of ancient classical literature for reasons which can afterwards be explained at length. And it is proposed that the object of the scholarship should be thus expressed "for the encouragement and promotion of a comparative study of English literature and the literatures of classical antiquity."

3. That the Scholarship should, as in the case of the other University Scholarships, take its name from the donor.

4. The intention of the donor to found this Scholarship should be communicated to the Vice Chancellor who will in his turn submit it to the Hebdomadal Council and the Board of Studies.

That it will be gratefully accepted is already clear from the letters here submitted to you.

It is very likely that you may wish to see me further on this subject, and indeed I should be

obliged if you would give me the opportunity of a personal interview, as I could explain further what is here only sketched. I could be at your service any hour on Saturday, or on any day next week.—I am, dear sir, your faithful servant,

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

John Passmore Edwards, Esq.

The result will be perceived from the resumed entry in the "commonplace" book.

Jan. 23.—After I had had all the trouble of collecting testimonies from the Bishop of Oxford, Dean of Christ Church, Master of Balliol, Vice Chancellor and others, my would-be benefactor backed out of it altogether—one more of the many illustrations of the ill-fortune which has pursued me through life. I have never succeeded in anything except as a lecturer, everything that I have essayed has broken down, even when there seemed every chance of my succeeding as here. Bitter indeed has been the disappointment. I had set my heart on this and it seemed so likely to succeed. God's will be done in this as in all else. I did my best and that makes me contented.

Not so bad after all. On the following Friday, Jan. 25th, going to and coming from Hayward's Heath I said to myself, "Don't be beaten"—go and see Passmore again. On arriving in London off I went. He was at home. Once more I went at him and after a long and rather excited talk to him, I turned him round and he promised to give £45 a year—£1500 invested in Consols. On the following Monday came his letter formally offering

it: it is now at Oxford and I am awaiting the event. Thank God, this thing will now, I think, be done. He increased it afterwards to £1675.

The ensuing correspondence will tell the end of the story.

51 Norfolk Square, W.,
Feb. 25th, 1901.

Dear Mr Passmore Edwards,—It is indeed kind of you to make the addition you have, to your already generous donation, and I have just had the pleasure of sending your letter on to Oxford.

I must again express to you my gratitude, how great it is you may understand when I tell you with simple truth, that I shall always feel that I have not lived in vain through having been the humble instrument of having directed your generosity to this particular object.

I hope Providence will spare you to realise the importance of what you have thus done for the interests of higher education in this country; believe me its importance cannot be over-estimated. I will communicate with you the moment I get the draft application to the Vice Chancellor.—I am, yours very faithfully,

J. C. Collins.

J. Passmore Edwards, Esq.

Magdalen College, Oxford,
April 30, 1901.

My dear Collins,—Safe at last. We were right in our diagnosis. No single solitary soul

offered any opposition and the Decree passed and the Benefaction was accepted without a dissentient voice or note. You will see the formal announcement in the *Times* to-morrow, and you will see a note in the *Oxford Magazine* which I will send you to-morrow, which will, I hope, please the Founder and Benefactor.

Well I must congratulate you on behalf of the University, and also the next generation of young men, the Asquiths, Milners & Collinses of the next age. Thank you. I hope this will be a little tonic to you.—Yours ever,

HERBERT WARREN.

The note referred to in the *Oxford Magazine* is as follows:—

Mr Churton Collins cannot complain of the length and number of the criticisms that his *Ephemera Critica* evoked. In the current *Longman's* Mr Lang makes his cargo almost entirely of a characteristic notice of the volume. No doubt, Mr Collins metaphorically patted himself on the back when he read the following item of "University Intelligence," the foundation of the scholarship being the result of the chapters in *Ephemera Critica* on which he set the highest store:

OXFORD.—A decree was passed by Convocation accepting the offer by Mr John Passmore Edwards of the sum of £1,675 for the endowment of a scholarship for the encouragement of the study of English literature in its connexion with the classical literatures of Greece and Rome, approving

the regulations made for the scholarship, and recording the gratitude of the University for Mr Passmore Edwards's munificence. The first examination for this scholarship will be held in the academical year, beginning at Michaelmas, 1902.

5 Orme Square, Bayswater,
16 *Mar.*, 1903.

Dear Mr Churton Collins,—Many thanks for your kind letter and Scholarship Examination papers. It is most gratifying to hear that the Scholarship is so appreciated and likely to be beneficial. Whatever the results may be the University have to thank you for recommending the Scholarship and the manner of your doing it as much as me for providing it.

Hoping it may be as successful as you anticipate, —Believe me, yours faithfully,

J. Passmore Edwards.

CHAPTER XII

HIS PROFESSORSHIP—HIS APPOINTMENT TO BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY—HISTORY OF HIS PREVIOUS EFFORTS IN THIS DIRECTION—A RENEWED ACQUAINTANCE—THE LITERARY STUDY OF GREEK AND LATIN—A CONFUSION OF NAMES—HIS DEGREE OF D.LITT.—AS A PROFESSOR

TOWARDS the end of 1904, the Professorship of English Literature at Birmingham became vacant. My father applied for the post, had an interview with Sir Oliver Lodge, and was selected. It was singularly appropriate that the city, from which he had derived his early education, should receive him once more to educate her sons and daughters. He was delighted with his new position, especially as it had happily been arranged that he should not give up altogether his work in London.

He had always been unwilling to apply for a professorship, and it was not till 1889 when the Chair of English Literature at University College London became vacant, that he sent in his name as a candidate. He used to say, "If they want me, they will ask for me." But his friends

would reply, "No, if you don't ask, they will think you don't want it."

Among those that were offered him was the professorship at Baltimore, U.S.A., but after consideration he could not see his way to accept it.

His greatest temptation, however, was when his old schoolfellow, Sir Nathan Bodington, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, offered him the Professorship there.

Never was he so torn by indecision; and but for the fact that it entailed so serious a drop in his income and would have meant a complete severance from his work in London, he would gladly have gone there.

Very soon after, however, the professorship of English Literature at Birmingham became vacant, with what result we have seen.

He now felt that his life would run in smoother waters.

It was a happy chance, too, that he should join Professor Sonnenschein, with whom he had already come into contact, and to whom years before he had given his advice on the literary study of Greek and Latin. Hence they had much in common on educational matters, and were well acquainted with each other's views. In 1901 Professor Sonnenschein, in a letter to him, wrote:—

THE UNIVERSITY, BIRMINGHAM,
April 29th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—Would you give me the benefit of your advice on a subject which I know you have at heart—the literary study of Greek and Latin? I am proposing to take a new departure in Birmingham and to shift the centre of gravity of the teaching, if I may so phrase it, from language to literature—at any rate to the extent of making it essential to study works as literary wholes & avoiding the scrappy & haphazard methods of selecting authors at present in vogue. No doubt I shall have to rely to some extent on English translations for getting an idea of the whole of some of the larger literary works; & my main point is that I want to know what translations you would recommend for giving students a literary feeling for the works in the absence of the original in the parts not read. Would you recommend prose or verse translations of authors like Homer & Virgil? And which particular translations in prose or verse of these authors & of Horace, the Greek Tragedians, & so forth? This is a large order, but it will be a valuable contribution if you can suggest to me the names of two or three books which you feel to be really good. Do you know James Rhoades' "Æneid?" I have only glanced at it, but I thought it good. Also Stephen de Vere's Odes of Horace.

My colleague Dixon looks with much favour on the scheme. He hopes that I may be able to select such books as will be of most service to the student of English Literature—*e.g.* the "Ars

Poetica," & the great things in classical literature which every educated man ought to know. Thus we may have a really educative classical course.—
Yours very truly, E. A. SONNENSCHEIN.

To which he replied :—

51 NORFOLK SQUARE,
HYDE PARK, W.,
May 1st, 1901.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read what you tell me with the greatest interest and pleasure. You are engaged in a work of immense importance not merely in relation to its immediate purpose, but because I have no doubt it will become a precedent and thus be of quite unspeakable importance in education. I have only one suggestion to make with regard to the books; I do think you should find a place for the "Treatise on the Sublime," now quite accessible in Rhys Roberts edition—Greek, translation and notes, and popularl accessible in Havell's version published by Mac millans: for my reasons for pleading for the Treatise will you do me the honour to look a the *Quarterly Review* for October, last year, whe I have commented very fully on the peculiar great literary interest and importance of the wo You ask me about translations; it is really v difficult to say which, in the case of a poet, is b for serious students who cannot read the origin Both Goethe and Charles Lamb you may remem preferred a *strictly literal* version however b I should be inclined to think that students mi be encouraged to read *both*, a literal version which

they should always have at hand and a thoroughly good verse version. In a work like Horace's "Ars Poetica" I certainly think they should have a literal prose version, if also a verse.

The following translations seem to me very satisfactory :—

Homer. . .	Lord Derby for Iliad. Lang for Odyssey.
Pindar . .	Morice of Rugby, or Cary in verse; Myers in Prose.
Aeschylus . .	Anna Swanwick or L. Campbell in verse; in prose I know no readable version.
Sophocles . .	Whitelaw seems to me best.
Euripides . .	Arthur Way.
Catullus . .	Theodore Martin in verse; do not know good prose version.
Virgil . . .	Mackail in prose; Conington or Rhoades in verse.
Horace . .	A. D. Godley in prose; Conington in verse.
Juvenal . .	Gifford.

These translations I know and have found satisfactory—I think these are the authors you enquired about—I daresay you know these and other versions. I suggest them because you ask me.

You know Ross Wharton's Edition of the "Poetics" with a translation—I have found that very good and it is *cheap*. Butcher of course you know. Do you not think that the Third book of Aristotle's Rhetoric and the 10th book of Quintilian edited if I remember rightly separately by Peterson for Clarendon Press—as well as

Plato's *Ion, Phaedo* and *Phaedrus* (though this last is a little awkward) might be considered as well? One other suggestion I would make and that is if the English and Classical curriculum could be brought as much as possible into harmony it would always be an advantage—thus:

Milton . .	Samson.	Greek Drama.
Shelley . .	Comus. Prometheus Unbound.	
Arnold's .	Sohrab and Rustum.	Homer.
Milton's .	Paradise Lost.	Virgil.
Tennyson's .	Idylls, etc.	
Dryden . .		Horace.
Pope . .		
Johnson .	(two satires).	Juvenal.
Gray . .	(two odes).	Pindar.
	and the like.	

These are, however, only suggestions such as have probably occurred to you, and no doubt there would be difficulties in the way.

Thanking you for your letter and wishing you God speed in your good work,—I am, yours very faithfully, J. C. Collins.

A little later he writes :—

51 Norfolk Square,
Hyde Park, W.,
May 19*th* [1901].

My dear Sir,—First let me thank you for giving me the privilege of reading your deeply

interesting and most important paper on the Newer Methods in Teaching of Latin.[1]

I am very glad to hear that some of my suggestions met with your approval, but one thing permit me to say, I am not quite sure whether if in a literary curriculum the choice had to lie between the "Treatise on the Sublime" and the Poetics it would be desirable to substitute the first for the second: this is a question which could of course be left to your discretion. The works are so totally different that it seems a pity that either should be excluded, or that the question should arise whether it must be decidedly the one or the other. I merely submit this to your consideration. If the Treatise is not prescribed as a special book I should have thought a course of lectures on the Principles of Criticism might be based on it. I am glad you think it ought to have a place in a course of advanced literary study, if not as a textbook for students, at least as a series of texts for Lecturers and Teachers. Still I remember Jowett agreeing with me in thinking as I then thought that of the two works the "Treatise on the Sublime" would be more stimulating and suggestive to students of Greek Literature and might be *preferred* to the Poetics. But a knowledge of the Poetics is surely *indispensable*, though that knowledge might be acquired through lectures on the chief points of which it treats, rather than in the minute "getting up" of the Treatise itself. But this whole question, I mean which should be *preferred*, is a difficult one and must be left to the discretion of the teacher. The selection of

[1] Published in Mr Sadler's *Special Reports* for 1900.

works in the Syllabus you send to me seems to be admirable and I have only one suggestion to make on the choice of the English books, and that is that I should have thought Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" and Juvenal's tenth Satire would be preferable to "London," but very likely Prof. Dixon had some particular reason, not apparent, for his choice of "London." There is only one other suggestion which occurs to me. Will you look and get Prof. Dixon to look at "Select Essays by Sainte-Beuve" published by Edward Arnold and translated by Arthur Butler. I got them to do this because I thought the particular essays suggested would be *particularly* useful to students of English Literature. I will write to Mr Arnold and ask him to send you a copy of the work and will you let Prof. Dixon see it —give him my kindest regards,—Dear sir, yours sincerely, J. C. COLLINS.

P.S.—Would not the Sainte-Beuve make a capital text-book for the critical part of the curriculum—consider this when you have seen the book which I hope you will get directly.

He had already then, taken an active interest in the curriculum of the University, long before he had dreamed of being personally concerned in it.

So it is not surprising to find, that no sooner had he settled down in his new position, than he began to "push the Humanities" as a preliminary to getting for the University a Greek

Chair. Needless to say, his newly-found acquaintance is a ready accomplice to whom he writes :—

51 NORFOLK SQUARE,
HYDE PARK, W.,
April 17th [1905].

MY DEAR SONNENSCHEIN,—I am very glad to hear that your "Shakespeare and Seneca" is to appear in the *University Magazine*[1] in which a lucubration of mine[2] also is to make its appearance. . . . And now I want you to do me a favour. I am no scholar nor do I officially represent Greek and therefore I am very delicate about seeming to put myself into prominence in connection with such a subject, nor should I like to take any such step without your sanction and approval. But I do feel this, and I know you do, that we have a fine opportunity for pushing the Humanities in Birmingham and both you and I are heartily at one in believing that such studies must be based on Greek and that we must get this Greek Chair. Now don't you think that a *popular* lecture—say at the Midland Institute on "Greek as a factor in Modern Education" might have a good effect in influencing those who have the purse strings in this Greek Chair business? Looking into one of my drawers I came across the enclosed which I had quite forgotten: it was I remember quite extempore and is therefore rough and unfinished. Will you read it and let me know whether you think something on the lines of it would form the basis for such a lecture. I should not

[1] May 1905.
[2] "The Education of the Citizen."

dream of moving in such a matter unless you think it would be well and are inclined to encourage the idea. Do me the favour then of running your eye over it, let me have it back. I shall be in Birmingham to-morrow, Tuesday, unless I hear the Literary and Dramatic Club dinner is put off—for I've got to propose a toast. If you are at the dinner at Grand Hotel we might have a talk afterwards—for I can't get back to London that night.—Yours ever, J. C. COLLINS.

To-day, December 5th, 1906, at 5 p.m., my scheme for the (Honour) School of English Literature passed the Faculty, present Fiedler as Dean, the Vice-Principal Heath, Sonnenschein, Muirhead, Bévenot—this will I hope be an important step in education.

Professor E. A. Sonnenschein remarks :—

One feature of Collins' scheme of work gave me particular pleasure—the idea that English literature and classical literature should be treated in close connexion with one another. We drew up the scheme of reading in our several departments in common. Among the books which I selected for study in my classes I gave a prominent place to works which ought to be known to all students of English literature ; and Collins gave preferential treatment to English works which illustrated and helped to bring home the inner meaning of the literature of Greece and Rome. The good effects of this arrangement were brought home to me on many occasions ; for example, in the essays written by my students on Roman satire I was often struck

by the insight which they had gained through a knowledge of the English satirists, and similarly in other fields of literature. Co-ordination of the work in these two departments led to a concentration of interest and a real deepening of knowledge.

As a colleague and member of the Faculty of Arts and of the Senate, Collins was conspicuous for the courtesy of his demeanour. His attitude was always conciliatory, and thus stood in marked contrast to his reputation of pugnacity as a critic.

At Birmingham University his name was frequently being confused by the public and others with that of Prof. Walter E. Collinge, the lecturer on Economic Biology. Prof. Collinge relates: "On more than one occasion when I have taken him letters, inadvertently opened by myself, he met me with a parcel containing a turnip, potato, apple or some plant attacked by injurious insects or fungi, exclaiming: 'Why will people send these to me?' I need scarcely say I was just as puzzled by the Professor's communications which found their way into my hands, as he was with mine, supposed clues to murder mysteries, and cryptic telegrams scarcely coming within the province of Economic Biology."

Soon after his appointment to Birmingham, he had the Honorary Degree of D.Litt. conferred on him by Durham University.

46 North Bailey, Durham,
17, iii. 1905.

Dear Sir,—It was my privilege on Tuesday to propose you to the Senate of the University of Durham for the Hon. Degree of D.Litt.

All Hon. Degrees are voted by ballot and there was no canvassing for votes previously, so you may take it that the offer of the degree is the expression of a genuine desire on the part of the University to recognise publicly your distinction as an English Scholar and as a strenuous supporter of the Claims of Literature to be considered seriously.

I said above that I proposed the degree. I did so from the acquaintance which I have with some of your published works; and I was specially urged thereto by a pleasant memory. When I was a boy I read two articles on Tennyson in the *Cornhill* which were written by you. I had no money and I copied the two out—I have the copy still.

I delayed writing to you until to-day in order that the official intimation of the University's purpose might be in your hands first.—I remain, yours very truly, (Signed) H. Ellershaw.

J. C. Collins, Esq.

His personal influence, which dominated his audiences in London, was no less felt by his more youthful and sometimes more boisterous audiences at Birmingham, from whom he gained, however, both respect and affection. This is from one of his students there :—

Professor Collins always had to lecture to large classes at Birmingham, and occasionally the students were not so quiet as they might have been. He never lost his temper, but used to say in a half-serious, half-playful tone of voice, "It is too bad of you to rouse my temper, naturally so sweet." Then laughter followed and quiet.

He always did his best to lighten our work, generally at his own expense. Few of us realised what an enormous amount of work he had to do. I remember going to his private room one day, with a question about my work. I found him writing, papers scattered all around, and as usual, smoking. He did not mind the interruption but drew forward an easy chair asking if I had had a good vacation and was fit for work again. I said that I hoped he also had been taking a rest. "Yes," he said, "I have been lecturing in Germany."

He did not seem able to take a genuine rest at all, and under stress of work he used to slave for fourteen hours a day, off and on. He was a delightful talker and always put us at our ease, for he seemed to treat everyone as his equal. None of us realised that he was subject to such attacks of depression. To us he was always the same, a genial, sunny, simple and sweet-tempered man, who has and ever will have a place in the hearts of all those who knew him.

CHAPTER XIII

HIS INTEREST IN CRIMINOLOGY — THE KIRWAN CASE — A LETTER FROM MISS BRADDON — INTERVIEW WITH ROUPELL — AN EVENING WITH THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT — LAST LETTERS OF THE CLAIMANT — WHITAKER WRIGHT — AN AFTERNOON ROUND THE SCENES OF THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS — THE MERSTHAM TUNNEL MYSTERY — THE MURDER CLUB — THE EDALJI CASE — HIS DETECTIVE STORY

HE had always been interested in the study of crime and criminals, but it was not till 1891 that he endeavoured to take any active part in the study. In that year, he happened to pick up at a bookstall an account of the trial of one William Kirwan, whose wife had been found dead on the beach in a secluded spot. Suspicion attached to the husband, who was tried for murder and sentenced to death, the sentence afterwards being commuted to one of penal servitude for life. Notwithstanding that the events took place in 1852 and in Ireland, he felt so convinced, after reading the account of the trial, that there had been a miscarriage of justice, that he did his utmost to trace the man.

but without success. He merely discovered that the object of his search had been released from prison in 1879, and had then gone to Queenstown, whence he had sailed for America.

In connection with this crime, my father suggested to Miss Braddon that it would form good material for one of her stories. She replied :—

ANNESLEY BANK,
LYNDHURST, HANTS,
25th Oct. 1892.

DEAR MR COLLINS,—It is too good of you to give me permission to keep the documents as long as I like, but some years ago, I was so unfortunate as to lose the Newspaper Reports of a trial for the murder of Mr O'Donnell, brother-in-law to my husband's sister—rather an interesting murder by the way—and thoroughly Irish in character.

The Newspapers were lent to me by my sister-in-law, who attached considerable value to the record, and tho' I had every desire to preserve them most carefully they mysteriously disappeared, and from that day to this, they have never been found. This experience makes me rather anxious to restore any such record, especially as in this case the documents involve a great deal of thought and labour of your own.

I need hardly say that directly I opened the packet I devoured the contents thereof, and I hope you will not think me either wrong-headed or illogical if I confess that my own impression

in the first instance of hasty reading, was adverse to Mr Kirwan. On going through the affidavits, towards the end of the pamphlet, I see, as you do, a grave doubt as to the unfortunate man's guilt. Taking into consideration that the lady was somewhat eccentric in her indulgence of her passion for bathing, it seems possible that he should have remained in ignorance of her proceedings, even at the close of a September evening, tho' I must say, I think in the first instance, no husband would have allowed his wife to be out of his ken, in such a place and at such an hour.

That she may have died in some kind of fit seems certainly within the limits of possibility, and on that ground alone, I quite agree with you that the man ought to have been acquitted. Still, I confess I do not like the man, and that I shouldn't be able to write about him with anything like warmth or sincerity of feeling, nor is the story sufficiently complex and mysterious to afford a strong foundation for a novel.

Your own pen, I am convinced—as a logician and profound thinker—would be much more effective in rehabilitating this unhappy man, and I take it that an exhaustive article upon the story would be full of interest for the reader, while a plain and logical statement of the case would be far more powerful and convincing than any embellishment which fiction could embroider on hard facts.

I have to thank you, dear Mr Collins, for a very interesting document, and one not without instruction for a romance writer. I only regret that my sympathies do not, in this case, coincide with yours, for it would have been a great pleasure

to me to take up a theme suggested by you.—
Believe me, very faithfully yrs.,

MARY MAXWELL.

Tuesday evening.

But it was not often that he took an active part in endeavouring to solve a mystery; he was not so much interested in the crime, as in the psychology of the criminal. An opportunity to see and converse with one who had been the principal figure in a criminal case which had excited his interest, he would not willingly miss. The case of William Roupell the forger had attracted him—chiefly because Roupell had been a man of good position, and had lost his good name and his liberty by confessing to forgeries which would probably never have been discovered.

When, therefore, he heard casually that the ex-forger was living, he contrived an interview, which he records in his Memoirs:—

This evening, Sunday, March 17th, 1895, I met and talked with the famous forger, William Roupell,[1] at a house at Brixton Hill. I was sur-

[1] William Roupell obtained possession of all his natural father's estate by means of a will which he forged. Before committing this crime, he had forged three deeds which he knew would be discovered by his father's executors. To save himself, therefore, and while his father was lying dead in the house, he forged this will (which purported to be a later one than the one already in existence) appointing his mother and himself executors and his

prised to find him a little man—much below the medium height, as from his figure in the trial he appeared tall and commanding. He slightly resembled Swinburne. His moustache and beard and hair were quite grey, nearly white—his nose well formed—a prominent aquiline: the formation of the brow was very overhanging—savouring decidedly of the criminal: but his eyes were not shifty or evasive though not *quite* at ease when they met mine. His voice was very pleasing, sweet and yet strong, his accent that of a gentleman: his manners those of a man accustomed to good society. He talked about his parliamentary life, saying that when he contested Lambeth the Conservative opponent brought a cartload of prize-fighters, his agent brought an equal number of soap boilers men. . . .

He spoke quite freely of his parliamentary life—said he had not been to the University. His arched overhanging forehead—bluish small twinkling eyes deep set in his head, gave him an uncanny appearance, which would have arrested anyone's notice not to his favour anywhere: they looked cunning. For the rest there was nothing in him to attract notice. I could not

mother residuary legatee—the will being apparently witnessed by himself and an old man 85 years of age. The will was duly proved in 1856. As his mother was a mere tool in his hands, he virtually became possessed of the whole of the estate. Having sold all the available property, amounting to between £200,000 and £300,000, and having squandered most of the money, he confessed to the forgeries and was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

At this time he had been released from prison about twelve years, and was carrying on a business as an artistic gardener, being universally esteemed in the neighbourhood.

He died, on the 25th of March 1909, at the age of 80.

help thinking as I looked into his face of his extraordinary career. His expression was kindly, gentle, and contented: there were distinct marks of suffering on his face. . . . He said he heard Thackeray say that people accused him of repeating himself and that his daughters were going carefully through all his works marking anything which savoured of repetition.

Another case which attracted his interest was the famous Tichborne case, and he had more than one interview with the Claimant. Although he had always been ready to be convinced of this man's pretensions, at the last he came to the conclusion that, whoever the Claimant was, he was not Sir Roger Tichborne. At this time the Claimant was in his last extremity and was altogether a pitiable object.

The Memoirs contain the following account of an interview which my father had with him:—

This evening, Thursday, August 5th, 1897, I went to 101 Ledbury Road, Bayswater, to see the Tichborne Claimant. I found him in great poverty. He received me very courteously and heartily and I stayed talking with him from about 9/15 to nearly 12. His voice was soft with a curious mixture of accent, partly cultivated and that a little overdone, and partly vulgar, such as 'ouse, putt (for put), and the like, plainly indicating the two-fold life he had led. His features were very peculiar: forehead, nose, eyes, chin, and jaw quite

those of a gentleman, *almost* aristocratic; his ears were most peculiar, particularly the lobes, which were long and pendulant and flat. His eyes were large and prominent and gouty-looking, somewhat goggly; not shifty but not *always* easily and squarely meeting you; with a curious askance look which, combined with twitching and down-pulled thick black eyelashes, was not captivating; the expression of his face was weary and care-worn. But on the whole his face and expression were not at all bad. He explained that he had drawn up the acknowledgment that he was Orton to get £3000, which was promised him for the confession, for his wife's sake. He acknowledged that it was the great mistake of his life, but added that his identity with Sir Roger was so indisputable that no affidavit or recantation on his part could affect it. He said that he had been a perfect roué, could drink two bottles at a sitting. I told him that what seemed to me to tell against him most was his going to the Ortons at Wapping on the night of his arrival in London: but that he explained quite naturally; also his denying that he had been at Lloyds, but he stuck to it that he had no recollection of having been there. He praised Kenealy very highly. He told several anecdotes about his experiences, but there was nothing remarkable. I asked him if he would live all his life over again *just as it had been*; he said, "I know what you mean," and after a pause he said, Yes he would with all its cares and struggles. I asked him whether during the trial he did not get so muddled that he really did not know *who* he was; he laughed and said, "Oh, I always knew who I was," but added that at times he was

in the state I indicated and hardly knew who he was. I noticed that when I asked about Arthur Orton he was plainly a little embarrassed, and when he spoke of Arthur Orton as one other than himself he was obviously *not* at his ease. I said I remembered what a sensation his confession about Mrs Ratcliffe made: he then became plainly embarrassed, coloured, or rather his colour deepened, & *at once changed the subject.* There was certainly an undefinable attractiveness about the man and a great courtesy, he was plainly a tender-hearted and very good-natured man. The most touching thing about the interview was the great and devoted love he had for his girlish wife and she for him. She looked quite a young girl though she had been the mother of four children, *all* of whom had died. Of course she always spoke of him as "Sir Roger." He said he was so sick and wearied of the trial that the sentence of penal servitude was a relief to him and he really welcomed it. . . . There was somehow but quite undefinable a false ring about his voice when he identified himself with Tichborne—spoke of "my mother," "my tutor," "my life in Paris," etc. He said that the spirit of his mother had appeared to him in New York and told him to be good to his wife (his present wife), but when he told this story there was a curiously insincere expression on his face. Very often in the conversation he avoided looking you in the face, or rather did so half furtively and *very* uneasily. Still I must say that assuming him to be the true Sir Roger all that I saw might quite well have appeared in his manner. A bad man and a blackguard it would be very difficult indeed to

believe him. He said he had no religion. I said I suppose you are nominally a Roman Catholic, and he said, "Oh nominally of course I am, but I believe only in the Law of Nature and in that I do believe." When I asked him where he thought Arthur Orton was he said, "You know, I believe him to be the mad man in the Sydney Asylum," and then he became uneasy.

Some days after, the Claimant wrote:—

101 Ledbury Road,
Bayswater, W.,
Aug. 18*th*/97.

Dear Mr Collins,—Just a line, to say I do not think I shall be here. At the above Address When you return to Town. I am completely done up. I expected to draw a little Cash last Friday —from "Tits. Bits." But found on going to the Office—That Sir George Newnes, had left for His Estate in North Devon. For the Shooting. And would not be back for two Months. The Editor said, My M.S. were now before him, And that He could not act now, without Instructions from Him, So I am left Penyless. I have a good Article Written. No use for "Tits Bits," too long. I have just finished it, 8,000 words. It would go well, in a Weekly or Provincial Paper. Do you think you could get rid of it for me, & Anything you can get for it, Ever so little, would be welcome just now. I fear without something turns up quickly. There is nothing but the Union or Old Father Thames left for me. Such thoughts never entered my Head before. Not even, during my great Trouble. But now I

cannot keep them out of it, Night or Day. The Article. is called The attempted Assassination in South America. If you think you could do anything with it, I will Post it to you at once.

Again thanking you for your passed Kindness. Trusting you are well.—I remain, Dear Mr Collins, yours truly, R. C. D. TICHBORNE.

These are his last letters :—

101 LEDBURY ROAD,
BAYSWATER, W.,
Dec. 10*th*, 1897.

MR COLLINS,

DEAR SIR,—After your past Kindness. I regret I am compelled by dire necessity to appeal to your kind Nature again. Two days this Week, Monday and Wednesday, we were without a bit of Food of any kind. Not even a crust of Bread, And on Wednesday what made it worse we had no Fire.

My illness prevents me going out. On Thursday my Wife gave a Music Lesson. and earned a Shilling. And that is all we have had to live on. I expect to be turned out to-morrow, as we cannot pay our Rent And we owe 25s. now: If you could only spare a Shilling or two—for our immediate wants. I should feel very grateful. Having no means of getting a Stamp. My Wife has kindly consented to walk down with this in hopes of catching you at Home. Without some Kind Friends help me. I fear there is nothing but the Union for me.—Trusting you are well, I remain, yours truly, R. C. D. TICHBORNE.

J. Churton Collins, Esq.

Jan. 21*st*/98.

DEAR MR COLLINS,—Just a line to say we had to leave 101 Ledbury Road. last Monday. Not being able to pay our Rent. My Wife has gone Home to her Mother's. Where she can sleep with her Sisters. There not being a spare Room in the House. I am sleeping anywhere I can get a cheap Bed for the Night. Last Monday I walked about all day, until 11 p.m., Pennyless and Hungry before I was fortunate enough to meet a Friend. At last I succeeded. And borrowed 2s. of him which enabled me to get a Bed. And some-thing to Eat. And so it has been all the Week. We cannot get a Room without paying in advance. We know where to get a Room for 6s. per Week.

They have detained our little bit of Luggage at Ledbury Road, until we pay what we owe. Thus leaving us without a change of anything. I am trying to sell some of my M.S.s. But cannot do so. How we are going to get over to-morrow and Sunday I do not know. A Letter. addressed to the C/o of H. Enever, Esq., 40 East St Baker Street, W., will always reach me.—Thanking You for your past Kindness, I remain, yours truly,

R. C. D. TICHBORNE.

J. C. Collins, Esq.,
51 Norfolk Square, W.

21 SHOULDHAM STREET,
MARYLEBONE,
March 20*th*/98.

MR COLLINS.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for kindness in calling on Mr Enever, who has just been to see us. I shall

be pleased to meet your Friend or self. at the above address on Tuesday, Any time after Noon, as I shall be at Home all day. Excuse bad writing. I am confined to my Bed. and my Hands are dreadfully effected with Gout to-day. No wonder. we have been two days without or nearly so, Food. I can not get about. I have been so ill. But I shall be better to-morrow.

Again thanking you for kindness, I remain, yours truly. R. C. D. TICHBORNE.

J. C. Collins, Esq.,
51 Norfolk Gardens,
Hyde Park.

He died twelve days after writing that letter—on April 1st.

The Memoirs continue:

This morning, Thursday, Jan. 28th, 1904, at 11.45 I saw in his Coffin at the Horseferry Road Mortuary the body of Whitaker Wright. It had been just viewed by the jury and so was in a most advantageous position for inspection. It was in a coffin on tressels without a lid, with a sheet thrown over it. As the door opened, and it was opposite the door, the light of day fell full on it—the waxy yellow in sharp contrast with the pure light. The general impression was a large broad face *most strikingly* coarse & plebeian, not unlike Spurgeon's face. The mouth, which was partially open, as well as the lips, was large and most grossly sensual: the lips looked swollen and were a ruby crimson in remarkable contrast to the yellow face: the chin was mean, with a short, scrubby, grey grizzled tuft

for a beard. The skull was shaved, no hair visible and white. The forehead most mean remarkably receding, except along the frontal bone, where it was strikingly developed, tense and corrugated, as if anxious thought had ploughed so deep that the repose of death could not smooth it out, as though the whole force and power of the man was concentrated there—this frontal development extending about an inch, and then the forehead receded into absolute meanness—and wretched collapse. In the frontal development, and in that alone, was there anything to redeem the features from mere animalism from those of the average low type of petty tradesman or huckster. By the side of his coffin was another containing the corpse of a well known costermonger, known I believe as King Coffee. But I did not see this. . . . The mortuary keeper remarked to me as he took the sheet from the face—"he looks very reposeful." But there was no particular repose about the features, they looked a waxy effigy, the eyes were closed, but closed blearingly as though there was a sort of rheumy ooze plastering under and behind them. Altogether it was a repulsive spectacle, death giving it no sort of dignity or charm. I stayed about five minutes with the corpse.

Yesterday, Wednesday, April [1905], I went round all the scenes and sites of the Whitechapel Murders (the nine, as well as where the trunk was found) with Conan Doyle, Laurie, Ingleby Oddie, & Dr Crosse of Norwich. Dr Gordon Browne was our escort and two detectives also escorted us. In addition to these sites we visited Petticoat Lane,

the Jews' fowl-slaughtering houses, a Dosshouse, and the like places. Dr Gordon Browne, who was concerned in all of them, seeing most of the corpses just after they were murdered, conducting post-mortems, etc., told me these particulars: . . .

He was inclined to think that he (the murderer) was or had been a medical student, as he undoubtedly had a knowledge of human anatomy, but that he was also a butcher, as the mutilations slashing the nose, etc., were butchers' cuts.

There was absolutely no foundation, in his opinion, for the theory that he was a homicidal maniac doctor, whose body was found in the Thames, tho' that is the theory at Scotland Yard,[1] because (1) the last murder, possibly the last two murders, were committed after the body was

[1] Unless Scotland Yard has more than one theory, this theory does not tally with that given by Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., late head of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, who, in his book entitled "The Lighter Side of my Official Life," says: One did not need to be a Sherlock Holmes to discover that the criminal was a sexual maniac of a virulent type; that he was living in the immediate vicinity of the scenes of the murders; and that, if he was not living absolutely alone, his people knew of his guilt, and refused to give him up to justice. And the conclusion we came to was that he and his people were certain low-class Polish Jews; for it is a remarkable fact that people of that class in the East End will not give up one of their number to Gentile justice.

And the result proved that our diagnosis was right on every point. . . . And if the Police here had powers such as the French Police possess, the murderer would have been brought to justice. . . .

Having regard to the interest attaching to this case, I am almost tempted to disclose the identity of the murderer. But no public benefit would result from such a course, and the traditions of my old department would suffer. I will merely add that the only person who had ever had a good view of the murderer unhesi-

found, he was strongly of opinion that the last two were Ripper murders; (2) the murderer was never seen near enough for any trustworthy identification, and Dr G. Browne was absolutely of opinion that they still remain an unsolved mystery. He thought the murderer suffered from a sort of homicidal satyriasis—that it was sexual perversion. The trunk found in Finbury St. in September 1889 which he inspected, had the same incision as was characteristic of the Ripper murders, but it may have been an imitation, and it may have been one of the dynasty of murders—he could not say. Conan Doyle seemed very much interested, particularly in the Petticoat Lane part of the expedition, and laughed when I said "Caliban would have turned up his nose at this." We also saw the house where the Myers were murdered by the man who was executed when Fowler & Milsom were. The inscription about the Jews, "The Jewes are the men that will not be blamed for nothing," was probably genuine, as a portion of the Apron covered with blood, etc., on which the fiend had wiped his hands after the Mitre Square murder was found on the ground just beneath it.

Perhaps his most active investigations were concerned with that affair which horrified the

tatingly identified the suspect the instant he was confronted with him; but he refused to give evidence against him.

In saying that he was a Polish Jew, I am merely stating a definitely ascertained fact. And my words are meant to specify race, not religion. For it would outrage all religious sentiment to talk of the religion of a loathsome creature whose utterly unmentionable vices reduced him to a lower level than that of the brute.

country in September 1905, and which is known as the Merstham Tunnel Mystery. It will be remembered that Miss Mary Money was found dead in Merstham Tunnel, with every indication of having been murdered, by being thrown out of a railway carriage, after having been gagged with a muffler, which had been forced into her mouth. A careful and close scrutiny of the evidence and other particulars elicited from him an article with an analysis of the crime, and with a criticism on the methods employed in dealing with it, particularly dwelling on the scant encouragement shown to witnesses to come forward, and the trying and unnecessary ordeals they are obliged to undergo. The article was published in the *National Review*, Dec. 1905.

It is interesting in connection with this case to note, that his final independent investigations morally convinced him of the perpetrator's identity, a conviction which was shared by Scotland Yard. Though the mystery is still unsolved, and though an arrest has never been made, it is perhaps like many other mysteries, not so much a case in which Scotland Yard is completely baffled as to the miscreant's identity, as baffled in their attempts to obtain legally admissible evidence sufficient to bring the crime home to the guilty person.

In 1903 he helped to found a certain club,

which was called "Our Society"—but known as "The Murder Club." Here we are treading on delicate ground, for the Club is still in existence, is most exclusive, and its secrets as well as its aims and scope, are jealously guarded by its members. I am therefore bound down not to disclose any information which I may possess.

I am indebted to the courtesy of the Hon. Secretary of the Club, Mr Arthur Lambton, for the following exclusive and only information to be obtained concerning it:—

One of the chief interests of the Professor in his later years was a certain dining club which he had helped to found. This club consisted of men who were keenly interested in the study of criminology—(a word by the way he detested). From starting with five other members, Dr Herbert Crosse, and Messrs S. Ingleby Oddie, J. B. Atlay, H. B. Irving, and A. Lambton, it became so successful that within two or three years the waiting list had assumed alarming proportions. The aim of this society was ludicrously misrepresented by a journalist who had never been present at any of its gatherings, and his paragraphs were widely copied in the Press. As for obvious reasons strictest secrecy was the cardinal principle of the club no details can be supplied, but it is violating no confidence to say that Professor Churton Collins was the mainstay as he was the life and soul of the meetings. Here his marvellous memory, his power of dramatic

narration, and his desperate earnestness found full scope, and his rare social gifts made him always the centre of entranced listeners when the conversation wandered—as wander it would—into paths divergent from the main object of the club. Some of the firmest friendships contracted during his latter years were formed at the dinner table of "Our Society." And any member was always a most welcome and fortunate guest in his house. He was ever the most hospitable of men.

Other members of this Club include Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr E. W. Hornung, Mr Laurence Irving, Mr William Le Queux, Mr A. E. W. Mason, Mr Max Pemberton, and Mr George R. Sims.

The last case in which he was actively engaged was the Wyrley Cattle-Maiming Outrage—the famous "Edalji Case." I shall not dwell upon it here. He was not the prime mover in the agitation which had for its object the redress of a grievous wrong done to an innocent man. Its history, if it ever should be written, must be set down in the account of another man's life. For the credit of this reparation of a grave miscarriage of justice belongs to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It may merely be said here that when his friend wrote him the following letter—

UNDERSHAW, HINDHEAD,
SURREY.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—Would you of your charity

cast your acute eye over the enclosed statement. You are probably conversant with the facts and have views thereon. To me, coming fresh to it, it seems a case which calls aloud to Heaven. Will you return the papers to me when read.—
Yours, ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

—it was sufficient for him to enter with all enthusiasm hand in hand into the contest—to rouse Birmingham University and everyone else he could —to devote all the time and energy possible for him, to write an analytical and critical article in the *National Review*, and not to rest till at length justice had been done or rather injustice had been undone. For even now justice has hardly been done, seeing that the unfortunate youth has received no compensation after spending three years in prison on a false charge.

No one can more appreciate the difficulties under which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle laboured than he who reads the voluminous correspondence that passed in this task. For there were serious dissensions in his own camp, which had to be adjusted, before he was able to cope with the mighty machine of the Law.

My father himself had an experience with criminals. One Sunday evening when he and my mother had come in from their usual Sunday walk, they were surprised to see traces of burglars. Shortly

afterwards, these miscreants broke into another house and nearly killed the owner. They were brought to justice by means of a curious old pistol used by one of my mother's ancestors on board the *Glatton* in 1796, which the police found in the mangle of one of the burglars' wives.

My father was sometimes asked why he did not write a detective story, but he would shake his head, remarking that he could not find the time. One day, however, at a small gathering at home in March 1908, he was chatting with Mr A. C. Fox-Davies, when someone laughingly suggested that they should collaborate. The suggestion was instantly taken up by both, and agreed upon; and there and then my father carefully unfolded to his collaborator a plot to its finish, which he had for some time thought over. The book, of which this plot forms the basis, will shortly be published under the title of "Rastchuk's Revenge." As regards the name, Mr Fox-Davies writes to me:—

"This was the title your father gave to his plot. I asked him why he chose it but he had no special reason—simply thought it would be a catching title. I am sorry I never asked him to spell the name, as I don't know where he got Rastchuk as a surname from. The man was to be a Creole with more than a touch of the Tar Brush."

CHAPTER XIV

TASTES AND VIEWS

HE cared little for theatres and places of entertainment. If he had a spare evening, he enjoyed nothing better than to spend it amidst a small informal gathering at home.

To be the centre of a circle of hearers, who were as much delighted in listening to his discourse as he was in talking to them, gave him more pleasure than any entertainment could give him.

But if he was a good talker, he was also a good listener, and there were few subjects in which he could not take some interest; for he was always eager for information of any description.

Mr Walter Crane says :—

With Churton Collins was always an atmosphere of literary distinction and fine culture, which, however, did not in any way obscure his large humanity and genial courtesy.

Of him, indeed, it might be truly said that he bore his weight of learning "lightly, like a flower." One felt that he brought the light of a keen but

kindly intellect to bear upon every subject upon which the table-talk might turn.

His admiration, or one might say his adoration, of Shakespeare's genius made him quick to sympathise with the efforts of those who were making the works of our greatest dramatic poet more familiar to the world by their presentations of his plays. With Mr J. H. Leigh, who was producing with Mr F. R. Benson plays which are less familiar to the theatre-goer, such as "Timon of Athens," he had many interesting conversations. Nor was his interest confined to Shakespearean representations. The beautiful plays produced by Mr William Poel, particularly "Everyman," were such as to draw from him a hearty appreciation. He much admired too the efforts of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, who had been one of the first to recognise the genius of Mr Stephen Phillips by producing three of his plays, though Sir George Alexander was the first to undertake the somewhat hazardous experiment of producing Phillips' first play, "Paolo and Francesca."

Mr Stephen Phillips was at one time a frequent guest at our house, and, when in the mood, was a brilliant talker. He was full of big ideas which he outlined in a vague way with broad touches here and there, his face lighting up with enthusiasm,

as he warmed to his subject. At such times he seemed inspired, and it made one feel that if only these great ideas took concrete form, all the fine work he had hitherto done would appear little in comparison. And he seemed to think this himself. Phillips was averse to meeting strangers, and if they were present, he would generally retire into his shell. Not so my father, who could invariably be drawn to discourse on any of his favourite subjects, and, once set going, his hearers soon became oblivious of the passing hours, till at length they realised with a start that midnight had long since passed and the morrow was well on its way.

Sometimes the conversation at these little gatherings took a lighter turn, and stories of all descriptions were related. If a particular anecdote impressed him, he would afterwards jot it down in his commonplace book. They would form a small collection in themselves. Though many of these have now perhaps reached a ripe old age, there are one or two which, though not new, may not be quite so well known :—

A man was sent to take an inventory of the furniture of a house. As he was gone a long time, he was sought for and was eventually found hopelessly drunk with a whisky bottle, which he had found, by his side. On referring to his book,

it was seen that he had only got down the first item which read: One revolving carpet.

Here is another:—

A certain lady of title presented her husband, much to his delight as well as to that of all the family, with a son who would succeed to large estates. Enquirer: "How is her ladyship?" "As well as can be expected." "Is it a boy?" "No, sir." "Is it a girl?" "No, sir." "Well if it is not a boy and not a girl what in Heaven's name can it be?" Jeames replies with great dignity: "Her Ladyship, sir, has given birth to a hare (heir), and the family is very pleased."

This story, though it may be familiar to many readers, was one of his favourites, and so perhaps can be excused for its appearance:—

A boy is looking at a half-penny peep-show.

Showman (explaining): "The red light on the right represents the Japs, and the green light on the left represents the Russians."

Boy: "What's the yeller light, mister?"

Showman: "There ain't no yaller light. As I said before: The red light on the right is the Japs, and the green light on the left is the Russians."

Boy goes on looking—then after awhile: "But I say, mister, what's the yeller light?"

Showman: "Haven't I told you there ain't no yaller light? As I keeps on telling yer, the green light is the Russians, and the red light is the Japs."

Boy: "But there *is* a yeller light, mister, come and see."

Showman (looking in): "The Lord help me, I'm a ruined man, the bally (showman does not say bally) show's afire."

He was even more attracted by stories of adventure, and when Colonel J. H. Patterson, on returning from Central Africa, related to him some of his experiences with lions, my father urged him to embody these adventures in a book. Colonel Patterson acted on the hint and the "Man-Eaters of Tsavo" fully realised the success which my father predicted for it.

The conversation more often than not, however, veered to literature or to criminology or to spiritualism, the last being a subject in which he was intensely interested and discussed with Mrs William Poel, Mr Douglas Ainslie, and Professor C. E. Wilson.

If there were good grounds for believing in the authenticity of a ghost story, his interest was immediately aroused. Among the stories which may be classed in this category is one which appears, as many readers will remember, in Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's (The Hon. Mrs Alfred Felkin's) "Place and Power"; but it is not generally known that the episode therein described is absolutely true. By her permission I quote

this remarkable story, which will bear an added interest from her letter relating to the incident :—

It was once when he was quite a young man and was fulfilling the duties of a lay-preacher that a strange thing happened to him : at least people generally considered it strange—to Stephen himself it seemed the most natural thing in the world. He had been preaching at a small village in the depth of the country, about ten miles from Silverhampton, where he had made an appeal to the well-to-do farmers of the place on behalf of their fellow Christians in the Black Country, just then suffering great poverty on account of an exceptionally bad time of trade ; and he was riding home alone through the muddy and deserted lanes and byways with the result of the collection in his pocket. As he entered a dark wood, through which he had to pass, a sudden qualm of such intense and unaccountable fear seized him that he alighted from his horse and prayed aloud for Divine protection. While he prayed his fears banished as suddenly as they had come ; he remounted his horse and rode on, supported by an unusual sense of security and exaltation, until he safely reached home.

Some years afterwards a noted criminal, who was awaiting execution in Manchester goal, sent for Mr Ireby. Stephen went to him at once, being accustomed to similar calls ; and the man made the following confession :—

" It is well nigh twenty years since I lay awaitin' for you on your way back from preachin' at Mattingham to knock you on the head and make off with the collection money."

"I remember," said Stephen; "I had it with me in a leather bag in my pocket."

"Well, I made up my mind to fall on you as soon as you'd got into the Brown Coppice, and to pitch your body into the black pool in the middle o' the wood."

"Ah! I also recall a strange fear which took possession of me as I entered the Coppice—evidently a premonition of danger."

"As soon as you'd got clear into the wood you downed on your knees and began prayin'—prayin' for your very life; but I thout nothin' o' that—I wasn't the chap to be frightened off by a bit of prayer, nor by a whole prayer-meetin', for that matter."

"Then why did you not fulfil your purpose?" asked Stephen, with much curiosity.

"I waited for you to end your prayer, and to come nearer to the place where I was hidin' down by the pool; but when you come near enough for me to see you a bit clearer (it were a very dark night, if you remember), I saw as there was two o' you—another man on horseback ridin' alongside o' you; and as I wasn't such a fool as to set upon two men single-handed, I just give up the job and made off the way I'd come."

The following extract from Mrs Felkin's letter will be read with interest:—

It happened to a Wesleyan Minister, who was a friend of the lady who told me—a very dear old friend of mine, who is now dead. . . . The thief of course had no idea that he had seen a guardian

spirit; he merely saw two horsemen instead of one, and feared to attack two men single-handed. I think this is one of the strongest features of the incident: as it proves that—contrary to the commonly accepted ideas of spooks and ghosts—when the supernatural does really happen, it appears absolutely natural. I always maintain that there is nothing horrible in *true* ghost-stories—only in *false* ones.

Besides being a member of the Murder Club, he was a member of another mysterious society called the Ghost Club—the objects of which, presumably, were to discuss and investigate spiritual phenomena.

We have remarked that he cared little for theatres and the same may be said of picture galleries and concerts. He was obviously bored by music in any shape or form, though he did not profess to be; and often when we were children, we would ask him to hum his "favourite" air, in order to hear, with malicious amusement, the discordant strain which purported to be Handel's aria, "Lord, Thou knowest the secrets of our heart."

One afternoon a lady, who is well known on the concert platform, called, and was prevailed upon to play the piano. In the midst of a most exquisite rendering of some masterpiece, a voice, resonant and unmistakable, was

heard coming from downstairs: "Ethel, stop that noise, please." He thought that it was my sister practising! Fortunately the lady was an old friend and understood—and promptly *did* stop.

But if he could derive no pleasure from music, this was to him more than compensated for by his intense love of poetry. Poetry was to him everything that music is to others. He not only loved to read it, to learn it, and to recite it; but just as a person when feeling cheerful goes about humming a tune, and may be even guilty of whistling, so he was constantly murmuring poetry both inside the house and outside. No one ever heard him humming, still less whistling!

Another thing characteristic of him was his love of cemeteries. Whenever he went to a new place, the first spot visited was the cemetery.

He usually knew who were buried in the cemeteries—for, just as he was acquainted with the histories of most crimes of the last fifty years, so he knew the last resting places of all the most notable people in history. He comprised in himself a veritable "Who's Who in the Cemeteries."

This is an entry in his "commonplace" book:—

This day, September 1st, 1891, very well and very happy and contented, for which *Deo gratiæ*. I have completed my works (all except the preface to the second) "Illustrations of Tennyson" and "The

Study of English Literature." I started for a walk to Forest Hill[1] to see Mickle's[2] grave. I found it, and calling on the Rector of the Church (Mr Neame), saw his wife and then himself afterwards, and directed his attention to the inscription which is becoming obliterated. I told him I would contribute to the expense of having it set right, & gave him my name and address in London. He has promised to see to it. Then walked back: so happy thinking of all the blessings God has given me. In the evening I read the "Life of Wilberforce," by his son—how sad—thought how it would be with me if God took from me what He took from him—too fearful to contemplate.[3] It is not possible to conceive a more admirable character—a more perfect type of man than he appears to have been. A happy day this has been with happy thoughts of all those dear ones in London and of my dear Mother.

Though the nature of his work kept him sometimes from home, his thoughts were ever with his wife and family, sharing in their cares and joys. This letter to his daughter, aged eleven, is but one illustration of his peculiarly sympathetic nature.

MY DARLING LITTLE GIRL,—I was so glad to get your letter, and to know that you liked the pine-apple. I was thinking of you all the day you went

[1] Oxfordshire.

[2] William Julius Mickle, the Scotch Poet (1735-1788). To him has been attributed the song—"There's nae luck aboot the hoose."

[3] The loss of his wife.

through the operation and wished I could bear your pain for you. I am thankful to think it is all happily over now—I hope, my dear, you will have no more pain. Give my dear love to mother and to Michal. I want to know how she is going on. I have had a hard day, and am very tired.—Your loving PAPA.

A favourite hobby of his, to which he often devoted a Saturday afternoon, was to visit the second-hand bookshops and look at the books. He usually came away with a load. The consequence was that his library rapidly increased. He certainly obtained many great bargains, and his library was for the greater part filled with a varied and interesting collection. On the other hand, some of these books were not so cheaply bought as appeared at first sight—for he was often attracted by works for which there was little or no demand.

The numbers grew and grew. The library filled; space had to be found in other rooms—more shelves made: then the staircases were requisitioned and shelves set up there.

At last a time came when he perceived that if there were more books to come in—some of those already in must go out. A man from a bookshop was sent for to look at them. The idea was that the man should select what books he wanted,

and state the price he was prepared to give for them, and that those he was not anxious to have, should be given to him at a nominal price. The man duly inspected the pile, which had been prepared for him, and after having finished the examination, the following colloquy ensued :—

" Have you selected the ones you are prepared to offer a price for ? "

" They're no good to me, guv'nor."

" What, none of them ? "

" No, not one."

After a pause somebody interposed saying that there really was no room for the books, and that the man had better have them for nothing. Thoroughly indignant, my father, however, at length consented. The man then remarked: " That'll be half a crown." " What do you mean —what for ? " exclaimed my father in a restrained tone of voice. " For taking them away," said the man. " Leave the house, you impudent rascal," at last roared the justly incensed professor. And so the books remained.

It may be asked whence came this passion for books and literature. He hardly knew himself. In his commonplace book occurs a passage which bears upon this :—

I have been pondering over one or two of the truths which I have, I think, learned from ex-

perience of life. One is that *what* a man is *that* is he born, and that so far as the foundations of character are concerned, education has little or perhaps no weight. I cannot call to mind a single human being who has had *the slightest* influence on me. My *intense* love of literature was inspired by no one, encouraged by no one, influenced by *no one.* It awoke suddenly and spontaneously—my life, my deeper life, has been *essentially* and permanently *solitary.* At school, at College and since it has been quite apart from my surroundings.

My father showed an immense interest in the problems of human mind and character. Attracted by Dr Bernard Hollander's work on "The Mental Functions of the Brain," he made the acquaintance of that author and had many interesting discussions with him on brain physiology and psychology. Dr Hollander tells me that my father used to point to his own mental organization as evidence of there being special centres in the brain for the various elements. For, though he had an extraordinary verbal memory for everything he had read and an excellent memory for dates, yet he had a very poor head for figures and was slow at anything in the way of calculation. This fact seemed to him confirmation of Dr Hollander's theory that the anatomical part of the brain for the memory of words must be separate

from that for the manipulation of figures. He showed also much interest in Dr Hollander's discoveries and demonstrations in hypnotism, as indeed he recognized every effort that might tend to the increase of human knowledge, and he was always willing to help those devoted to scientific or literary research. His critical ability made it easy for him to detect fraud or deception, and therefore he gave more of his heart and soul to help those whose efforts were genuine. When, therefore, Dr Bernard Hollander proposed to found an Ethological Society for the systematic study of human character, my father was at once willing to assist him, and became the first Vice-President of the Society. Many others were influenced to support the movement, including the Right Rev. Archibald Robertson, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Exeter, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, the Ven. William M. Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London, Oscar Browning, Esq., M.A., Rev. Prof. Caldecott, D.D., D.Litt, W. L. Courtney, Esq., M.A., LL.D., Prof. A. F. Pollard, M.A., F.R.Hist.Soc., and Alfred Russel Wallace, Esq., O.M., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. The inaugural meeting in November 1904 was attended by some five hundred people, and the Ethological Society has prospered ever since, and published many interesting and valuable

contributions to our knowledge of the human mind and character.

His astonishing memory, with its vast store of knowledge, was accompanied by a singular modesty and patience towards those less gifted. Whatever question were asked him, however trivial, however much it were one that "any school-boy could answer," he never disconcerted his questioner by even a look, but replied in a manner to make his interrogator pleased with himself for asking it. He always enjoyed being asked questions. It was a good game trying to "stump" him, but it was too one-sided, as he so rarely lost!

What were the things that he committed to memory? The answer would appear to be—anything that took his fancy. Passing a coffee-shop one day, he saw in the window a series of about twenty-five verses of "doggerel" in which the proprietor sought to advertise his remarkable tenpenny dinners, drawing particular attention to the fact of how vastly they had improved on what they had been (apparently under the old proprietor) when—

> "It was not an uncommon occurrence to scoop
> Some two or three blackbeetles out of the soup."

Reading this all through once or twice, he soon committed this "poem" to memory and gave us the benefit of it when he reached home.

Some years afterwards I asked him if he could recall those "Tenpenny dinners at Walkers"; after a few moments of thought, he "rattled off" the verses once more.

Mr Arthur Lambton relates:

One night I happened to talk of famous old Westminsters and he at once ran through a larger list than I could name although all old Westminster boys are supposed to have this at their fingers' ends. When on the subject of Warren Hastings, he leant back and recited two or three pages of Macaulay's essay and then abruptly ended by remarking, "Well, of course that's all very fine writing!!!" On another occasion I had remarked that Dickens had done his best to spoil "Dombey and Son" by making Mr Toots marry Susan Nipper—a most senseless proceeding. He quite agreed with me and then we got on to Carker and we agreed that no writer could touch Dickens for death scenes. He recited Carker's end word for word, and doubtless could have done so in the case of Quilp, Smike, Lord Frederick Verisopht, Bill Sykes, and the whole magnificent gallery. His delivery was so fine that I could feel the engine coming on ME!!! Only once did I see him stumped. We gave him a Neapolitan song, and of course the Neapolitan language is as different from Italian as Spanish. I shall never forget his cry of "horror" as he gasped: "I can't translate it."

A proof of his modesty was shown when a lady, seeing him pick up a Shakespeare from a table,

once asked him, "Are you fond of Shakespeare!" He simply replied, "I love him."

At the same time he was not one to decry all modern literature. It is related that one very foggy night Mr Francis Coutts gave a dinner at White's Club to various literary people. The fog was so intense that two people never arrived at all—one of them was Mr John Lane (this by the way!). After the dinner, one man, in lamenting the wretched state of modern literature, said, "Look for yourselves! Who are the men at the top of the tree? Men like Conan Doyle." Up jumped Professor Collins quivering with indignation: "And why not? I am indebted to Sherlock Holmes for some of the most delightful hours of my life, and 'The White Company' is a Classic."

Though the intention of this book is in no wise to provoke controversy, his views on a certain question have been so misrepresented, and quite recently, that it seems necessary to state here what his opinion of the Bacon-Shakespeare theory was, and always had been. He has dealt most fully with this subject in his book[1] from which the following extract will be sufficient to show succinctly his opinion, and the lines on which he bases his side of the argument:—

[1] *Studies in Shakespeare*, pp. 333-4.

It is not so much by its absurdity as by the absence of everything which could give any colour to that absurdity that the Bacon-Shakespeare myth holds a unique place among literary follies. Its supporters have no pretensions to be considered even as sophists. Their systematic substitutions of inferences for facts and of hypotheses for proofs; their perverted analogies; their blunders and their misrepresentations; their impudent fictions; and their prodigious ignorance of the very rudiments of the literature with which they are concerned could not, for one moment, impose on anyone, who, with competent knowledge and a candid and open mind, had taken the trouble to investigate the subject. Their contentions and arguments, indeed, so far from misleading any sane scholar, produce the same impressions on the mind as Mrs Gamp's curls—those " bald old curls that could scarcely be called false, they were so very innocent of anything approaching to deception "—produced on the eyes of their beholders.

One cannot close this chapter without mentioning his views on the importance of Greek as a factor in education, which were first expressed at length in an address[1] which he delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Gresham College Centre Students' Association, at the Charterhouse, May 21st, 1892.

[1] Fully reported in *The University Extension Journal*, June 15th, 1892. The subject is in part more fully elaborated in his posthumous work—" Greek Influence on English Poetry," edited by Michael Macmillan.

The chief points which he sought to emphasize may be gathered from the following extracts :—

Life, as we all know, is very short, and we ought therefore to exercise the greatest care in selecting those branches of study which will best answer these purposes—such as furnish us with what is at once the knowledge which is most valuable when acquired, as well as likely to have the best moral effect, and to afford us the best means of intellectual discipline. Now in Literature and Art—and let us use Literature in the widest sense, including Philosophy—in Literature and Art it is obvious that the branch of study which best fulfils all these purposes would be the Literature and Art of Greece, whether we regard it as an instrument of culture and discipline in relation to its intrinsic value, or whether we regard it in relation to positive knowledge, or in relation to its historical importance. What the sun is to the physical world, the Art, the Literature, and the Philosophy of Greece are to the world of intelligence, sensation, and knowledge. On our modern Art in almost all its departments, on our modern Literature and Philosophy in almost all their branches, they have left not simply an indelible, but, if I may use the expression, an archetypal impress, and the impress which they have left is the impress of the aristocrats, in the true sense of the term, of the human race. You will always find that it has been on the highest levels of life that the genius of Greece has found sympathy and response, whether in relation to individuals or in relation to nations. As it was from mountain-

peak to mountain-peak that the courier beacon in the "Agamemnon" passed on, so it has been, in the great *Lampadedromia* of civilization, with the torch kindled by the genius of Greece. In the first place, the Greek language is, by general consent, the noblest and most perfect instrument of expression ever moulded by man.

It would be no exaggeration to say that, without reference to the literature of Greece, the development and characteristics of at least two-thirds of what is best in modern literature are, historically speaking, unintelligible. Back always, in tracing almost every branch of literature, back we must go to its source, and we find its source in Greece. True it is, and in some degree unfortunate, that it has been through Roman literature that Greece has affected most the modern world. For what the moon is to the sun, Roman literature is to the literature of Greece.

We could not have had our Romantic Drama, the Romantic Drama of Shakespeare, had not the Attic Drama preceded it. You cannot critically and fully unfold the development of "Lear," "Macbeth," and other plays, till you go back to the Attic stage. Its masters formulated the Drama, and our great Shakespearean Drama is but a modification of their form. It was so in epic poetry. Epic poetry obediently followed their steps. They formulated this particular form of literature for ever. From the Iliad and the Odyssey flowed the great epic of Rome, the Æneid. From them are derived the great epics of the modern world.

The impress left on history by Herodotus and Thucydides has never left it. The Greeks laid, moreover; for all time the foundations of æsthetic criticism, and how such men as Lessing, Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, and others, who in modern times have been competent to gauge the ancients, and industrious enough to acquire the necessary knowledge, have spoken on this subject, we all know. The superstitious reverence which Lessing entertained for the "Poetics" is all the more significant as no man was ever more fearlessly independent of mere authority.

Then in Ethics. I need not enlarge on that. They have laid the foundations of Ethics for all time. The "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, the great systematic work of Aristotle, Arrian's "Discourses of Epictetus," and the "Encheiridion"—these are the sources of the science of Ethics. In Politics, perhaps, we are not so deeply indebted to them. The peoples for whom they legislated were much smaller, they had no idea of representative government, and—what severs their whole teaching on this point from ours—the basis of their legislation was slavery. But I need hardly tell you how many of our most eminent statesmen have been fond of enlarging upon what they owed to the training derived from the perusal of such books as the "Politics" of Aristotle. Such is the historical importance of the study of Greek. These are the advantages which, merely as historical students in dealing with the history and development of literature, we get by a knowledge of the Greek classics. Now I have to speak of this question

from another and an even more important point of view. Our minds should obviously be directed to such branches of study as would be most calculated to remedy or counteract our national and constitutional deficiencies. Now the characteristics of the Teutonic nations have always been very marked. Indeed, they may to some extent be resolved into a sort of constitutional deficiency in the perception of the harmonious, the symmetrical, and the becoming. Our activity, moral, intellectual, and artistic alike, is apt to be distinguished by what the Greeks would call ἀσυμμετρία —a lacking of proportion. Now from this radical defect spring most of our characteristic vices as a nation. You know that Matthew Arnold has analyzed these vices and defects for us. He says that, on the side of beauty and taste we are distinguished by *vulgarity*, on the side of morality and feeling we are distinguished by *coarseness*, and on the side of mind and spirit we are distinguished by *unintelligence*. Now, there is no literature in the world the effect of the study of which is more calculated to counteract or remedy these various tendencies than that of the Greeks. The tone of the Greek as he is represented to us by the characteristic expressions in his literature, is the very reverse of what we know as vulgar, the very reverse of what we know as coarse, the very reverse of what we know as unintelligent, the very reverse of what is unsymmetrical and disproportionate.

Now this symmetry and harmony is their distinguishing characteristic. You have only to look at their sculpture, you have only to look at

their architecture, and what you see in their sculpture and in their architecture you see everywhere. You see in the style of their composition, in the arrangement of their matter, an infallible tact in the art of expression, as a leading characteristic of the Greeks. The Romans, on the contrary, from whom unfortunately are derived, immediately at least, the fundamental characteristics of Italian, French, and English literature, are distinguished by their tendency to rhetoric and exaggeration. They are not anxious for directness and simplicity of expression, for that exact harmony between the thought to be expressed and the style in which it should be expressed. They are too much given to *writing up* their materials. Now the Greek had an infallible tact in expression. What was not calculated for grand clothing did not receive grand clothing. What was simple in idea had a corresponding simplicity in expression.

So we find hatred of extravagance, of excess in all forms. We find the relative position of man and God, which should never have been mistaken, embodied in this: "Being mortal, think as mortals should. Born into life you are, and life must be your mould."

The next thing which I should like to emphasize is this—Reverence. You find that with the Greeks the basis of life and the education of all rest on a quality which no one brings into the world with him—Reverence; a quality which does not come from Nature, but which is the result of reflection and education; and you will

find that their literature is pervaded by this sense of Reverence—

"πάντες δὲ θεῶν χατέουσ' ἄνθρωποι"

—"all men have need of the Gods."

And there is another point which is so truly attractive about the tone of the Greek in ethical matters, and that is, sincerity and absence of cant. Virtues are regarded as the products of simple reason and reflective good sense. The Pecksniff and Chadband elements, which are the shadows of Christianity, and which we owe to the corruptions of Christianity, have no place among them.

Their ethics afford, as it were, collateral security for those truths which in religious education we accept more or less on trust. They have given us the ideal of man—as man for this world is constituted. And if you will consider carefully the character of Theseus which is given in the "Œdipus Coloneus" of Sophocles—if you will read attentively the last part of the "Apology" and of the "Phædo," and the dying speech which Cyrus makes on his deathbed in the eighth book of Xenophon's "Cyropædia," you will recognize that it is impossible for men to rise to a higher height, or to attain a more perfect and beautiful perfection of symmetry in character, than you find there attained.

The last extract given above will perhaps arouse in the reader's mind questions that must for ever be of the deepest interest to all of us. I will close this chapter by giving Mr Lambton's account of a

conversation which once took place between my father and himself :—

Neither your father nor I had spoken for some time when the former said, "What's worrying you, you've something on your mind?" I hastened to deny it, but said that for a long time past I had wished to put a certain question to him, but had lacked the courage. He at once became all attention and replied, "Fire away." So I put my question.

"Do you believe in the Divinity of Christ?" At once came the retort, "I don't know what you mean." "Well," I continued, "it is the usual way of expressing it." He was so long before he spoke again that I feared I had offended him and that the subject was distasteful. At length he took his pipe from his mouth and looking at me asked, "Do you remember sufficient of your Greek to differentiate between ἐκ and ἀπὸ?" Before I could reply in the negative, he proceeded: "In my view Christ was ἀπὸ and not ἐκ θεοῦ. Certain it is that we shall never look on His like again, and that if you model your life on His you can't go wrong." Then getting up he put his hand kindly on my shoulder and said, "Don't worry over the future state. It only brings great mental distress. We have all passed through that stage. If you go through life doing your duty towards your neighbour you won't go far wrong. For this is the first, the last, and the great commandment."

CHAPTER XV

HIS ROBUST CONSTITUTION—HIS LOVE OF AND CAPACITY FOR WORK—HIS ONE AILMENT: ITS FEATURES: THE OPEN AIR BATH CURE

HIS general health was so good and so robust that he was never laid up. A complete loss of voice owing to a cold once or twice kept him indoors, spraying his throat all day with a solution, but otherwise he never missed a single lecture through ill health.

The number of lectures that he delivered cannot have been less than 10,000, often five in a day. It must not be forgotten, too, that all these lectures entailed essays from the students on the subject of the discourse, and not the least part of his work was the perusal of scores and scores of papers through the week, all of which he corrected and marked himself.

And he may truly be said to have revelled in his work. He hardly knew the meaning of the word "tired." He would come home after a hard day's work about eleven o'clock, comparatively quite fresh, have some tea and start his writing till two, three, or four in the morning; or if not

writing, solid reading. In this way he got through a great deal of work. There were not only the innumerable articles which he was continually engaged on, but books which he was either writing or editing. Most of his books involved an enormous amount of labour, though perhaps not so much as many of his readers would imagine, owing to his exceptional memory. But it was when he was not quite sure of his memory that the trouble often began; for he would spare no time or pains to verify a statement. He would sometimes say to me, "Would you mind going to the Museum and finding this passage—it occurs in the works of ——," some obscure author. I would then wade through volume after volume of this obscure author to find perhaps one line. He was, so far as I can remember, never at fault, and delighted when it was found. But, generally, this labour too he reserved for himself. Nothing was too much trouble for him—he thoroughly enjoyed it, as he enjoyed life.[1]

But if he usually enjoyed life, he was not always free from ailments. His great trouble was his "depression." This probably arose from two causes, first, Indigestion, which he continually

[1] As the year of Robert Greene's birth is doubtful, he ransacked the registers of forty-two churches in Norwich to find the entry of his baptism, and found it.

suffered from in a slight form, and secondly, by far the main cause—the strenuous life which he led.

Judging from his case, it would appear extremely difficult to overtax a sound intellect; for though he seemed to be constitutionally unable to give his brain more than five or six hours' rest in the twenty-four, and though the amount of work which he compelled it to do during the rest of the day and night is almost incredible, yet his marvellous memory and clear intellect remained unimpaired to the end. The same cannot be said of the nervous system generally. This depression he had suffered from, on and off, all through his life, and as it was practically his only ailment, and as it presented some features that were not without a certain strangeness, I may perhaps be pardoned for dwelling on it a little. Although the primary cause of the malady may have lain in his strenuous life, the direct occasions were as mysterious to him as they were to everyone else. A particularly hard piece of work would not always be a cause. Even a great disappointment would not necessarily set it up. The fact was, that the depression was purely physical, wholly capricious, and merely *accentuated* by a disappointment, or stress of hard work. He would say, "I have had a 'touch' of my old trouble again. I hope I shall be able

to throw it off." If he were well, and had had no particular mental strain or worry, the depression, after hovering about for a few days, would disappear. But just as a person when he is "run down," is more likely to contract a disease, and especially a disease against which his system happens to possess the least resisting power, so he, after a severe strain or disappointment, left himself more open to the attack of his old enemy. Its duration lasted usually according to its severity—the worst lasting the longest. Sometimes it continued for months practically on end, and would be quite unnoticed by outsiders—certainly he often had a wonderful facility for forgetting it when his mind was occupied by something that interested him. He would sometimes say, "I really don't feel I have the strength to lecture to-day—my brain doesn't seem up to it." He would go feeling utterly broken. In about three minutes after the commencement of the lecture, the worn look would pass away, in five minutes he was completely absorbed in his subject—depression, for the time at least, had entirely gone. On another occasion, when he was suffering from a severe attack, a visitor suddenly called—a friend from abroad whom he had not seen for years—the depression suddenly left him—in a few minutes he was laughing and chatting

as if nothing were the matter. And yet there is no doubt that he suffered greatly.

During his life he consulted several doctors and specialists; they were all of the same opinion; that there was very little the matter with him, but that he should give himself a rest. One specialist said, "Go to the sea-side, lie on the beach all day, look up at the sky and think of nothing." Excellent advice if he could have followed it, but it only annoyed him, "Paying two guineas to be told *that*!" As a matter of fact, he was always worse when he had nothing to do. Undoubtedly his worst year was 1901 when he had two long spells, one lasting for four months and the other for nearly three. He gives a detailed account of his symptoms day by day. It will suffice to give a few extracts, as showing the difficulties under which he did his daily work, when this depression was upon him, and the nature of the malady.

This attack came out quite suddenly and was brought on by the fearful strain of writing the *Daily News* Survey of the Century's Literature on the top of all my other work—this was in December 1900, immediately in Jan. 1901 it suddenly came on at Oxford.

Jan. 23rd, 1901.—It would be impossible for a human being to be more depressed than I am, not a ray of hope is discernible, the future and its work is shuddering horror to me to contemplate.

I note as a strange fact that this state has taken the place of the dyspeptic discomfort I used to feel after a full midday meal.

Jan. 25.—Went to Hayward's Heath depressed and wretched beyond expression . . . the future here seems of no account, no hope. . . . This I note, that whatever had been my position the suffering would, I fear, have been the same; it has no connection with any disappointments or failures. Got to London, called on Passmore Edwards, and got him round to give the scholarship. My spirits rose like a balloon and all the evening was happy and contented. When will next fit come on—will record. Not long to wait. Saturday got through very comfortably. But on Sunday afternoon a very bad attack, as bad as ever; slightly better later in evening. Got up on Monday much better and gave my lecture at Brondesbury as well as walked there in very much better spirits. Am now on my way to dear old Watts' funeral—sad though this is, I am not morbidly depressed. Day got through with tolerable comfort.

Tuesday, low and depressed . . . much better in evening, when I lectured at Croydon . . .

Another week of mingled depression and cheerfulness, the latter predominating, thank God. . . .

Thursday, Feb. 20, woke up for the first time not depressed, and have rapidly mended since. . . . Went on all right till 6th March, when suddenly had a fearful attack; miserable all day, and about 6 p.m. in agony for about two hours and

a half; relieved after being sick; then got pretty right again.

March 8.—Rather restless dreams—in early morning a *frightful* attack, one of my very worst, nearly distracted, Pauline and Laurie did all they could to cheer me . . . am now much better.

March 23rd.—On the whole the disease milder. . . . This day arrived at the Spa, Clifton, ill and miserable . . . oh, the dumb, dull misery of the afternoon, though wife and Ethel and Dr Daniel have done their best to cheer me . . . *Very slightly* better as the day got on: better still at night. . . .

Thursday, April 11.—Woke as usual, *wretchedly* depressed, but got much better as day went on, and in afternoon when Dr drove us out felt very much better.

. . . . . .

About this time he writes to his brother:—

CLIFTON GRAND SPA,
BRISTOL,
April 14th [1901].

MY DEAR HARRY,—I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but as usual have deferred and deferred for one reason or other, and the time has run on. So now I will send you a budget of news and will begin with myself. For the last six months or more I have had an awful time—a sheath of melancholia has got hold of me, draining my whole life of all joy and "lilt" and elasticity:

my sufferings have been quite awful and God knows how I have managed to get through my work, but I have got through it, through every iota of it, nor lost one guinea. If it hadn't been for my dear ones here at home I couldn't possibly have struggled against it. . . . I fancy this horrible thing must be hereditary—do you know whether any ancestor suffered in this way, I fancy our father did. Things got so bad three months or so ago that I went to the greatest man on brain and nerve disease, Sir William Gower. He thoroughly overhauled me, and said that I was perfectly sound organically in brain, liver, heart, etc., and that the malady was purely functional; he said if I did not smoke so much and gave up literary work at night I should be all right. Ten days ago Dr Daniel (more about him presently) thought that if he, Pauline and Ethel came down here with me, things might be put right. Pauline said last night that on the day I came here I literally looked at least seventy-five years of age, and I felt it; but now I look about forty-five; and indeed the change has done me much good. My book[1] has, I believe, been a success, certainly all the reviews and newspapers are full of it, as you will no doubt have seen—but it gives me no pleasure, dull indifference is all I feel. Even a really great thing I have done, I mean in its effect, gives me no corresponding joy. You will be glad to hear this. You know that for years I have been trying to get our Universities to encourage and promote the Comparative study of the Ancient Classics and English Literature. Well, I have succeeded in

[1] *Ephemera Critica.*

persuading Passmore Edwards to endow a University Scholarship of £50 a year "for the encouragement and promotion of a study of English Literature in connection with the Literature of Classical Greece and Rome," and Oxford has *practically* accepted it, though its formal and official acceptation will not be announced till the University Council meets after the Easter Vacation. So you see, my dear old fellow, your brother will not have lived in vain, but long after I am in my grave this University Scholarship will go on testifying to my sound contention about the way in which the University should study English Literature, and though no one will know anything about me, in connection with it—*the thing will be done*, a cause of immense importance to education will be served. You have doubtless got my book by now in the usual way, and you will see at the end of the Essay on English Literature at the University a plea for this Scholarship. So you see I ought to be joyful, but nothing seems to be able to eradicate the thick cloud of gloom which wraps my life and makes existence and work such fearful burdens. Enough about myself—and too much. . . .

Daniel is a bright spot in our life: a really excellent fellow. [Then come family affairs.]

Dr Ronald Daniel, who is here referred to, was then our medical adviser. When, not long afterwards, he left London and bought a practice at Oulton Broad, my father was attended by Dr Owen Pritchard who was, and still is, medical

adviser to many literary men of distinction, and therefore understood the nervous temperament which often belongs to men of letters.

The Memoirs continue:—

April 28.—At Oxford, very pleasant time.

April 29.—A little, not acutely, depressed and that in spite of the English Literature Scholarship being announced.

. . . . . .

I note the change to Oxford has done me no good.

. . . . . .

I must add that for the last week I have been better in the mornings. I mean no intolerably acute attacks.

. . . . . .

Thursday, May 2.—Dreary thoughts about the future . . . only solace thoughts of dear ones at home. What I seem to have got is the power of doing my work faithfully and thoroughly without the support of good spirits and the old keen love of work—the cheery elasticity and "lilt" which used to carry me along so bravely and happily. I suppose it will never come back again: perhaps it will.

. . . . . .

[I may mention that during the whole of this time there have been innumerable reviews of my books. . . . Neither the favourable ones, nor the unfavourable have had the slightest effect on my spirits—the one giving me no pleasure, and the others no annoyance, complete indifference . . .

two, I answered because my reputation for honesty and competence was at stake & I thought I owed this to those at home.] For one thing I am most grateful—more than once it seemed that I should utterly break down & not be able to carry on my work, particularly the unprepared lectures on Ruskin & Euripides, but I have thoroughly & competently done every scrap.

Since May 23rd to June 7, present date, I have quite regained my former state—all depression having passed entirely away—spirits uniformly cheerful. . . . The strange thing is that there has been no reason at all for the change nor has it been aided by any means in my power. The one thing which I have certainly found to be beneficial was a cold plunge in the morning. . . . This attack has shown me that what I have been suffering from was a disease as much out of my power to prevent or cure as any other physical disease could be. I have no defence from it in myself—in my own will-power. It may, I feel, attack me again and I shall be helpless against it—the will power merely consisting in the power of bearing the malady and in not allowing it to interfere with my work, but under the strain of its misery I am and probably must be purely passive. How purely unconnected with any cause such an attack is, is shown by the fact that though towards the end of June I had real cause for depression, I had no depression at all.

. . . . .

July 3.—Very bad attack in the morning—all seems coming back again.

July 4.—It is so, it has all come back again.

Then the record goes on as before: he goes to Cromer and has "one of the most frightful if not the most frightful day in my life." He says, however: "It seems clear that the sea-breeze has an appreciably good and direct effect on my malady, *does soothe* tho' not drive it away. Have slept excellently at nights, going to bed between 10 & 11, and sleeping almost at once till morning."

He then goes to Oxford: "flashes of happiness occasionally irradiate the gloom or sombre grey of existence." He then begins to improve.

Aug. 30.— . . . The change has undoubtedly done me much good. . . .

Sep. 23.—Had a fortnight's visit to Shapwick—got on very well and happily till about four days before I left—depression then recommenced; I left for home and have had a terrible time again, the Fiend quite laying hold of me again.

Have therefore determined this morning to try what getting up at 6.15, & having a bathe in the Serpentine before breakfast will do. . . .

Sep. 24.—Had my first bathe in the Serpentine at 7.20 this morning: did me immense good. . . .

Oct. 7.—I have bathed regularly every morning but one, and it has simply cured me completely of all my depression. I have ever since been perfectly happy and contented, not a jot of depression near me. I never dreamt I could recover so com-

pletely. What a change, a blessing! I believe it was this bathing.

Oct. 16.—Bathe nearly every morning, health & spirits splendid.

End of 1901.

It is now Jan. 24th, 1902, & since the last entry Oct., 16, I have not had *one moment's low* spirits or depression. . . . The same now. I write this on Hampstead Heath, June 27th, 1903.

As the winter came on, he gave up going to the Serpentine, and had his cold bath at home. Soon, however, he was obliged to give this up too, as the cold water began to set up rheumatism. However, his cure was for the time being complete. He was his own cheery self again.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DEATH OF CANON HARFORD—PARKHURST PRISON —SIR A. CONAN DOYLE—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—AN AFTERNOON WITH MR WILLIAM WATSON—THE ODE—THE STORY OF MR WATSON'S "BEST LINES"

ON Nov. 11th, 1906, my father writes in his "commonplace" book :—

Last night, Nov. 10th, 1906, as I was on my way back to De Vere Gardens[1] from the Athenæum Club, it struck me that I would look in on my old friend, Minor Canon F. K. Harford,[2] in Deans Yard. Mrs Smith said I

[1] He and those of the family then at home were temporarily staying at the Prince of Wales Hotel, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, prior to moving to his last home, 8B Portman Mansions, Baker Street.

[2] Minor Canon of Westminster—also an accomplished linguist, composer of music, sculptor and poet.

He boasted that he could make an impromptu rhymed verse from any word suggested to him :—

* A genuine rhyme for Kennedy?
Just wait a minute,
There oughtn't to be any di-
ffi-cul-ty in it.

* What! No one ever found a rhyme for month?
Let me but lisp I'll give it you at wunth:
If Jo dare laugh—I'll say that he's a dunth.

* Afterwards published in a book: "Epigrammatica," Hy. Sotheran.

have very bad news for you. But I had heard this so often before that I took little heed. But by and by she lighted a taper and took me up to poor Harford's room studio—a very piggery, where all in the dark he was lying propped up on pillows, perfectly unconscious, apparently moribund; she held the taper to his face: his mouth was open: his eyes closed looking as if they were glued together. I took his hand and felt his pulse which was very feeble tho' his hand was warm. I tried to get him to speak, but in vain. This afternoon, Sunday, Nov. 11th, I called again with Dr Wright, my friend. He had rallied slightly in the morning and had said, "Tell the King I give him my blessing"; he had also asked her to read the lesson for the day and to hold his hand. When we saw him he had relapsed and was totally unconscious: breathing very quickly & his pulse very feeble, his feet cold, his hand and cheek also. I felt his cheek. Dr Wright said he was plainly dying—thought he would not last the night, the case was quite hopeless. Poor dear old Harford—he was nobody's enemy but his own—truly an extraordinary and unique man. When I got this morning, Monday 12th, to the University (Birmingham) there was a letter from Wright, "Canon Harford died last night at 7-20 when we were at dinner." That would be about one hour and three-quarters after we left him. *Requiescat in pace.*

---

* Come, James; at rhymes you're always bold,
Do find us one for Lubbock.
"I can't, becauth I've taken cold, and cot it id by stubbock."

* *Ibid.*

Wednesday, Dec. 26th, 1906. Went with Donkin to Isle of Wight to see Parkhurst Prison: had a pleasant journey. Next day visited the Prison—saw it thoroughly—sat with him while he heard the Convicts who had any complaints or requests to make: most interesting. Saw all over the grounds and in fact the whole thing. Returned to Pier Hotel Ryde: Dr Archdall Reid dined with us and had long talk till nearly 1 A.M. Visited the Prison again—saw this time the Weak-Minded. On Friday at five we left for Conan Doyle's at Hindhead. Motor met us—rather frightened me by the speed with which it raced along the narrow snow-covered road. Had a delightful time with Conan Doyle who is on fire with the Edalji case: going to deal exhaustively with it in the *Daily Telegraph.*

Besides their common interest in the Edalji Case in particular and in criminology generally, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says: "His tastes and mine ran close in literature and many passages which I could vaguely indicate he would recite right off. There was one prodigious tour-de-force.

'Can you recall,' said I, 'Napier's account of the Fusiliers at Albuera.' He thought for a moment and then started right off on that fine rolling passage. I knew it well enough to miss one fine sentence and I recalled the purport of it. He harked back, picked up the missing sentence, and went on to the end, covering, I daresay, two-

thirds of a printed page entirely from the memory of having read it years before. I think the dignity of diction which he possessed was one of his most striking attributes. I have often thought that Dr Johnson's style must have been somewhat the same. It was slow, sonorous, measured, with a volume of sound and meaning. The most ordinary incident became impressive from his lips. His memory too excelled anything I can remember.

He had a great heart for any case of oppression. It made him quite frenzied with indignation, for he had a fine sense of justice. Yet he weighed a case well before he went into it."

The next entry in his Memoirs is concerned with a *séance* which he attended. On the subject of spiritualistic phenomena his mind was quite open, and he had a genuine interest in the search for any true manifestations of this kind. Some time before going to this *séance* he had made a compact with an intimate friend, named Alaric Watts, that whoever died first would do his best to appear to the other in some form at a particular place in Oxford, where the compact was made. Watts, who was a confirmed spiritualist, died first, and though my father for his part held to the agreement and kept a lonely vigil in the dark at the appointed place, the spirit of his friend did not

manifest itself in any way. Far from discouraged, my father was all the more eager to get into communication with his lost friend by methods which are supposed to produce more successful results. And so he went to a *séance*. I am, unfortunately, not at liberty to print his account of it, as several distinguished people were present, and his remarks on their credulity, as well as on the proceedings, are more forcible than polite.

All who knew him will remember that he could express himself very forcibly on occasions, and were unwilling to expose themselves to his wrath. One evening the conversation turned upon the less frequented country walks, and my father remarked to Mr Max Beerbohm that he had been reading his Essays, and was much interested in Prangley Valley which is there depicted in glowing terms, adding that he intended taking my mother there for one of their Sunday walks. "For Heaven's sake, don't do that," said the alarmed "Max," "I have had a letter about that walk from an enraged colonel, who, after wandering about for three hours in the broiling sun, with two ladies, failed to find the place. And that for a very good reason," continued "Max", with a twinkle in his eye, "there aint no sich place!"

After this digression, let us return to the Memoirs, where there is the following account, as

given by an old soldier, of the famous charge of the Light Brigade:—

This afternoon, Saturday, Jan. 12th, 1907, I had a long and interesting talk with Wilsden,[1] one of the survivors of the Balaclava Charge. He told me many interesting things. In the ride through the valley to the Russian Batteries he said he never felt happier in his life: no fear or thought of death, glad animal joy. He couldn't remember that he exchanged any words with his pals as they swept along: they were shouting Hurrah! and such interjections: the roar of the artillery was fearful and rang in his ears painfully for six weeks after: the valley was full of drifting smoke from the guns so that at times they could hardly see anything and hardly knew where they were. When they arrived at the guns & could speak, the men were full of jokes and jests and profanity, cutting down the Russians with "You are done for old chap." "That'll do for you, old Bono," said one man as he slit a Russian's or Cossack's skull in two. Wilsden said the swords they fought with were so blunt that they made no impression on the Russians' coats—the edge of the swords being as blunt as the backs: he saved one comrade's life by plunging the point of his sword through a Russian's throat; how many he killed or wounded he did not know because the horses trampled them under: the language of soldiers in action is, he said, horrible. As they rode back he passed Lowe, who offered him some brandy and shook hands with him, but he refused the

[1] H. Wilsden is still alive and is living at Oxford where this interview took place.

brandy taking it afterwards. One of his comrades said, "I have just rode over Captain Nolan, who was lying dead with a revolver in his hand." "Why didn't you stoop down and take it?" said another.

Wilsden was *most* modest about himself & scrupulously accurate, constantly saying, "I cannot remember now." The good old fellow was puzzled with Kinglake's Plans, but by degrees with pleased exclamations made them out. He said a French soldier broke out of Camp and joined them that he might share in the most glorious affair in warfare, and that some butcher dressing himself in regimentals did the same.

On Friday, April 26th, 1907, he went to Clifton to give an address on Crabbe to the Dialectical Society at the invitation of Prof. Cowl, who had formerly been his assistant lecturer at Birmingham. On the following day he received this letter from which arose the subsequent interview recorded in his Memoirs :—

CLIFTON, BRISTOL.
Friday Evening.

MY DEAR COLLINS,—I find that I am unexpectedly able to ask you to share my midday crust to-morrow, & it will be a great pleasure to see you here & have a talk. I have been out of sorts all day, else I should have tried to look you up. I have had a worrying squabble with a provincial Lord Mayor, & though it will probably amuse you a little it has upset me. Whereof

more anon. I should like to come over about one o'clock to-morrow & pilot you hither, but I am so out of condition that I had better not undertake it. It's only some 12 minutes' walk from where you are to this place. Your wit & wisdom will be the best of medicines for me—(though that sounds a poor sort of compliment !).—
Ever Yours, WILLIAM WATSON.

On Friday, April 26th, 1907, I gave an address on Crabbe to the Dialectical Society. Having lost my MS. I had to apologise to the audience and give an extemporary lecture; however it went off excellently. On the following day I went to lunch with William Watson who happened to be staying in Clifton. He was delighted to see me, and we lunched. He told me of a ridiculous affair he had had with the Lord Mayor of Liverpool. He had received from that functionary a most courteous and tactful letter, requesting him to do Liverpool the honour of writing an ode to be sung on the occasion of the seven hundredth anniversary. He consented, wrote the ode, and then, to his amazement, saw in a Liverpool paper, dated the 7th day after the reception of his ode, that a reward of five pounds had been offered for the best ode on the occasion. In great fury he telegraphed for his ode back again; then came the explanation that the ode advertised for was a Processional ode and had nothing to do with his. However he insisted on getting his ode back, & when the Lord Mayor telegraphed at great length asking him if a gentleman representing the Liverpool Committee might wait on him, he simply telegraphed No. The matter eventually

ended in a happy manner, but not before several telegrams had passed, on one side at least in most sensational language! We had very interesting talk. He told me of a visit he had paid when a boy of 16 to Tennyson at Farringford. How he got a note in response to a request for an interview saying that Mr Tennyson would see him at 12 o'clock the next day. How at that time Hallam[1] received him; talked very pleasantly & then showed him up into Tennyson's study. He was then writing Queen Mary at a window looking on to the beautiful garden and scenery. Tennyson advised him not to throw himself into literature, but to make it a recreation, warning him against publishing too early, saying, "They are always bringing my early poems up against me." In the course of the conversation Hallam, who was sitting dangling his legs from a table, struck in & said, "Why, Robert Browning gets only £200 a year from all he writes." Tennyson then, without saying a word, looked up in a slightly reproachful way at Hallam as if about to say that a fact like this is not for the ears of a young man. Tennyson treated him, he said, most kindly & courteously, and he had nothing but the most pleasant memory and impression of the old poet. In the course of our conversation, Watson told me some interesting particulars about himself. His father was Teutonic, a pure practical business man, caring nothing about poetry or literature and angry with him for his showing no capacity for business, which caused much friction between them: but he was grateful to remember that his father paid all expenses for the publication of his two first

[1] The present Lord Tennyson.

volumes of poetry, which were a dead loss to everybody concerned. His mother was Celtic, emotional and poetic. She knew the Bible, Job, the Psalms, the Hebrew Prophets almost by heart, and would repeat whole chapters; not that she was at all pious, but simply because of her literary enjoyment of the Bible: its phraseology, its style, its rhythm. All his poetry came from his mother. I asked him about his Classical strain. How did he acquire it? Did he get it from any ancestor? Then it came out that his mother's father, who was a perfect ne'er-do-well in business affairs, thriftless and poor, was, though in an humble walk in life, and never regularly educated, a most accomplished scholar, teaching Latin in the village where he lived. Watson said he knew nothing about him except from vague report; but he thought it very likely that he got the classical strain from him. Then going on to talk of the mysteries of heredity, he said that he and his ancestors on his mother's side belonged to Wensleydale in N. Yorkshire, going back for many generations as yeomen. That, that was a Roman Settlement. That his own cast of features was absolutely Celtic with a strong Roman tinge, especially his nose; and that is true. We had much interesting talk about symbolism in poetry, & I gave him my view of the "Tempest," with which he was much struck; and had no doubt there was a good deal in it. He spoke very modestly about his poetry, and when I asked him whether in reading it long after it was composed he saw other meanings in it than he was conscious of a desire to convey when he wrote it, he said, No. He spoke of the immense labour his poems cost him as he

elaborated to the utmost. I asked him why he was writing so little now. He said, because of the labour work costs me; just exactly parallel to what Gray said to Bonstetten. We got on poets and talked a good deal of Pope and Dryden, and giving Pope's line in his dedication to Lord Oxford in his edition of Parnell's poems—

> When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,
> And all the oblig'd desert, and all the vain—

which he greatly admired as flowing so easily and being free from excessive brilliance and fatiguing antithesis. . . . He emphasized And all the Obleeged desart: and then went on to notice how "desert" in our old poets always sounds "desart." I gave him one or two quotations.

He is a manly, simple, hearty fellow, remarkably courteous, hospitable and kindly: and this is what I have always found him. He is wholly & absolutely devoid of vanity or side. On the contrary singularly modest, and this gives him a great charm. It certainly is difficult to associate his personality with what he is as a poet. His speech & manner give no indication of what is in his poetry. One of the things he said, when we were talking about allegory, was, that Hutton in the *Spectator* assumed that the Prince's quest was an allegory, and made himself an excellent allegory out of it; but Watson said there was absolutely no allegory in it, and that he was too young and inexperienced and too much under the spell of mere sensuousness to invest it with such an allegory as Hutton found in it; and that, he says, makes me distrust allegory. He told me that what gave the turn to his whole life and turned him from merely sensuous

poetry, which up to that time had wholly appealed to him, was six weeks with Shakespeare, which he read day and night incessantly, always having a volume with him: that got him into a sphere where Keats and Coleridge seem like toys and flimsy candles, so that for a time he could not read them, they seemed so little. When I asked him to what poet he owed, he thought most, and out of whom he had got most for himself, he said, "Well, I suppose Wordsworth," but that Wordsworth was always revolting his artistic sense. He is often so cumbrous, dull, prolix, & diffuse.

We parted just opposite 64 Oakfield Road, where I was staying with dear good Cowl, at or about 5.35. He gave me a very long gripped and hearty lingering handshake, the light falling on his bronzed semi-Celtic, semi-Roman features, for that is just what they are, and he said, "Our friend Lane is going to get us together when he comes back from America, which will be in about a fortnight, and we will have Pritchard," and I said, "Yes and Coutts. Farewell." Why I have jotted down all this I know not, but I have had a sort of impulse to do so.

In 1904 Mr William Watson composed an Ode to my father which runs as follows:—

TO JOHN CHURTON COLLINS.

Collins, that with the elect of Greece and Rome
Dost daily in familiar converse dwell—
Have I not sat, long after bell on bell
Hath tolled the noon of night from spire and dome,
To hear you summon from their shadowy home

The laurelled ghosts obedient to your spell?
Bards from the fields of deathless asphodel,
And one with locks white as the Chian foam.

Oft be it mine, at your fireside, to meet
The phantoms that assail not, nor alarm;
The gracious lyrist of the Sabine farm,
Coming cool-thoughted from that green retreat;
Or loftier Mantuan, more divinely sweet,
Lord of the incommunicable charm.

The following anecdote, which has the additional merit of being true, appeared in *The Times*:—

On a certain occasion he was deploring the fact that at present there was little or no literature of a permanent classical character being produced in England. One of his hearers raised the question whether Mr William Watson's poetry did not deserve this rank. The Professor demanded an illustration and the lines—

"Beyond the fateful wave which from our side
Sunders the lovely and the lonely bride
Whom we have wedded, but have never won"—

were quoted. Upon this Churton Collins gave a look of gratification, and said—"My dear fellow, I shall tell William Watson the first time I meet him that one of his admirers considered those the best lines he had written. I am partly responsible for them. The poem, as it first appeared, was without any lines about Ireland. It was I who persuaded William Watson to insert them, so I claim a part in the lines which you regard as among the most perfect lines written by any living poet."

CHAPTER XVII

THE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

THE last scheme in which he was engaged was a scheme for a proposed school of Journalism. The general idea was that the Universities (excluding Oxford and Cambridge) should add to their existing "schools" a new "school" in which students could take a diploma or degree in subjects which would especially fit them for the journalistic profession.

His first references to this are :—

Yesterday, June 5th, 1907, I took the first step towards a scheme for instruction in journalism at the University : had a talk with Fiedler, Ashley and the Editor of the Birmingham *Daily Post*—all of them most sympathetic. I hope something will come of the idea.

This day, July 2nd, 1907, Tuesday, at a meeting of the Senate, my proposal for a School or Diploma in Journalism was passed without opposition, and a Sub-Committee consisting of the Principal, Ashley, Kirkaldy, Sonnenschein, Masterman, Frankland & myself was formed to draw up a scheme : we have our first meeting next Thursday : this may be the beginning of a "big thing"—the first organized

University instruction in Journalism in England. *Deus sit propitius.*

To-day, Monday, October 28th, 1907, we had a meeting about the School of Journalism. . . . Joseph Chamberlain had expressed himself as interested in it, though he would not write a letter, as Neville Chamberlain in a letter to the Principal said; he also was strongly in favour of the project. It was resolved that the University should take it up, and the Principal and Vice-Principal are going to draft a scheme out of mine, so that it may work in with the studies of the University, as much as possible. The great difficulty is money. However, the scheme has this day advanced a good step.

As the whole idea is set forth in detail in an article[1] which appeared early in the following year, it will not be necessary to state it here at any length.

The following extracts will give some idea of its purpose:—

Everything points to the fact that a time has come when, after reconstruction or modification has done its work with other academic curricula, an entirely new curriculum should be instituted. It should be essentially modern; its aim to initiate young men in all that directly pertains to the duties and interests of citizenship in the widest and most comprehensive sense of the term, and

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1908: "The Universities and Journalism."

in all that conduces to a full and intelligent appreciation of what such duties and such interests involve. It should lay stress on modern English History since the Reform Bill of 1832, with special reference to politics and social questions, such as the development of the democracy, social legislation, and the history of British institutions; on Modern European History during the last fifty years with special relation to what has recently and still is chiefly occupying the attention of the leading countries of Europe, politically, socially, economically, their mutual relations, their institutions, their territory, their population; on Colonial History, which should include not only the history of the development of our Colonies, but practical information about their present state and position, their relations to Great Britain . . . ; on political philosophy, to be studied principally in Burke, De Tocqueville, Bentham, Mill, Maine, Bagehot, and such modern authors as are generally prescribed, and this should also include such works as treat of the practical duties of citizenship such as we find in the series edited by Sir Henry Craik; on political economy, with special relation to British industrial development and economic problems of current interest and importance; on the elements of finance, including national and municipal taxation, public debts, the budget, and the like. . . . The present condition of at least two-thirds of what claims to be journalism is, considering the high degree of intelligence possessed—thanks to our improved system of elementary and secondary education—by people generally, not only a national disgrace to us, but simply unintelligible. It can only be

explained on the theory that editors and caterers for popular newspaper entertainment are indifferent to everything but 'smartness' and the knack of what the Americans so happily describe as "effectually slinging ink"—effectually, that is to say, in the New York and Chicago sense of the term. All conscience, whether moral or intellectual, seems to have disappeared, being neither possessed nor indeed affected by those who scribble, or either desired or expected in them by those whom they entertain. . . . Why, it may reasonably be asked, should it be the only calling for which no education is needed, and for which no credentials are required. . . .

Many of our leading editors and journalists were with him as to the desirability of such a school, though they saw difficulties in the way of promoting it. These difficulties he had all but surmounted just before his death. But as the scheme has not been dropped, it may be of interest here to give the opinions of a few of those who should be competent to judge on such a matter.

Mr W. L. Courtney wrote:—

My dear Collins,—For myself, I have always thought that a school for journalists would be a considerable advantage, and I am pretty certain that editors would look favourably on the scheme, especially if it was controlled by a place like Birmingham University.

What happens nowadays is that the two qualities most desirable for a journalist (mental

acuteness and knowledge) are rarely found in the same person. The sharpness is generally found in the man who has worked his way up from office boy and reporter. The extraordinary and lamentable effect of knowledge sometimes is that it destroys, or at all events over-lays, the natural gifts. If your scheme can meet this difficulty—and I think myself that it can be met—I cannot help thinking that it will be of great service to the community. At all events, you have my best sympathy in the project. The desirability of the scheme, I think, is obvious, and also the chances of its finding favour with the editors. Unfortunately all turns on the second question you ask—the feasibility. But it is an experiment well worth trying.

Mr Clement Shorter wrote :—

My dear Churton Collins,—I do not think any practical man who is engaged in journalism would give any support to your scheme of making journalism part of a university career. Doubtless, English literature, modern languages and political economy ought to be known to the journalist, but his best university is a newspaper office, and in any case the journalist is born, not made. The subject cannot be taught.

Answering your three questions, then, I do not think that the project is particularly desirable: I do not believe it to be feasible: and I do not believe that any London or provincial editor would engage a man on the strength of his having been through a course as you describe.

Mr H. W. Massingham, editor of *The Nation*, wrote :—

Dear Professor Collins,—I write to you at once to express my very strong approval of the idea of organizing a course of special instruction in journalism. I believe it to be the most important step that can be taken for the revival of serious journalism and to counter-work the bad influence of a certain journal which takes hold of young men fresh from the universities and uses merely their superficial smartness, requiring nothing from them in the way of knowledge or scholarship.

I shall be happy to do anything in my power both privately and in public to assist you in your object, which is one of first-rate importance, so I hope you will not fail to let me know if and how I can help.

I believe that you would find that all the better class editors would welcome your idea and freely tender you assistance.

As will be seen, a School of Journalism was actually started at the City of London School, endowed by an anonymous donor. It was not surprising to learn afterwards that the donor's name was well known, and indeed, there is hardly anyone living who has done more needed service in promoting pioneer work, and in stimulating fresh enterprise of whatever description. Lord Northcliffe, perhaps wisely, limited his experiment to three years. With his usual munificence, he pro-

vided for the ablest teachers at his command, some of whose names and opinions are here given :—

45 Sloane Street, S.W.,
June 7, 1907.

Dear Prof. Collins,—The difficulty is that journalism means so many different things. Reporting and descriptive writing, criticism, sub-editing, editing, political writing, writing on anything or nothing—especially nothing—all come in, and there is no necessary connection between them.

I am specially struck nowadays by the way in which men get stuck in the lower departments and have no power or ambition to rise out of them. All the more mechanical branches of journalism are, I am sure, best learnt, indeed perhaps only learnt, in a newspaper office. What a school of journalism might do is to give the men who begin that way the backing of general knowledge and interest which would enable them to rise. If they have that, it is an excellent thing for them to begin at the beginning and go through reporting and sub-editing; without it, they get stuck, and by middle age are little better than clerks.

What the young men who come into the Press from the schools and universities chiefly lack is a knowledge of recent history. From the Reform Bill up to the time when they themselves began to take an interest in affairs, they know practically nothing. The schools and the universities don't teach it for fear of politics, and that, I suppose, is a great difficulty. But a school which is to be useful to the political journalist must brave this

and let its scholars have their own politics and learn to write them down. Next to this a fair general knowledge of the constitutions of foreign countries and their relations to each other is very important, also as much colonial history as can be remembered in outline. After this, I should like to see certain leading facts about population, territory, trade, etc., thoroughly learnt in statistical form and their meaning realized. Then all the time some reading in political philosophy, Burke, Mill, Tocqueville, Bagehot, etc.

A young man grounded thus ought to have a great advantage in starting to write on public affairs.

Political economy of course, but the difficulties of the teacher are very great at this moment. The stress, I think, should be on economic history rather than theory. Thorold Rogers, Cunningham, Garnier, the articles in "Social England." Gilbert Slater's history of Enclosures, would all come into a course of this kind.

The kind of course which would help a literary critic you know far better than I do. Modestly I suggest Hazlitt as very nearly the most useful man for the literary journalist to read and keep reading.

A young man who had an education of this kind would, I am sure, be at a great advantage in starting on Press work. But editors, I am afraid, do not believe in schools of journalism; they believe only in the copy which is delivered to them. Let your students try their hand especially at short notes and comments—these are the best things to begin on—and pelt the newspaper offices with their contributions, putting Birmingham University on

their copy. If they are good and clever, and learn to send things which fit a given space and can go in without being edited or rewritten, they will soon get known.

Forgive this rambling letter, but journalism is a rambling subject.—Yours very truly,

J. A. SPENDER.

ST PAUL'S HOUSE,
WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.,
June 7, 1907.

DEAR PROFESSOR CHURTON COLLINS,—I have no hesitation in saying that I believe a school of journalism to be not only feasible but very necessary. As you probably know Lord Northcliffe gave the funds for a school of journalism in the City of London School for two years. It was needlessly restricted to boys attending the City of London School. However, it went on. Mr William Hill, who was so long the news editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, was at the head of it, and gave instruction in the practical part of journalism, dealing with telegrams, etc.

Frederick Greenwood gave lectures on leader writing; I did lectures on reviewing, and there were others whose names I forget. We had about eight boys each year in the class. The teaching very soon showed that there were one or two boys perfectly hopeless. But I should think six out of the eight boys showed good progress, and it is a proof of this that in the first class at least six were immediately provided with situations. I myself endeavoured to obtain one of them, but he got a place on a daily paper. What a school of journalism does is to save editors the trouble

of training a new recruit. This is very great, and men hate it. A man coming with a diploma from practical journalists will be much more readily tried than an outsider, however clever.

What I should think most important in the matter is (1) that practical journalists should be largely employed in the teaching, and they should be men of the highest standing in the profession. (2) That admission should be for men and women, and that there should be no restriction of any sort. (3) That there should be some form of authoritative certificate or diploma. This would not carry weight with practical journalists unless practical and successful journalists countersigned it.

I do not know if this is of any use, but if I can answer any questions or do anything I shall be most happy to do so. I feel certain that a self-sustaining College of Journalists could easily be established, that it would have a hundred pupils at least to begin with, that good fees would be paid by these pupils, and that after a necessary weeding out the editors would be thankful to give a start to those who came with credentials out of school.

There is only one other point that occurs to me, but it is a very important one. I suppose it applies in all education, but it particularly applies to journalism. Journalism is after all more of a knack than anything else. Some people have the power of seeing and hearing though they may have little other ability. Others again have plenty of ability but they never seem to understand what other people are interested in, and they never can be made to see the difference in the value of old

news and new news. It follows, therefore, that after a fair trial a percentage, perhaps amounting to 30 per cent. of pupils should be turned back.—Yours very faithfully,

W. Robertson Nicoll.

15 Old Park Avenue,
Nightingale Lane, Clapham Common, S.W.,
August 6th, 1907.

Professor Churton Collins,
The University, Birmingham.

Dear Sir,—The Idea is admirable, but the Programme, in my view, is quite out of focus. It is vitiated by a misconception of the proportions of the ingredients which go to make up the singular compound called Journalism; the values are not justly appraised. It might be, perchance is, intended to be solely an Academy for the education of critics and commentators, but certainly it would not be a School for the training of Journalists in the wider and now generally-accepted interpretation of the phrase. For the vast bulk of the Journalism of the day, I deeply regret to confess, depends for its success more and more upon its resource and skill in *news*-collection and *news*-presentation, less and less upon the learning and ability in the domain of Observation and Argument—*i.e.* the Public is increasingly clamant for facts, with a certain measure of garnish, and decreasingly regardful of instruction and dogmatism—in short, while thankful for the facts (or, as sometimes happens, the fables), every year more disposed, upon the strength of them, to become its own "Editor," in the old-fashioned meaning of the word; and consequently,

for this our present day at any rate, the critic and commentator is at a considerable discount, as compared with the man fertile in ideas, or shrewd in observation, or smart and entertaining as a recorder; yet the burden of your course seems to be directed to the education of the smallest section of the forces of Journalism—the 10 or 20 per cent. of leader-writers, note-writers, reviewers, critics, etc., little attention, apparently, being devoted to the training of those, often the most important from the managing-editor's point of view, who comprise the rank and file—the news-editors, the descriptive writers, the reporters, the sub-editors, etc., etc.

Mr Hill then deals at length with the practical course pursued at the City of London School, and ends:—

I attach great importance to experiments of the kind contemplated, and realizing that the influence of the Press is passing into the control of the grades of the profession from which 'Varsity men have hitherto held largely aloof, and therefore anxious that they should be prepared to enter with their superior knowledge and culture into these wider groups, I desire to see such experiments conducted on lines which, whether the journalists of the future be in the main university or non-university men, will not only give the best practical results in easiness and profit of perusal to readers and advantage of pocket to proprietors and staffs, but likewise, in time, ensure the much-needed elevation of the standards of popular instruction,

morals, and good-taste upon which the real welfare and happiness of the Peoples must so largely depend.

The rather rough, free way in which I have answered you—I have assumed that you would prefer candour in my criticism—has, I daresay, evaded a number of points upon which you desire information: if so, I shall be glad to answer you, in any form, which meets your convenience when you return to Town.—I am, my dear Sir, sincerely yours, WILLIAM HILL.

It may reasonably be asked whether the experiment at the City of London School was a success. It is probable that the success was as great as was attainable in any boys' school; of course, as Sir William Robertson Nicoll says, it was restricted to boys at a particular school and he thinks that this was an error. But one cannot blame a school for restricting its education to boys at that school, and it is still doubtful whether it would have been any more successful if it had been open to youthful scholars of any other school, for it must be remembered that the majority of all boys in the higher forms of a public school are reading for special examinations, which are avenues to the various professions, and they are not likely to desert these for a new course suddenly sprung upon them, the prospects of which, as a career in life, are completely uncertain.

It is well known, too, that the last thing that boys like at that age is expressing themselves on paper, and the work of the majority being arranged on settled lines, naturally the boys would be *few* in number who have either a special leaning towards journalistic writing, or whose parents, being journalists themselves, see their way to advance their boy's career by attendance at a journalistic class.

Most people will probably agree that the training of all boys at our public schools should be such as to give them a sound *general* education, whereby they may become cultured. And no one needs this more than the coming journalist. In other words, at school it is too early for a man who is to be well educated to specialize, and particularly so for one who desires to take up such a profession as journalism, which requires the widest general knowledge.

The special training for a journalist should, therefore, not begin too prematurely.

Thus the Universities in the great provincial centres are better adapted to work out a scheme of journalistic tuition. With the experiment successfully tried there, a School of Journalism for all London might then be considered.

As will be seen from the following article in the *Birmingham Evening Dispatch*, 20th May

1908, the great city of the Midlands was ready to lead the way:—

The University and Journalism

There is a possibility that Birmingham University, which has in many ways, and notably in the foundation of a Faculty of Commerce, played a prominent part in educational enterprise, will at some distant date extend its sphere of usefulness by establishing a school of journalism. At present the idea is in its embryonic state, but judging from what took place at a meeting of those chiefly concerned—the journals of Birmingham and the district—held at the University last night, there is no reason why it should not in time be brought to fruition. The proposal emanated from the University itself, its originator being Professor Churton Collins, who occupies the Chair of English Literature with distinction. In an article he contributed to an influential magazine a short time ago, Professor Collins set forth in detail a scheme by the adoption of which Birmingham University would offer a special training to all those who intended to take up journalism as a profession. The Midland seat of learning had already obtained notoriety by starting a School of Brewing, and therefore the Professor's proposal did not excite the astonishment that would have been created had the University not already established a reputation for originality. After all, there does not appear to be any reason why the training of the journalist should not come within the province of a University. The men who help to mould and direct

public opinion through the newspaper Press are no mean factors in the national life, and as the power of the Press yearly increases with the number of its readers it is obviously needful that those who are about to enter the profession should undergo a preliminary training that should fit them as far as possible for the responsible positions they may be called upon to fill. Such a proposition cannot fail to commend itself to journalists themselves, who are ever conscious of their shortcomings, and at the same time be of interest to the general public, who are nowadays so dependent upon their newspaper for information, and in no small degree for their education. The latter claim may by some be deemed extravagant, but when it is considered that thousands of people read nothing else but newspapers we believe the point will be conceded. The Council of the University are, therefore, to be congratulated on their public-spirited recognition of the value of the project put forward by Professor Churton Collins, and their offer to do all in their power to further the scheme, if ways and means were not insuperable obstacles.

The course proposed was as follows :—

MODERN HISTORY AND THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

Term A.—The development of Europe from the tenth Century, tracing the rise and progress of the forces which have made Modern Europe. Ten Lectures by PROF. MASTERMAN.

Term B.—The History of Modern Europe since

the French Revolution, with special reference to the forces which have made the Modern World. Ten Lectures by PROF. MASTERMAN.

Term C.—The Political and Social Development of Europe since 1832. Ten Lectures by PROF. MASTERMAN.

ECONOMICS.

Term A.—Industrial History. Ten Lectures by PROF. ASHLEY.

Term B.—Public Finance. Ten Lectures by PROF. KIRKALDY.

Term C.—Current Economic Topics (including an Introduction to the literature of the several subjects). Ten Lectures by PROFS. ASHLEY AND KIRKALDY.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

Three Terms.—The Lectures will be directed to a consideration of the Evolution of English Literature, dwelling on the general characteristics of the particular epochs into which its history falls, including the study of particular classics in each of those epochs, and instruction in the principles of criticism. Thirty Lectures by PROF. CHURTON COLLINS.

How well the scheme was going on may be observed from the following account in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, July 9, 1908.

University Course for Journalists

curriculum and scheme approved

The scheme formulated to establish a course of lectures for Midland journalists in connection with the Birmingham University was formally approved at a meeting of journalists yesterday evening. The scheme drafted by the committee in consultation with Professor Churton Collins provides for the first year for a course of lectures by Professor Masterman on "Modern History and the Elements of Political Philosophy," a course on "Economics" by Professors Ashley and Kirkaldy, and a third course on "English Literature" by Professor Churton Collins. There must be a minimum of twelve students for each course, the fee for the three courses to be £3. 16s. 3d. Students who take the full course, or such portions of it as are agreed, and satisfy the requirements of the University authorities, will be entitled to a certificate setting forth the fact. It was calculated that the scheme would cost the University £100 per annum, which amount would have to be found before the Senate would be prepared to go on with the project. The committee thought the sum required was so small that it would be beneath the dignity of the profession to appeal to the outside public for the money until an attempt to raise it in the profession had failed.

Professor Churton Collins, defining the position of the University, said the Senate had approved of the scheme, with a proviso that it entailed no expense upon the University. After the experiment had gone on for a year or two, the position might perhaps be reconsidered by the Senate.

Mr G. W. Hubbard, who presided, moved the approval of the scheme. He explained they had now arrived at a point where the principal consideration was one of finance. They all appreciated the immense benefit the proposed course of lectures would confer upon earnest students, and all recognized the great debt of gratitude they owed to Professor Churton Collins and the University. (Hear, hear.) The committee estimated that the carrying on of the scheme for one year would cost £100, but if they were to do work of real practical value they must carry it on for at least two years. In considering their financial position, they must take into account the fact that some students, and especially those from the country districts, might require financial assistance in the matter of railway fares. Lectures, too, had been suggested, dealing with the technical side of journalism, which would be distinct from the University course and open to all journalists. Roughly speaking, he (the Chairman) estimated the total cost of the scheme, providing for a two-year University course, for the assistance of students and the promotion of the technical lectures, at £300. . . .

The matter had advanced thus far, and was to be resumed, if not completed, in the following term. But the absence of its moving spirit brought it, temporarily at least, to a standstill.

But the seed had been sown. Few men can speak more authoritatively on the subject of Journalism, and on the important developments which have

already arisen from this movement, than Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, LL.D. (an active founder of the Institute of Journalists, the International Press Union, and the World's Press Parliament, U.S.A.), who has written as follows for this chapter:—

Only the initiated few can fully appreciate the direct and indirect influence which this pioneer action exercised on the movement, both at home and abroad. The name and reputation of the Professor—known and respected in America as well as in Great Britain—acted as a talisman, and was freely used by the journalistic promoters as an authoritative sanction of the principle underlying a scheme which had till then only awakened a professional and academic interest.

The Newspaper Press, let me say here, has made enormous progress in appliances and expansion within twenty-five or thirty years and even during the past decade; yes, and the work goes steadily on. It is only within a few years that the special education and organization of Journalists have received adequate attention. The beginning in this country was with the establishment of the Institute of Journalists, which in 1890 secured a Royal Charter of Incorporation giving powers akin to those of the ancient Universities, including the recognition and enforcement of professional rights; a standard of examination in literary and expert knowledge; the granting of diplomas; and the privilege—first secured for any institution by the Institute—of creating branches or "Districts" throughout the British Dominions. Lord Rosebery, referring to the latter point, once said that

"whilst statesmen had been talking Imperial Federation into the air, the Journalists had gone and done it." Among outsiders, one of the earliest to recognize all this was the subject of our notice.

Now, it is assured that the higher education of Journalists has been vigorously taken in hand; it has made a beginning at once genuine and practical and full of hope; and to no one are we more deeply indebted for focussing and making effective this change than to Professor Churton Collins. It necessarily takes time to carry out a change which vitally affects large professional interests and is fraught with all-important and many-sided issues. In the practical sense, Birmingham led the way; at Trinity College, Dublin, a course of lectures in Journalism is established; the question has been favourably discussed by leading Professors of Glasgow University; a Chair of Journalism is part of the constitution of Bristol University, with the President of the Institute of Journalists for the time being, as a member; Professor Sadler (Manchester) in a paper on this aspect of Journalism declared that "the best training is given amid the varied resources of a fully equipped University"; and Professor Medley (Glasgow), speaking not long ago on the subject said, his "advice to the Institute was that it should go boldly to the Universities and ask that the courses should be so wide and the requirements for degrees so elastic that the young men entering the profession might feel that they could make use of the Universities." Other learned representatives, following the example of Churton Collins, in London, Leeds, Cambridge, etc., have expressed

like sentiments; and it can be maintained that since the actual inauguration of this important development by him and his colleagues at Birmingham the progress made has been altogether exceptional and calculated to give confidence in ultimate and complete success.

The Vice-Chancellor of that University writes to me assuring words that the work at Birmingham so well begun is in no sense abandoned or even suspended in consequence of the serious loss sustained; and journalists in the Midlands can still take advantage of valuable literary instruction provided. He says:—

"Up to the time of his death Professor Churton Collins was hopeful that he could collect sufficient money to found a Chair of Journalism in the University of Birmingham, and he secured a considerable number of promises of support. The response to his appeal, however, was comparatively small, and there is no present hope that a Chair of Journalism will be founded here unless some interested benefactor will give a considerable sum of money. In the meantime the University has had to content itself with a minor scheme of instruction for journalists which is published in the present Calender.[1] It will be seen that the

[1] The "Course for Journalists," as now drafted, is as follows:—

"The University has instituted the following scheme of instruction for Journalists, until such time as a full degree course in one of the Faculties, with the technicalities of journalism as one of the subsidiary subjects, can be instituted. Journalists of the neighbourhood are advised to attend University lectures for five hours a week for two years, and to take the usual terminal examinations. In that case the University would issue a certificate at the end of the period, setting out the nature of the courses of instruction followed, together with the results of examinations.

scheme does not contemplate a three years period of study leading to a degree, but is intended to furnish acting journalists with a useful course of instruction which they can attend while actively pursuing their profession."

It is hoped that the "pious founder" will speedily come along and have the honour as well as the satisfaction of creating a foundation which will realise the ideals of the originator and bring lasting benefit to working journalists in the Midlands and elsewhere, whose needs and deserts well-merit recognition and help.

Some time ago this was the fortunate experience of the four Scotch Universities, to which Andrew Carnegie—who generously helped Birmingham—gave two millions sterling for the general objects, and particularly to help deserving students, and the noble gift has proved an enormous benefit.

Professor de Selincourt, D.Litt., successor in the Chair of English Language and Literature has been appointed to act as general adviser of the students in Journalism. He is a distinguished Oxford scholar and an author of high repute. The University is thus doing its duty to the

Candidates would be admitted to any of the existing courses of lectures in the University, but the following group of subjects is recommended as specially suitable for journalists:—1. English Literature—two hours a week; 2. General European History—three hours a week for one and a half terms; 3. a course in Modern Languages—French or German; 4. Commercial; 5. General Economics; 6. Public Finance; 7. the Social Study Course; and 8. some Science Subject. A composition fee of five guineas per annum will be charged for the full course of five hours per week, and no additional charge will be made for examinations. If such students desire to use the University Club, a membership fee of £1, 11s. 6d. will be charged in addition."

memory of its late Professor, and the cause which he espoused, with rare intelligence and enthusiasm, and it is now for journalists to take advantage of the valuable privileges provided.

In America the movement in this direction has been taken up during the last few years with characteristic energy. It has been said that the most complete and perhaps interesting development is to be seen at the great State University, Columbia, of which as an honorary graduate, I can speak with actual knowledge. Professor Walter Williams —an eminent Journalist, both writer and teacher, and long associated with the University—promptly seized upon the ideas propounded and (like Collins at Birmingham) succeeded in arresting the attention of the President (or Principal) Dr Jesse and arousing the active sympathy of his colleagues.

To the wise initiation and well-regulated action of Professor Churton Collins, we owe in a large measure the recognition and advanced position of the Journalistic "School" in Universities; it was his fertile mind and fine enthusiasm which gave confidence and courage to the pioneering journalists —of whom it was my privilege to be one; and decisively inspired and stimulated the movers in different centres of learning. Amongst the permanent and beneficial results of his labours, these facts are placed on record as a memorial and thank-offering. Had he been spared to us for a time, the results would have been more tangible and far-reaching; but there is no lack of professors and journalists to carry forward the work and complete what can be fairly regarded as a needed and wholesome revolution in one domain of popular literature.

Yet one more important step to the realization of his scheme.

It was announced at the annual Conference of the Institute of Journalists, held at the Guildhall on the 12th September, 1910 (by a coincidence the second anniversary of his death), that the council had

> Appointed a committee to consider the question of the establishment in London of a school of journalism under the direct auspices of the institute, and working on university lines. They hoped to see set there, said Mr Miller (London), the standard of the journalism of the future, the standard of high ideal, professional tradition, and adequate training.[1]

This committee, Mr Cornish (the Secretary of the Institute of Journalists) tells me, is still (July 1911) considering a scheme, the principle of which is the collaboration of representative journalists with the University of London. The co-operation of these two important bodies should ultimately crown the work which is already being done to effect a higher standard in journalism, should mark a new era in the history of the press of this country.

[1] *Daily Mail* Report.

CHAPTER XVIII

LAST DAYS

CHEERED as he was at the progress made towards the establishment of his long desired School of Journalism, yet when he left Birmingham in July 1908, he seems to have been, if not very, at least mildly depressed. Apparently this was not generally noticeable. One of his pupils at Birmingham tells me, speaking of the last lectures he gave; "He never struck me as being very weary looking or lacking in his usual enthusiasm."

Soon after his holiday began, he went down with my mother to Cardiff to visit his daughter Michal, who was seriously ill.[1]

He stayed there for a few days, and arrangements were made that she should be moved as soon as possible to Weston-super-Mare, and a house was to be taken to accommodate all the family. He then left for London to attend a dinner and to see to other matters, saying that he would be back again soon. However, having come to London,

[1] She never recovered, and, after a lingering illness, died in 1910.

he could not resist visiting Oxford, where he seems to have become very depressed.

As the negotiations for the house at Weston were not quite completed, he thought he would fill in the time by going to stay with his old friend and medical adviser, Dr Daniel, who with his wife was living at Oulton Broad, close to Lowestoft. Here he would have congenial society, the benefit of the bracing air of the east coast, as well as the advantage of such medical advice as he needed.

His old friend, the Reverend Canon Skrine and his wife had, in the meantime, been pressing him to stay with them in Oxford; and a like invitation came from Mr and Mrs Boutwood, who lived a few miles out of Oxford: but he seemed to think that the sea would do him most good, so with reluctance declined these kind offers of hospitality.

He arrived at Dr Daniel's on the 21st of August, and very soon recovered health. He both ate and slept remarkably well, but he was not quite successful in keeping off his old enemy, his "depression," and as was usual with him when possessed by this, he made a "diary" of his feelings in a small note book. This "diary" gives a somewhat false impression of his actual life there, as will be seen; for he usually only wrote in it when he *was* depressed or when something had upset him. From all reports, he was

usually very depressed in the morning, but improved during the day and was generally quite himself by the evening.

To one of his students at this time he gives that advice which, however, he had ever been so chary of taking himself:—

c/o Dr Daniel,
Oulton Broad, Suffolk,
Aug. 27.

Dear Mr Colgrave,—Your letter, after delay I see, has been following me about—hence the reply so long afterwards.

I do not advise you to follow those Celtic researches too closely, you cannot well specialise in that branch and therefore it will not be of immediate advantage to you in your Degree work. . . But I should strongly advise you to take a good holiday and let hard reading alone for the present. You may be too anxious and hurt yourself thereby. It would be more profitable if you do wish to work, to work at one or two of the Special books —but my advice is take a good holiday, it will pay you best.—Yours sincerely,

J. C. Collins.

Some advice, too, of a different kind he gives to his son:—

Oulton Broad, Suffolk,
Thursday.

My dear Giles,—I am glad to hear of your success and I have read your letter with pleasure.

But you must remember that these casual contributions are of very little avail compared with some regular employment; if they lead to that, then all is well.

It is really necessary that you should get some settled place, even if it be no more than that of a Reader of proofs and corrector for the Press. This would leave you ample leisure for the higher business of journalism. What you are doing now will help you considerably. But do remember that what is wanted is unremitting industry and methodical concentration. You should study social questions and political, so as to be able to write fluently and intelligibly on them. I hope you write something every day. If you conscientiously do your best and give a directly practical turn to your efforts avoiding ambitious attempts beyond your power and studying exactly what is wanted in ordinary journalism and making a point of conciliating everyone with whom you have dealings, even such an editor as you describe, then you will gradually make way. If you do not, all will run to waste. . . . Do not think I underestimate what to your great credit you have already done. I fully appreciate it and its possible significance. Let me know all you do and be assured of my sympathy and deep affection. Give my dear love to all.—Your affectionate FATHER.

P.S.—I should like to see the Whitehall article.

Including the Daniels, he had many congenial friends there, among them Mr William MacKay and the Rev. Dr Stanley the Rector of Oulton—

and with them he spent many happy evenings. Mr William MacKay with whom he had much in sympathy, and who had been contemporary with him on the London Press in the old days, was with him on the night before he died, as well as on several previous occasions. He writes the following reminiscence of him during these last days, which he has given to me to publish for the first time :—

I saw Collins many times and for extended periods, generally later on in the day. On all these occasions I found him keen in intellect, brilliant in conversation, sympathetic in temperament. He talked with infectious enthusiasm of the Chair of Journalism which he hoped to see established at Birmingham University. On general topics he was always informative, bright, suggestive.

His calls on me of an evening and his subsequent deliverances on men and things made many nights memorable. He usually disposed himself cosily in the depths of a big wicker arm-chair, lit a pipe of " Westward Ho " and forthwith drifted easily into a conversation which inevitably settled down to literature and its professors. In many of his writings he shows himself fiercely intolerant of literary mediocrity. And it must be confessed that he had a whole hearted contempt for the ill-equipped literary person. But he bore no personal ill-will toward the inept artist. There was nothing personal in his dislikes. He was the judge on the bench. The meretricious performer was the prisoner in the dock. That I fancy

describes his attitude. I suggested to him once that some of the writers whom he would have proscribed had won fame and, incidentally, fortune. I asked him how that came about. "By the support of the other charlatans," he replied. And continuing: "Rogues never help rogues; but charlatans always help charlatans." There was something wonderfully sweet and persuasive in the man's voice and his most bitter things lost half their acridity in the saying. Thus he was asked, "What do you think of — —?" (mentioning the name of a certain distinguished lady novelist). "I don't know him," he answered in a tone that suggested a sort of dulcet regret. We were discussing the work of a well-known purveyor of plays and paradoxes. "He reminds me," said Collins, "of Coleridge's description of Perkins's Entire: 'Froth from the top half way down and dregs from the bottom half way up.'"

But the Professor was at his best when he was illustrating and expounding the writers whom he loved. As he "reeled off" long quotations with marvellous verbal accuracy, with perfect enunciation, and with a curious haunting undertone as of music, one could not but envy those students whose high privilege it was to hear him from week to week in the lecture room at Birmingham. His memory was prodigious. One night the conversation turned on Swift. He asked me if I remembered the conclusion of Taine's chapter on the Dean. He leaned farther back in his chair, took his pipe from his mouth and with half closed eyes turned to the ceiling, he repeated, without once stopping for a forgotten word, the whole of that magnificent passage. He seemed to derive

some acute pleasure, as of a physical kind, from the act of reciting the ringing periods of the eloquent Frenchman. The sentences cover two or three pages of Taine's "English Literature" and the feat was altogether remarkable, I think. He spoke highly of the translation from which he quoted and seemed interested to learn that I had known Henri Van Laun the translator, quite intimately. The Rev. Dr Stanley, Rector of the Parish, was present on this occasion and the conversation turning on Butler's "Analogy," the Professor not only quoted copiously from that work but discussed with eloquence and ingenuity nice points of logic and theology.

The night before that upon which he met his death, Professor Collins spent with me. We were alone. And it was destined that I should be the last person on earth with whom he was to discuss the subjects dearest to him. It is in vain to wish now that I had charged my memory with all he said. But the conversation flowed lightly as between men who were to meet soon and often. He spoke a good deal, I remember, of his early experiences on the London press and mentioned with an affectionate regret the names of men whom he had known in those old days. Some of them were friends whom we had held in common: Gilbert Venables, Morgan Evans, Tom Purnell and others. For Tom Purnell he evidently had a genuine liking—as who had not that knew him? I noticed that Collins alluded to those early days in journalism as "the time when I was writing 'turn-overs' for the *Globe*, you know." Journalism, however, was never likely to absorb him. It was a stage in his evolution. He was *on* the

press but not *of* it. And of its routine he had forgotten everything—if, indeed, he had ever known. This I inferred from questions he asked me concerning the interior economy of a certain great journal; and from advice which he solicited concerning the chances of a journalistic career for a young man who had adopted it and about whose future he exhibited a deep personal anxiety. In whatever channels the opening of a conversation with Professor Collins might run it was always certain, before the finish, to settle down in one of two directions. It would deal with Literature, or it would concern itself with what are known as the "mysteries" of Crime. On this last night we discussed the Luard case. He was intensely interested in the subject and waxed splendidly indignant over the unworthy suspicions entertained in some quarters as to the General's complicity. Alas! he did not live to read the complete vindication of the ill-fated soldier who was so soon to follow him into the Unknown.

At length we fell to talk of books and their authors. Swinburne was mentioned. He quoted for me extended passages from the "Atalanta in Calydon" with that vibrant tone as of keen delight in the mere beauty of the words which was so observable in his reading of poetry or of melodious prose. Having known of certain lively passages of arms between the Poet and the Critic, I asked him about his personal relations with Swinburne. He was quite frank and communicative. He forthwith proceeded to entertain me with the whole history of the misunderstanding. His retentive memory still had stored in its recesses the *ipsissima verba* of the poet's attack on him

—an attack covering several columns of the *Athenaeum*. He repeated, with apparent relish, the lurid epithets which the offended bard had hurled at him. And all this he did as though someone else, and not himself, had been the subject of the attack.

He went on to tell me how he had proposed to himself to patch up the quarrel by calling on his estranged friend at his home on Putney Hill. He described with great particularity the details of the reception he met with on presenting himself at the poet's hall-door. This part of the story he narrated with infinite seriousness although to me the episode appeared to be chiefly memorable on its comic side. He seemed pleased to record that, owing to the kindly intervention of a friend, the poet and his critic "made it up" again, and that although probably, neither of them could quite forget they both quite forgave.

So we sat talking until midnight when he rose to go. But not before he had promised to spend the following evening—that of Saturday—with me. The night was flooded with moonlight and the village was sleeping and silent. I saw him to the gate. He remarked on the splendour of the moon. He was in the best of spirits. "You'll not forget to-morrow evening?" I said to him at parting. "I shall look forward to it!" he replied heartily, "good night!" These were to be the last words I was ever to hear from him. I was never to see him again. On the Saturday night I waited for his coming, anticipating another of those noctes Ambrosianae to the recurrence of which I now looked forward with the pleasantest anticipation. . . .

And there opposite me as I write these memories is the basket chair in which he liked to sit huddled up, pipe alight, head leaning back, as he inveighed against the charlatans or gave shape to his appreciation of the great ones. His attacks and his appreciations were alike remarkable for clearness of statement as for beauty of phrase. And here on my table is a book of his. It is Goethe's "Gedichte." On the fly-leaf, in the hand-writing of the owner, are the words: "Great Tom is now striking 1900—I hear the boom." One pictures him on that New Year's Eve alone in his rooms at Oxford. He had not yet been appointed to the Chair of English Literature at Birmingham and had probably come down to his *pied-à-terre* in the University to complete some literary labour on which he was at the moment engaged. In the midst of his work he hears Great Tom boom out midnight. It is the New Year. He stops in his work and makes the entry. And then, I imagine, he resumes his work again. He had an enormous capacity for hard, continuous and sustained literary effort. But at last he made the discovery that he had overdone it. He has paid the penalty. English literature and the higher education are the poorer. In his favourite poet will be found his fittest epitaph:

> "He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
> Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
> Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
> But to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer."

On leaving Mr MacKay that Friday night, he was perfectly cheerful, and appeared to have the full

intention of coming in again the following evening. But on the Saturday morning, September 12, he seems to have changed his mind, saying to the Daniels, that he thought he would go to Weston-super-Mare after all. He had been intending to go to Weston-super Mare for the past week, and much correspondence had passed. As he had made arrangements to go to Lichfield where he had been invited by the City Corporation as principal guest to the celebration of Dr Johnson's birthday and the unveiling of a statue to Boswell, and where he was to deliver an address, he was still undecided whether to go to Weston-super-Mare or not. About midday, when Dr Daniel left him to go on his rounds, the question was still an open one, but not long afterwards he went out.

All that happened from that moment cannot with certainty be known, but, for the greater part, can be conjectured with some degree of probability. He most likely walked into Lowestoft to go by the train, but either missed it or changed his mind at the last moment, and was seen between two and three o'clock walking in a direction from the station to a spot which was one of his favourite haunts. This place which was pretty and rural was situated behind a farm—Rookery Farm; it was dotted with trees, and almost surrounded by one of the tiny channels that run through the

fields of this part of the country. Though he commonly went to sleep in the afternoons, he was never known to take a sleeping draught, which he seems to have done on this occasion.

It is probable that he woke about ten minutes to ten, as his watch stopped at that time, rose up, and going forward a few steps, either slipped or overbalanced himself, or indeed for the moment forgetting its existence in the darkness, stepped into the water. This channel was about 6 ft. across, and at this time the water was about 4ft. 6 ins. in depth; there was thick mud at the bottom, and the sides were sheer, like the sides of a swimming bath. He, dazed from the effects of the drug, exhausted from want of food, and chilled from exposure, was in no condition to cope with the task of extricating himself from his perilous plight. The exact manner in which he met his death must always remain a mystery; certain evidence, however, made it quite clear to the coroner's jury that it was accidental, and a verdict to that effect was returned.

Such an end he would doubtless have preferred to a lingering illness; yet his lonely and premature death remains, and always will remain, terrible to those who miss him sorely.

Amongst the many miscellaneous papers found on him, were a sheet of paper with the beginning

of his speech for the Johnson Celebration, and a piece of paper on which he had, at some time or another, copied down the following :—

"Poems written in couplets in such a way that in each couplet there are *three* or *two* emphatic syllables, two or one in the first line, and one in the second commencing with the same letter—this letter is also the initial of the chief emphatic syllable in the second line.

'I was *w*earie of *w*andering,
And *w*ent me to reste
Under a *b*rod *b*anke
Bi a *b*ourne side.

And as I *l*ay and *l*eonede,
And *l*okede on the waters,
I *s*lumbered in a *s*leping
Hit *s*ownede so murie.'"

APPENDICES

Born in the West: nurtured in the North: struggled in the South: sleeps in the East

APPENDICES

I

A Panegyric

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

As great Augustus, who, in ancient days,
Crown'd his good actions with ten thousand lays;
Who govern'd Rome, did all her greatness bring;
And the good people loved their gracious King;—
So have you ruled us with a gentle hand,
And scatter'd blessings on this glorious land,
So have you raised this country's name,
That worlds lie prostrate at our awful fame.
To England's will the greatest monarchs bow,
And strongest nations do our strength allow.
Do not our cannons roar, and, belching fire,
Bid kingdoms tremble at Britannia's ire.
Swords clash and glowing sparkles dance along
the sky,
And the fierce warriors yell'd the battle-cry.
So Britain triumphs; hurls down every foe;
And reigns triumphant on the world below,
Such are your mighty actions—such your mien—
That Princes tremble at Britannia's Queen.
Thy fleet sails glorious on the spreading main,

And ev'ry barque declares your prosperous reign.
Buoy'd up by your commands and law,
We keep strong kings in reverence and awe.
Such is your famous kindness—such your worth—
That thanks to thee run echoing through the earth.
Oh! may the Almighty all your acts befriend,
And heavenly blessings on your soul descend;
May sweet religious light be on you spread,
And beauteous angels linger round your head;
May Heaven on you its choicest bounties shower,
And cast bright halos on each passing hour.
When troubles come, and, with dark clouds o'er-
spread
The gushing eyelids and the aching head,
Then may thy God support thee in distress;
Smooth down misfortunes, and thy actions bless,
For many rolling years, oh! may you reign;
Thy subjects govern, and their hearts restrain.
For years may you this country's laws direct;
Sway her great sceptre, and her shores protect.

J. C. Collins.

Written about 1860 when he was a twelve year old schoolboy at Ellesmere.

A Picture

A frail fair angel presence, she is kneeling
Where the last lingering beams of dying day
Through storied pane o'er aisle and fretted ceiling,
Float in a golden glory: cold and gray.

Looms the dark shrine beneath, but clasp'd above
Meeting the mellow'd sunshower-praying hands
And & wild wealth of tresses : Death and Love
Brood o'er her as yon shadows fleck the light,
And both are mighty—but Grief's finger brands
No lines that mar that sweet brow's earnest graces
Though Pain burns there and Weakness wrestles Might
On snowy neck bent backward to the skies—
On parted lips the bright beams trembling flit,
And o'er her sable vesture lustre stealeth
Light there, but O no light of earth ere lit
The azure glory of those upturn'd eyes ,
The saintly splendours of that wasted face
Pale as the drooping Christ before whose throes,
And streaming brows and agonies she kneeleth,
Wan with His wounds and wasted with His woe
Though that gash'd side the *finish'd* strife revealeth
Day, droopeth on droop'd brow and upstrained arm
Heaven's gold still tangl'd with bleak Earth's alloy
Wild passion shadow'd on ethereal calm
And sorrow trembling into speechless joy.

J. C. C.

June 30, 1873.

One Word More

Bright as the Morn when it bursts on the billow
Enrobing with glory the tremulous tides;

Fair as the stream when it kisses the willow,
That drooping in beauty encircles its sides,
I saw thee in youth and I ne'er can forget thee.
Twin'd as thou wert with the dreams of my heart
I saw thee in youth, and though suitors beset thee,
I still fondly dream'd I might yet claim a part.

For with time Love increased, and it may be that sorrow
Will yet live to darken the light of that love,
And I but blindly trust in To-day, that To-morrow
May shatter the hopes it neglected to prove.
Yet I still will love on though the Future may sever
The dream that the Present would fondly believe;
The Constant we know mocks the Faithless, yet never
My heart shall confide in what Hope would conceive.

J. C. C

An Epitaph

Ζωὴν μὲν σοὶ ἔδωκε φίλη πατρὶς· ἔτρεφεν ἤβην
πάνθ' ὅσα χρηοτοφίλοις ἐγγυάλιξε τύχη.
ξείνη δ' ἐν ξείνοις ξείνων πάρα τύμβον ἐδέξω
τήλόθ' ὁμηλικίης, τηλόθι σῆς πατρίδος.

J. C. C.

Translated by Frederick Kill Harford

Born in the land that thou loved'st, thy girlhood nurtured by Fortune,
Garlands of friendship and love lavishly crowning thy brow;
Stranger, on stranger's soil, thou diest, buried by strangers,
Far from thy circle of friends—far from the home of thy heart.

II

On Swinburne as a Critic

(*This passage caused a breach of friendly relations*)

Of those brilliant compositions which will, we doubt not, make the name of Mr Swinburne imperishable, this is not the place to speak. . . . But, unhappily, Mr Swinburne is not content to confine himself to the art in which he excels. . . . What seem to be Mr Swinburne's convictions are merely his temporary impressions. What he sees in one light in one mood, he sees in another light in another mood. . . . He is at once the most ferocious of iconoclasts and the most abject of idolaters. In a writer who has been so fortunate as to become the object of his capricious homage, he can find nothing to censure; in a writer who has had the misfortune to become the object of his equally capricious hostility, he can find nothing to praise. . . . He overwhelms Byron

with ribald abuse for precisely the same qualities which in Victor Hugo elicit from him the most fulsome eulogy. To exalt Collins, he absurdly depreciates Gray. To degrade Wordsworth, he ridiculously overrates Keats. But it is when dealing with the poets who are the objects of Mr Symonds's volume that his opinions become most preposterous. The very name of Marlowe appears to have the power of completely subjugating his reason. He speaks of him in terms which a writer who weighed words would scarcely employ, without qualification, when speaking of the greatest names in all poetry. Indeed, he boldly says that, in his opinion, there are not above two or three poets in the whole compass of literature who can be set above Marlowe; "and if," he adds, "Marlowe's country should ever bear men worthy to raise a statue or a monument to his memory, he should stand before them with the head and eyes of an Apollo." But what follows is really too absurd to transcribe.

Declamatory eulogy, unsupported by particular references and particular quotations, is not easily brought to the proof. It is fortunate, therefore, that Mr Swinburne has occasionally, at least, condescended to illustrate his criticisms. In the first part of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" occur these lines :—

"If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds and muses on admirèd themes.
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit.

If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest."

Our readers will probably agree with us that this is a fine passage, but that, fine though it is, it is in no way superior to dozens of others in Marlowe's Plays, and to hundreds of others in the Elizabethan Dramas. In Mr Swinburne's judgment—we give his very words—it is "perhaps the noblest passage in the literature of the world." After this it is not surprising to find him placing the satire of Nash side by side with the satire of Swift.

From the *Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1885.

III

A Week's Work in 1897

Sunday.—Article for *Saturday Review* on O. Morgan's "Eclogues of Virgil" (appeared following Saturday).
Monday.—Lecture at Surbiton on Byron's "Childe Harold";

at Richmond on Tennyson's "Idylls"; at Toynbee Hall on Æschylus.

Tuesday.—Lecture at Miss Geach's on Virgil's "Æneid"; at Miss Spark's on Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales"; at Westbourne Park Institute on Macaulay; at City of London College on "King Lear."

Wednesday.—Two lectures at Levana House, Wimbledon, on Elizabeth's Reign and on Euripides' "Medea"; lecture at 92 Eaton Terrace on Landor; at New Cross on Landor's Life.

Thursday.—Lecture at Brondesbury on Elizabeth's Reign; at 13 Thurloe Square on Addison; at Bromley on Æschylus' "Prometheus"; at Battersea Polytechnic on "Cymbeline."

Friday.—Lecture at Hayward's Heath on the "Iliad"; at Brighton on "Childe Harold"; on Swift; on Milton.

Saturday.—Lecture at Kenilworth, Clapham Common, on Browning's "La Saisiaz."

Sunday (with part of Saturday).—Opinion for Arnold on a MS. Dante at Ravenna and Duke of Guise, a Tragedy; article on Skrine's Poems.

Dinner Party on Saturday—Watts, Sidney Lee, and Mumm; correspondence also on Sunday.

Deo optimo gratiæ maximæ sed plurimum omnium optima et pulcherrima uxorum.

Record of Another Term's Work—One Week—Nov. 17th to Nov. 24th, 1901

Sunday.—Revised article for *Saturday Review* Collection; corrected about 120 papers; wrote review for *Saturday Review.*

Monday.—Lecture at Brondesbury on Lord J. Russell's Administration; at 130 Sloane Street on Tennyson's "In Memoriam;" at Forest Hill on "Pierce Ploughman"; at Leyton on Shakespeare.

Tuesday.—Lecture at Strathallan House on Sir Mande-

ville's Travels; at Miss Geach's on Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; at Miss Douglas's on Sir Thomas More; at Brondesbury on Matthew Arnold; at Lee on Shakespeare.

Wednesday.—At Wimbledon, lecture on Ruskin; on English History: Long Parliament; at St Peter's Institute on Robert Browning; at Haverstock Hill on Shakespeare.

Thursday.—At Ascot on French Revolution; at Crystal Palace on Shakespeare; at Marylebone Church Institute on Shakespeare.

Friday.—At Gunnersbury on Semi-English Period of Literature; at Brighton on Swift; at Balham on Shakespeare.

Saturday.—At Stockwell on the "Iliad."

Record of Work between Monday, Nov. 17th, 1902, to the Sunday Following

Monday.

9.30 to 10.45. Lecture at Brondesbury: on Gladstone's First Administration.

12 „ 1.10. Lecture at Sloane Street: on Coleridge.

2.45 „ 4. Lecture at Forest Hill Tudor Hall School: on Shakespeare.

4.10 „ 5.50. Lecture at Forest Hill University Extension Mount Hill School: on Milton.

8 „ 95.0. Lecture at Highbury Centre: on Shakespeare.

Tuesday.

10. Strathallan House: on Tennyson.

11 to 12. Roland Houses: on Dante.

8. Cheltenham Grammar School: on Tennyson.

Travelling nearly all night, arriving Paddington 3.35 a.m.

Wednesday.

10. Wimbledon—two lectures:
(1) Queen Anne's Reign.
(2) Anglo-Saxon Literature.

3. Regent Street Polytechnic: on Emerson.

5. St Peter's Institute, Victoria: Shakespeare's Sonnets.

7.10. City of London College: on Milton.

Thursday (alternate week at Miss Cox's at 9—not this week).

Gunnersbury: on Peele and Kyd.

8. Regent Street: on Shakespeare.

Friday (alternate weeks at Hayward's Heath and Brighton).

8. Cheshunt: on Shakespeare.

Saturday.—

11. Stockwell: on Shakespeare.

8-15. Reading: on Tennyson.

Sunday at Passmore Edwards' Settlement: An Evening with Pope.

In addition to all this, paper work about 110 papers.

Record of Work between Monday, 15th Oct., and Saturday, 20th, 1906

Monday.—At 10.30, 11.30, 12.30 to 1.30, lectured at the University at three different periods; at 5.30, held the Essay Class.

Tuesday.—At University, 11.30 to 12.30, and 12.30 to 1.30; at 5.30, Interpretative Recitals from De Quincey; at 8.30, lectured on Shakespeare at Tamworth, getting back at 12 midnight.

Wednesday.—9.30 to 10.30, 11.30 to 12.30, at University; at 7.30, lectured on "Romeo and Juliet" at Wolverhampton.

Thursday.—10.30 to 11.30, at University; left for London by 11.45 train; lectured at Forest Hill on Tennyson, & at Polytechnic, Regent Street, on Shakespeare.

Friday.—From 9 a.m. to 10 a.m., lectured on Lord Melbourne's Administration & on Aristotle's "Ethics" at Levana, Wimbledon; on the "Iliad," at 12, at South Kensington; on Spenser at Bolton Gardens, at 2.30; on Beowulf, at Gunnersbury Lodge, at 4.45; on Ruskin at Kingston, at 8.15—six lectures in one day.

Saturday.—Lectured at 11.45 a.m. on Victorian History at Brondesbury.

This I do for ten weeks, except that Tamworth, Wolverhampton & Forest Hill fall on alternate weeks.

IV

Works of John Churton Collins

Sir Joshua Reynolds as a Portrait Painter. Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Bolingbroke; and Voltaire in England. John Murray. 1886.

Illustrations of Tennyson. Chatto & Windus. 1891.

Study of English Literature. Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Jonathan Swift. Chatto & Windus. 1893.

Essays and Studies. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Ephemera Critica: or Plain Truths about Current Literature. Constable & Co. 1901.

Studies in Shakespeare. Constable & Co. 1904.

Studies in Poetry and Criticism. Geo. Bell & Sons. 1905.

Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England. Eveleigh Nash. 1908.

The same. Translated into French by Pierre Deseille. Hachette et Cie, London and Paris. 1911.

Greek Influence on English Poetry. Edited by Prof. Macmillan. Pitman. 1910.

} Posthumous.

WORKS EDITED BY JOHN CHURTON COLLINS

Plays and Poems of Cyril Tourneur. 1878.
Poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Chatto & Windus. 1881.
Milton's Samson Agonistes. Clarendon Press. 1883.
Dryden's Satires. Clarendon Press. 1893.
Euripides' Alcestis—English. Clarendon Press. 1893.
Arnold's School Shakespeare, general editor of. 1894, etc.
Arnold's British Classics for Schools, general editor of. 1895, etc.
Pope's Essay on Criticism. Macmillan & Co. 1896.
Treasury of Minor British Poetry. Edward Arnold. 1896.
Early Poems of Lord Tennyson. Methuen & Co. 1899-00-01.
Tennyson's In Memoriam, Princess, and Maud. Methuen & Co. 1902.
An English Garner [E. Arber]: Critical Essays and Literary Fragments. Constable & Co. 1903.
More's Utopia. Clarendon Press. 1904.
Plays and Poems of Robert Greene. Clarendon Press, Oxford. 1905.
Matthew Arnold's Merope and Whitelaw's translation of Sophocles' Electra. Clarendon Press. 1906.

Shakespeare's Complete Works, Introduction to. George G. Harrap. 1906.

Shakespeare's Complete Works. Renaissance Edition. Vol. 27, Romeo and Juliet. 1906.

Sophocles' Antigone. Translated by R. Whitelaw. Clarendon Press. 1906.

Æschylus' Agamemnon. Translated into verse by John Conington. Clarendon Press. 1907.

Æschylus' Prometheus Vinctus. Translated into verse by R. Whitelaw. Clarendon Press. 1907.

Poets' Country [Andrew Lang], Contribution to. T. C. & E. C. Jack. 1907.

Said the Rose and other Lyrics, by George Henry Miles (edited by Frederick B. Miles), Introduction to. Longmans & Co., New York. 1907.

Shelley's Poems. Selected. T. C. & E. C. Jack. 1907.

Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie. Clarendon Press. 1907.

V

Principal Articles

Cornhill

Aulus Gellius. March 1878.

Menander. May 1879.

Voltaire in England. Oct. and Dec. 1882.

A New Study of Tennyson. Jan. and July 1880, and July 1881.

The Letters of John Carne. April 1908.

Temple Bar

Romance of Death. Oct. 1878.

Quarterly Review

No. 292. John Dryden. Oct. 1878.
„ 297. Lord Bolingbroke. Jan. 1880.
„ 301. Lord Bolingbroke in Exile. Jan. 1881.
„ 302. Literary Life of Lord Bolingbroke. April 1881.
„ 306. Jonathan Swift. April 1882.
„ 311. Dean Swift in Ireland. July 1883.
„ 322. Predecessors of Shakespeare. Oct. 1885.
„ 326. English Literature at the Universities. Oct. 1886.
„ 327. A School of English Literature. Jan. 1887.
„ 342. Lord Chesterfield. Oct. 1890.
„ 349. The Porson of Shakespearean Criticism. July 1892.
„ 376. Rousseau in England. Oct. 1898.
„ 384. Longinus and the Treatise on the Sublime. Oct. 1900.
„ 394. Montesquieu in England. April 1903.
„ 403. Collected Works of Lord Byron. April 1905.
„ 414. Dr Johnson's Lives of the Poets. Jan. 1908.

Nineteenth Century

Can English Literature be taught? Nov. 1887.
The Universities in Contact with the People. Oct. 1889.

The Ideal University. Feb. 1892.
Language versus Literature at Oxford. Feb. 1895.
A University for the People. March 1899.
Free Libraries. June 1903.
The Rhodes Bequest and University Federation. Dec. 1904.
The Universities and the School of Journalism. Feb. 1908.

Contemporary Review

The National Home Reading Union and its Prospects. Aug. 1890.
The New Scheme for the Indian Civil Service Examination. June 1891.
The Nestor of living English Poets. May 1904.
Old and New Lights on Shakespeare's Hamlet. Nov. 1905.
Poetry and Symbolism: a study of the Tempest. Jan. 1908.

The New Liberal Review

Popular Quotations. Oct. 1901.
Curiosities of Popular Proverbs. Aug. 1902.

The National Review

Shakespearean Paradoxes. Dec. 1902.
The Gilchrist Trust and Popular Education. June 1905.
The Merstham Tunnel Mystery and its Lessons. Dec. 1905.
The Merstham and Crick Tunnel Mysteries. March 1906.

An Apology for Judge Jeffreys. Sep. 1906.
The Edalji Case. March 1907.

Fortnightly Review

Had Shakespeare Read the Greek Tragedies? (3 parts). April, May, and July 1903.
Greek at the Universities. Feb. 1905.
The Poetry of Crabbe. Oct. 1907.
The Literary Indebtedness of England to France. July 1908.

VI

The Memorial

A Memorial has already been raised to him. Soon after his death an influential Committee was formed for this purpose. Donations were received from old friends and students.

The Chancellor of Oxford (Lord Curzon) also sent a contribution "as Chancellor of the University . . . to commemorate a man who was both a highly cultured and a fearless critic, and had deeply at heart the reputation and honour of English letters."

LIST OF THE COMMITTEE

Chairman: T. H. WARREN, D.C.L., *Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

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The Most Rev. The Archbishop of York.
The Rt. Hon. Viscount Morley, O.M., D.C.L., LL.D.
The Most Hon. The Marquis of Bath.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Curzon, *Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*
The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Hereford.

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.
SIR NATHAN BODINGTON, LL.D., *Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds.*
SIR OLIVER LODGE, D.Sc., F.R.S., *Principal of the University of Birmingham.*
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HENRY BROADBENT, *Asst. Master at Eton, formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.*
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CECIL M. CHAPMAN.
SIR SIDNEY COLVIN.
E. T. COOK, *formerly Secretary to the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching.*
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THE REV. D. H. S. CRANAGE, *Cambridge Extension Delegacy.*
WALTER CRANE.
MLLE. DESSAINT.
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MISS GEACH.
MRS CHARLES GIBBS.
THE REV. H. B. GRAY, D.D., *Warden of Bradfield College.*
YVES GUYOT.
ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.
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J. A. R. MARRIOTT, *Oxford Extension Delegacy.*
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F. FRANKFORT MOORE.
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THE REV. CANON SKRINE.
PROFESSOR SONNENSCHEIN.
THE MISSES SPARK.
SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE.
THE REV. CANON H. E. TWEED, *late Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford.*
THE REV. J. WHITE.
PROFESSOR WILLIAM WRIGHT.
MISS A. YOUNG.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: MRS ARTHUR BOUTWOOD.

The Memorial has taken the following form :—

The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London have accepted the sum of £100 each on trust to devote the Income to "Churton Collins

Prizes" for the encouragement of the study of English and/or Classical Literature among University Extension Students and others.

The University of Birmingham has accepted a like sum for an annual "Churton Collins Memorial Prize" for English and/or Classical Literature.

An oil-portrait from life by Mr Thomas W. Holgate has been accepted by the Curators of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in memory of Professor Churton Collins. It is now placed in the Library.

A water-colour portrait-head by Mr George Phœnix has been presented to Balliol College, Oxford. It has been placed in the Upper Library of the College. A specially-bound set of works by Professor Collins has also been presented to the College, and a Brass Memorial Tablet affixed underneath the portrait. The inscription on the Tablet, written by his friend the President of Magdalen, is as follows:—

VIRI INGENIOSI
JOANNIS CHURTON COLLINS
LITTERARUM BONARUM
ET AVIDISSIMI ET LARGISSIMI
NE VULTUS ATQUE ANIMI FIGURA
NEVE MEMORIAE UNICAE IPSA MEMORIA
LOCO CARISSIMO OMNINO CEDERET
HANC EFFIGIEM HOS LIBROS
COLLEGIO
CUJUS OLIM ALUMNUS FUERAT
DONAVERUNT
AMICI DISCIPULI DISCIPULÆ
DESIDERANTES

Specially-bound sets of works by Professor Collins have been presented to the University of Leeds, King Edward's School, Birmingham, where Professor Collins was educated when a boy, and the Wolverhampton Literary Club, of which Professor Collins was the first President.

A Brass Memorial Tablet is placed in Oulton Church, with the following inscription:—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD

AND

TO THE CHERISHED MEMORY OF HIS SERVANT

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS, M.A., D.Litt.

BORN 1848, DIED 1908

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY FRIENDS AND STUDENTS

"THE PURE IN HEART . . . SEE GOD."

The balance of the money subscribed has been presented to the Curators of the Bodleian Library for the purchase of some work of special value or interest.

VII

Maxims and Reflections of John Churton Collins

From an unpublished work

[They number in all four hundred and twenty-five, which he wrote down during his life as each occurred to him.]

1. The people are like women, they are as often

in the right as they are in the wrong, but they are as often in the right for the wrong reason, as they are in the wrong for the right reason.

40. The secret of success in life is known only to those who have not succeeded.

55. One of the chief uses in life is to bring man nearer to God in two respects, patience and toleration.

59. To ask advice is in nine cases out of ten to tout for flattery.

65. It is not a difference in degree but a difference almost in kind which separates poets of the first order from poets of the second. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, these have four points in common. They all appeal as directly and powerfully to the spiritual and moral nature of man as they do to the senses and to the imagination: they all contribute to the solution of man's three great problems—what is he to do, what can he know, for what may he hope? They all suggest infinitely more than they express, and they are all in the most comprehensive sense of the term harmonious, not as men,

> Who have strange gifts from Nature, but no Soul
> Infused quite through to make them of a piece,

which is almost universally the case with poets of the secondary order.

90. If men were as unselfish as women,

women would very soon become more selfish than men.

109. The difference between the courtesy of a man who is a real gentleman and of a man who is not, is that the courtesy of the one is instinctive, the other impulsive.

111. We are no more responsible for the evil thoughts that pass through our minds, than a scarecrow for the birds which fly over the seed-plot he has to guard, the sole responsibility in each case is to prevent them from settling.

280. Suicide is the worst form of murder, because it leaves no opportunity for repentance.

421. What water is to a mill-wheel, life is to men. They ascend to sink and sink to ascend—dreary round, but all the while God's corn is a-grinding.

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